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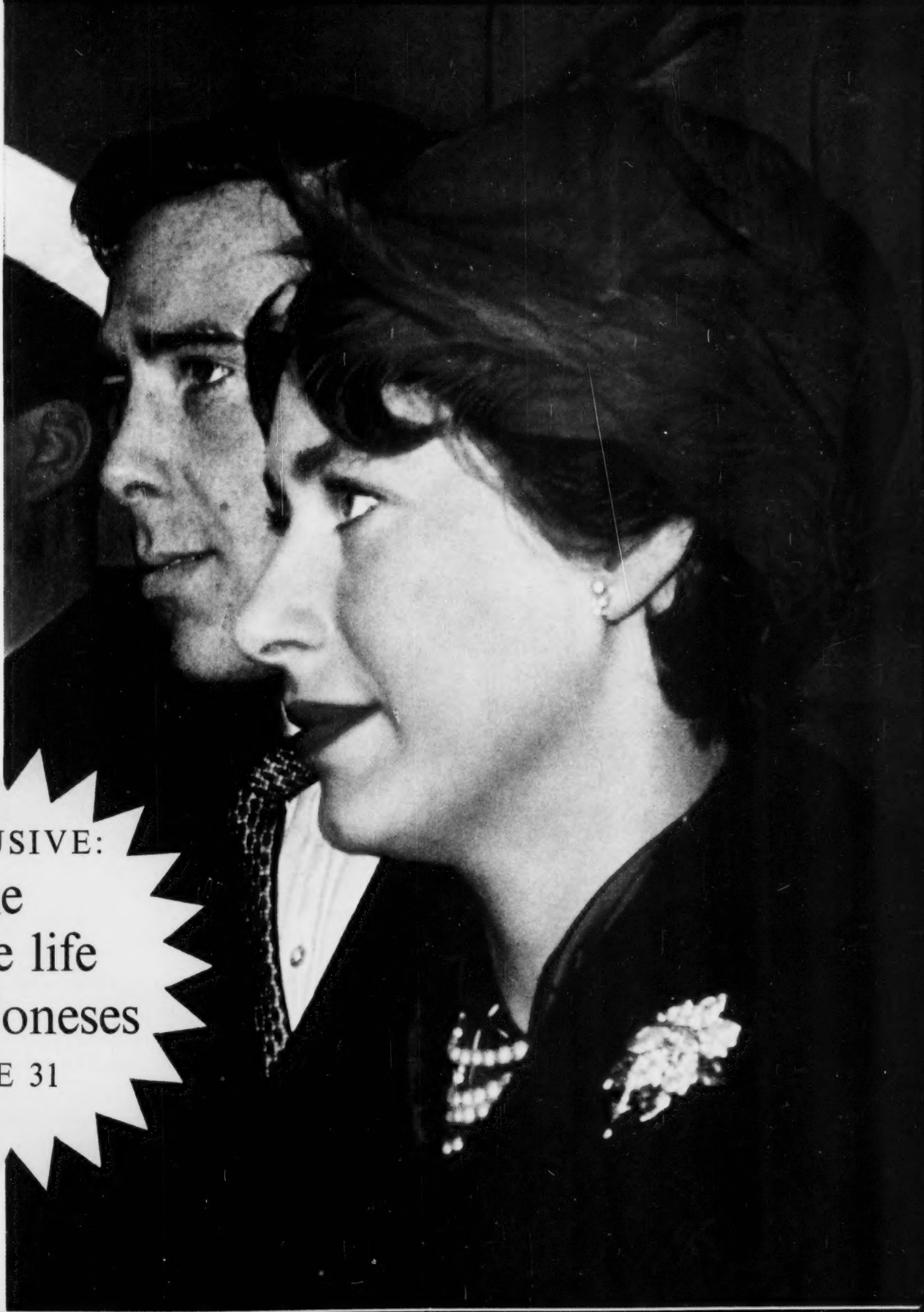
1961

15¢

*The Canadian Home Journal*

Why can't a woman be a minister?  
What to do if your child fails  
The remarkable hospital women built  
Beginning a new novel: The Secret Gift

EXCLUSIVE:  
The  
private life  
of the Joneses  
PAGE 31



# Does she...or doesn't she?\*



## Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

Happy young mothers always look beautiful. But *she* has something special. A fresh shining quality, an endearing warmth and radiance. See how her hair sparkles with life! The color is rich, vibrant yet the effect is soft, ladylike and the hair itself silky, delightful to touch. And *this* is the wonderfully reassuring thing about using Miss Clairol. It keeps hair color bright and hair in beautiful condition.

That's why hairdressers everywhere prefer Miss Clairol to all other haircolorings . . . recommend it as the haircoloring that truly lives up to its promise. It's quick, easy, its automatic color timing is dependable. And Miss Clairol *really* covers gray. But best of all, it keeps hair lively, lovely, so natural-looking! Try Miss Clairol, yourself. Today. Creme Formula or Regular.



**MISS CLAIROL** <sup>†</sup> **HAIR COLOR BATH\***

THE NATURAL-LOOKING HAIRCOLORING • MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ALL OTHER HAIRCOLORING COMBINED

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## EDITORIAL

### Being feminine is not enough

ONE OF THE MOST frequently bandied-about misconceptions concerning women is the notion that their feminine charms plus their feminine zeal for a good cause will overcome all obstacles. This enchanting myth is the wellspring of fountains of half-truths about our sex, culminating in the TV situation comedy in which the little woman, armed with nothing but female intuition and her pop-eyed, little-girl smile, constantly outwits her cleverest adversaries.

Every woman should accept as her birthright three exceptional assets—her femininity, her shining enthusiasm and a kind of special, overcoming-all-obstacles faith. These qualities are as much a part of her legacy as her ability to have children. She should never try to submerge or inhibit them.

But alone they are not enough.

Let me give an example. The other day I watched a presentation being made before a local suburban council. A man and woman were representing opposite sides. The question was whether a traffic bylaw should be changed to allow a trucking company to use a shorter route that would take the trucks near a school. The man, who represented the company, spoke first. He was brief, logical and reasonable. He pointed out the inconvenience and extra cost in time and money the longer route was causing his company. He went into detail about his company's safety record and the training that was given the drivers. He subtly alluded to the business his company brought to the community.

#### Reason but no research

Then the woman presented her side of the question. She was a pretty woman, with a feminine appeal from the top of her flowered hat to the way her notes trembled slightly in her hand as she spoke. She pleaded with obvious concern for her children and her neighbors' children and pointed out the danger she felt they faced. She brought up as evidence a survey she had conducted, but when she was questioned, it turned out that she had talked to less than fifteen people chosen at random. She presented no parallel cases to show how in other communities, rerouting had resulted in more accidents to small children. She quoted no statistics, no traffic experts. She didn't even present a petition, which in length and number of names might have impressed vote-conscious aldermen.

I would like to report that she won triumphantly. But she did not. She received a polite hearing, a clumsy compliment from the chairman, and then she was all but patted on the head and told to go home to her diaper pail and her kitchen sink. The vote was overwhelmingly against her.

And the moral: a new hat, a sweet smile and all the good will in the world won't get you by in 1961. But add to these considerable assets some research and logic and the combination is a rather unbeatable one.

*Doris McCubbin Anderson*  
EDITOR



# CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, MAY 1961

Vol. 34, No. 5

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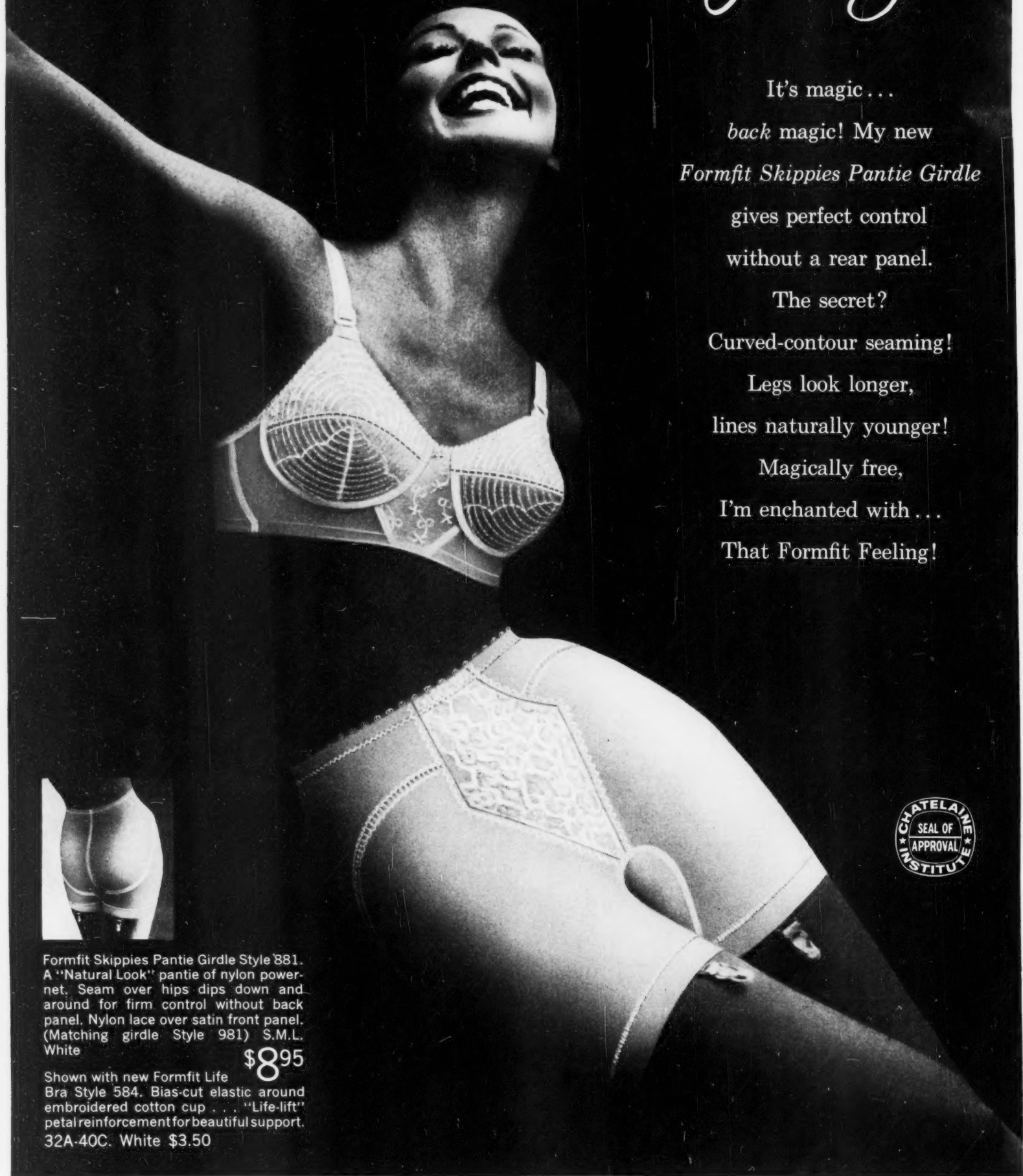
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# that Formfit Feeling!



It's magic...

*back* magic! My new  
*Formfit Skippies Pantie Girdle*  
gives perfect control  
without a rear panel.

The secret?  
Curved-contour seaming!

Legs look longer,  
lines naturally younger!

Magically free,  
I'm enchanted with...  
That Formfit Feeling!



Formfit Skippies Pantie Girdle Style 881.  
A "Natural Look" pantie of nylon power-  
net. Seam over hips dips down and  
around for firm control without back  
panel. Nylon lace over satin front panel.  
(Matching girdle Style 981) S.M.L.  
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**\$8.95**

Shown with new Formfit Life  
Bra Style 584. Bias-cut elastic around  
embroidered cotton cup... "Life-lift"  
petal reinforcement for beautiful support.  
32A-40C. White \$3.50



# WHAT'S NEW WITH US

*Scootering in Bermuda: our Joan Chalmers, Vivian Wilcox, and model.*



## Have fashions, will travel

In Canada it's mostly teen-agers in black leather jackets who ride motorcycles. Not so in Bermuda. As we went to press with this issue we received the above photograph from the CHATELAINE group who had just arrived in Bermuda from New York via Pan American's Boeing 707 to photograph our June fashion story. Art director **Joan Chalmers** is in the driver's seat, model **Ulla Moreland** is hanging on for dear life, and **Vivian Wilcox** is valiantly trying to look serenely like a fashion editor in spite of her precarious position. Watch next month for our big summer fashion story.

## Portrait of a free lancer

Free-lance writers are a special breed of people and sometimes they report rather odd working habits. Some say that they work best after midnight. Some prime the creative springs with endless pots of tea. Others (editors know from long



*Writer at work: Sheila and children.* experience) file their nails, water the plants, go to double-feature movies—in fact, anything but write until the deadline is almost upon them. But one writer claims she works best surrounded by at least four of her seven children (oldest is nine years of age). **Sheila Kieran** collaborated with **Betty Eadie** to write Mrs. Eadie's story, **The Wonderful Man I Married** (page 40). Married to free lancer Jon Kieran, Sheila and her family live in an eight-room house in downtown Toronto where their twenty-year-old typewriter is rarely allowed to cool. Sheila

grew up in Toronto and New York, met her husband in 1950 and married him after a whirlwind three-and-a-half-week courtship. They honeymooned at the Canadian National Exhibition where Jon was working as a reporter. She started to write just before her fourth child was born and she has been selling articles steadily ever since. As if a family of seven children and a writing career were not enough to keep her busy, she is active in politics, reads extensively and attends symphony concerts.

## How we find out What's New With You



*Mary McKinney.*

Behind the ten or so items that appear every month in the column **What's New With You** (page 6), is a prodigious amount of work and a lot of friendly letter-writing. **Jessie London**, who has been editing the column, writes about thirty letters each month to check facts and fill in details. Among her forty correspondents scattered across Canada from Newfoundland to British Columbia are housewives, alert secretaries of women's clubs, schoolteachers, newspaper reporters—and two male free lancers. Along with items of news for the column, she also collects information about the columnists. **Mary McKinney**, of Saint John, N.B., tells her about the latest additions to her wildflower garden which includes twenty-five varieties of heather. **Molly Basken**, of Winnipeg, sends photos of her revamped galley-style kitchen. **Simma Holt**, of Vancouver, is the hardest to keep track of, since her job as a reporter on the Vancouver Sun takes her all over the west coast, out to sea and occasionally down to South America.

*What's New Continued on page 6*

Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa. For change of address write Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.



## Do you know what your hospital offers you?

To all of us, a hospital is a familiar and reassuring landmark—a place we know we can depend on when we are sick or injured.

One out of eight of us requires hospital care every year. This means our hospitals have a heavier load than ever before—their staffs busier—their problems more complex.

But many of us do not know what hospitals are really like. It is remarkable how they manage to run so smoothly and efficiently 24 hours of every day—and are able to provide such a wide variety of skills and services under one roof.

On May 12th, Canada's Hospital Day, many hospitals will welcome visitors who

want to see for themselves how the local hospitals work for them and for the welfare of the community. In fact, most hospital staffs like to show visitors around any day.

Visit your hospital—talk to the people who run it—discuss their needs; and ask if there is a volunteer job you could do. Whatever the need, a hospital with the active support and interest of the citizens in its locality is most likely to maintain progressive standards of hospital care.

A good, modern hospital is vital to the health of our community. Support it in every way you can. Every hospital—large or small—becomes a better hospital with your support.

## Metropolitan Life

**INSURANCE COMPANY**  
A MUTUAL COMPANY  
CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA





# Staying Slim ~ *is it worth the trouble?*

**Yes—if you want to feel better, work better, look better. And the Metrecal Dietary Plan for Weight Control is making it easier than ever before to get the results you want.**

If the young lady shown here looks good enough to be a model, it's not too surprising. She once was. In fact, Hilda Lang left a successful career as a model to become a legal clerk. Today Hilda is turning her dainty hand to such seemingly unglamorous chores as searching titles and serving writs.

Why should a slim (5' 5", 109 pounds) attractive young girl like Hilda be attracted to torts, fiats, liens and subpoenas? All Hilda knows is that from the time she left school she wanted to work for a law firm. Her bedroom in her parent's suburban Toronto home has a bookcase filled with law books in addition to her favourite authors—Hemingway, Camus, Fitzgerald and Wylie.



Even though she is no longer modeling, Hilda still knows the value of a slim figure. She knows she works better and feels better when she's not carrying any extra weight and an active social life makes it clear that her lack of excess pounds has the approval of a number of young men. How does she keep her figure slim? By following the remarkable new dietary plan introduced just over a year ago by Mead Johnson (makers of Pablum Baby Cereals and other well known pharmaceutical and nutritional products). This plan—known

coast to coast—is the Metrecal Dietary Plan for Weight Control.

The Metrecal Plan is the original four-glass-a-day Dietary Plan. It works by providing sound, wholesome nourish-



ment with a combination of protein, carbohydrate, fats, vitamins and minerals that keeps caloric intake down to 900 a day. Following the Metrecal Plan is simplicity itself. Four times a day, the dieter merely mixes two ounces of powder with a glass of water and drinks her meal. In fact, since the introduction of the liquid Metrecal Plan even this mixing process has been eliminated.

Appetite is satisfied, spirits remain good, and, best of all, the dieter is able to carry on in her usual manner. Because the average person needs 2700 calories to maintain excess weight, limiting this intake to 900 calories per day can have only one result—loss of weight.

When you add this effectiveness and convenience to pleasant taste, it's easy to see why the Metrecal Plan has become the most popular Dietary Plan on the market. The Metrecal Plan in powder form is available in four flavours—Chocolate, Butterscotch, Plain and new Orange—while the new liquid Metrecal Plan (packed one meal to a tin) comes in Chocolate, Butterscotch and Vanilla.

Is it safe? Most decidedly, when taken as directed. For a full year before its introduction, the Metrecal Plan underwent exhaustive clinical testing under many situations. As with any weight

reducing plan, however, your doctor is your best source of counsel. Extremely overweight people, patients with certain diseases and those who need special diets should always consult their physician before trying any reducing program.

Hilda's reason for using the Metrecal Plan—and it's a common one—is not to *lose* weight but to *keep* her weight at the level she prefers. She accomplishes this by following the Metrecal Plan two or three days (the plan's convenience makes it easy for her to follow, even at the office). People who want to reduce weight to a desired target simply follow the Metrecal Plan daily until their objective is reached.

Today, Metrecal is also available in new liquid form, with the same nutritional balance as the famous Metrecal Powder. This easier and even more convenient form of weight control involves simply opening a can and pouring a 225-calorie meal.

The Metrecal Plan in powder form is available in all four flavours in two sizes: a ½ pound tin (one day's supply) at the new low price of \$1.29 and a 3½ pound tin (one week's supply) for \$7.49. The new liquid Metrecal Plan—ready to drink in your choice of Chocolate, Butterscotch or Vanilla—comes in a 6-pack (six meals) for \$2.19.



*Coming—The Metrecal Plan—how it helps a busy beauty. Look for it in a forthcoming issue of Chatelaine.*



**Mead Johnson**  
*Symbol of service in medicine*

Brighten her future with Presto!

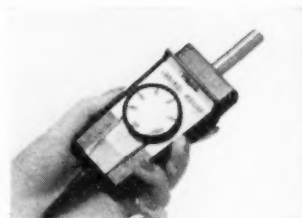
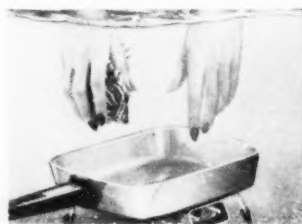


# Presto

## Automatic Electric Fry Pan

She can count on happy days ahead for sure, when you give her Presto! The new Presto Automatic Fry Pan guarantees her perfect frying results every time . . . guarantees you her grateful thanks for a long, long time! She'll appreciate Presto's submersibility . . . washes completely under water without risk of damage. And with Control Master maintaining constant heat, she'll serve up perfect eggs and bacon time after time, without burning or scorching! When hubby brings the boss home for dinner, the Presto Fry Pan doubles as a chafing dish for use at the table.

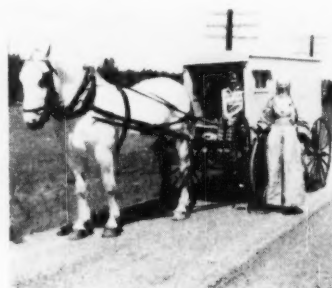
The next time a wedding, birthday, anniversary or any other gift occasion turns up on your agenda, turn up at your Presto dealer's. He stocks a complete line of Presto Control Master Appliances . . . the "thanks-getting" appliances!



Proudly Canadian  
**Presto** Division of GENERAL STEEL WARES

## WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU BY JESSIE LONDON

A mother-and-daughter exploit has provided the new **Moncton, N.B., Transportation Museum** with one of its chief attractions. When the museum opens in July visitors will see the nun's habitlike costume, the wagon and a replica of the horse Bob that **Mrs. Vivian Larsen** and her daughter **Sandra**, fourteen, used on a four-thousand-mile trek from Moncton to **Hollywood**. The purpose of their trip, which lasted from July 1959 to November 1960, was to sell **Walt Disney** the story of their adventure for a movie. For their idea they hoped to get enough money for Sandra's education, and, incidentally, to pay for their home-ward trip. But the movie idea was turned down by Disney.



Hollywood-bound: Moncton's Larsens.

Stranded without funds in California, the Larsens were given shelter by a stable owner until February of this year. Then they got word that the **Moncton Tourist Committee** would pay their way (and Bob's) home by train in return for their paraphernalia to display in the museum. They accepted the offer.

Home now, but still determined to profit from the experience, Mrs. Larsen and Sandra are writing a book about their trip.

Through the **Technical Services Association of the West Pakistan Christian Council of Churches**, the **Women's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church of Canada** is sponsoring delicate shadow embroidery as a home industry in Pakistan. Both Christian and Moslem women, some

refugees, some Pakistanians in need, are taught the craft by Canadian missionaries. Now three hundred and fifty needlewomen are employed in twenty-nine work groups.

Imported to Canada, the embroidery can be purchased through any Anglican Women's Auxiliary. Prices for the shadow-embroidered



organdy are: bridge-size cloth, \$7.80; place mats, each, \$1.30; tray cloths, oval, \$2.50, oblong, \$2. Scarfs of chiffon, shadow-embroidered, are, square, \$3.50, and oblong, \$2.50.

## 24 for telling tales on Shakespeare

Here's the story behind the **Notes on William Shakespeare's Plays** you're likely to pick up in booklet form at the **Stratford, Ont., Festival** or at a few Canadian college-town bookstores. The purse-or-pocket-size booklets are the work of a Stratford schoolteacher, **Elgiva Adamson**, and her sister, writer **Kathleen Moore**, of **London, Ont.** In 1953, the first year of the festival, Mrs. Adamson gave night-school lectures on Shakespeare, and in the daytime convened catering in Stratford's **Knox Church** hall to help meet the demand for meals that overwhelmed the small city's dining facilities. That first, low-budget year, Mrs. Adamson recalls, festival actors weren't charged for meals at Knox Church.



Elgiva Adamson.

Encouraged by the interest her Shakespeare lectures had received, Mrs. Adamson enlisted her sister's help and printed their first notes in time for the second festival season.



The pamphlets comprise eighteen titles so far with a total printing of forty thousand copies.

Early this year the **World University Service of Canada** bought four thousand pamphlets, on eight plays, for distribution on request to student centres, hostels, refugee camps, hospitals and universities in **Europe, Asia and Africa.**

As May Chatelaine reaches you, there'll be three new Adamson-Moore Notes on William Shakespeare's **Coriolanus, Henry VIII** and **Love's Labour's Lost.** The plays to be staged this Stratford Festival season, June 19 to September 23. The price: sixty cents for the Henry VIII notes; fifty cents each for the other two. They can be ordered by mail from the Stratford Festival or from Eaton's (Toronto) book department.



Kathleen Moore.

Canadian housewife - author **Elsie Mack, of London, Ont.,** is letting the housework slip while she completes a **Biblical novel** for a mid-summer deadline. Mrs. Mack's new book — as yet untitled — will be published by **Doubleday and Company of New York.**

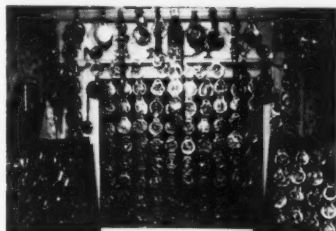
### They're doing something about: growing things

Could be the time of year, but we've collected news of gardeners from east, west and centre. In **Saint John, N.B., Hazel E. Williamson** has expanded the family herb business started by her grandfather. Mrs. Williamson sends her home-garden-grown herbs to clients in all parts of Canada and the United States, and some in England and France. The special tang her customers attribute to her herbs, says Mrs. Williamson, comes from the salt air borne by the Fundy tide as it runs up the St. John River beside her home.

**Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Atkinson, of Caledon, Ont.,** also have an international market for their fifth-of-an-acre herb farm, The Wee Gardens. The Atkinsons' gardening hobby became a business when friends asked for more of the herbs they attached to Christmas cards in lieu of gifts when they retired to their tiny farm to eke out a slender retirement income.

**Vancouver's Mrs. Margaret Benton,** who had five servants, including a gardener, in her old home in **Hungary,** now makes a living as a gardener herself. A ninety-pound woman in her sixties, Mrs. Benton plants, prunes, seeds, weeds, edges and sprays from eight a.m. until six p.m., five days a week. Her first job in Canada, in 1948, was gardening in a nursery, but she didn't like the cramped quarters and became a house-to-house gardener. "One of the nicest things about being a gardener," she says, "is that I do not have to keep up with anyone. At the back door, everyone smiles at everybody."

While most of us must be content with copies if we want to follow the decorating vogue for horse brasses, a **Hamilton** hobbyist, **Maud L. Furness,** boasts three hundred and twenty-seven original brasses. Her oldest harness decoration was made in 1668. One she especially prizes, says Mrs. Furness, bears the royal crown and the initials, B.P., which identify it as having belonged to the stable at the **Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace.**



Maud Furness' top brass on parade.

A sideline of the horse-brass hobby has brought **Mrs. Orville K. Osborne of Bowmanville, Ont.,** twenty-four bridle rosettes and buttons. They're made of brass, rubber, tin, leather, black composition and glass. The glass ones contain pictures of horses, deer, dogs and, in one, a postage stamp postmarked at **Rock Island, Que.,** in 1902.

### Quote of the month

**Viola Beasley, Burma-born** wife of **Hamiltonian David Beasley,** on her job as documents officer at the **United Nations Atomic Energy Agency** in New York: "It's like working on top of a whirlpool. The director is **Russian,** his assistant is **American.** But as international civil servants, we must be impartial and remember that today's politics is tomorrow's history."

What's New Continued on page 8



V-8 is a registered trade mark

## V-8...beats the taste of a single juice 7 healthy ways

V-8's special recipe gives you the goodness of 8 garden vegetables blended by Campbell's into one great drink.

Tastes real good—and real good for you (especially if you're counting calories).

You'll like it—and so will the whole family.

Another Fine Product from *Campbell's*



how  
to  
feature  
your  
best  
features

... and look positively picturesque! 1. Toss out the dull, undramatic do-nothings—all those disappointing make-up buys. Say good riddance to bad investments... and start fresh. 2. Try before you buy, in your own home, with a Beauty Counselor. From her Show Case of cosmetics, you discover your true colours—the height of harmony for your eyes, skin, lips. 3. Admire the improvement! It's inevitable with superlative try-on cosmetics made by Beauty Counselor. Yet these famous products cost no more than "counter" brands.



Home try-on test. With Counselor's help, you try on sample after sample from this Show Case of cosmetics. For free consultation, write Beauty Counselors of Canada Ltd., Dept. V, Windsor, Ontario.

For flattering make-up,  
try before  
you buy.



**Beauty Counselor**

CUSTOM-FITTED COSMETICS

WINDSOR, ONTARIO • GROSSE POINTE, MICH. • LONDON, ENGLAND



## WHAT'S NEW IN THE SHOPS

### A plastic foundation

Here's a **unique bare-shoulder bra** designed to be worn not just when a dress calls for a strapless, but *all* the time, for comfort. It's made of Polynet with a sheer nylon-stretch lace covering. The bra is lightweight, porous, seamless, wireless, has no stays; the band should not curl or wrinkle. \$6.50; longline, \$10, by The Form-fit Company, 34 Wingold Avenue, Toronto.



### To open doors

An imaginative and tasteful addition to any room—**decorative door handles** of handmade design and in an infinite range of colors, some with gold appliqué. The handles are ordered directly from Leghorn or Genoa, Italy for you alone. Approximately \$6 to \$19. From the same source come distinctive **enameled wall panels**, ranging in length from two to six feet. They cost approximately \$4.15 a square foot. Both items, manufactured by Siva of Italy, have a porcelain-



enameled finish on a steel backing; they're unscratchable and specially treated against rust—so they can be used *outside* the house as well. The agent is G. & C. Associated Merchandising, 216 Glendonwyne Road, Toronto.

### For a well-equipped bathroom

The bidet—the personal hygiene bathroom unit taken for granted in Europe—has at last moved out of the custom-installation category in

Canada. One forward-thinking home builder near Toronto has made bidets standard bathroom equipment in his subdivision homes. And now there's a **portable plastic bidet** on the Canadian scene—it's called the "Bidette". It fits over a standard toilet unit and has a hose attachment to connect to the sink taps. The manufacturer feels the "Bidette" has all the advantages of a bidet at a reasonable cost and without the necessity of specialized plumbing. \$10.95 from Bidette of Canada, 29 Ridge Hill Drive, Toronto.

### Rainy-day fun

To sponge up excess energy of your lively youngsters Eldon Industries of California have produced the



**Jumping Jack.** It's a toy with arms and stand made of unbreakable molded plastic. The arms, which have a four-foot spread, rotate for about four minutes; the flags on the arms can be moved in position to adjust the speed. Here's the idea: children, alone or in pairs, jump over the **gaily colored swinging arms**. An instruction sheet with suggested game variations comes with it. Small tots benefit from the fun and exercise, and the toy is safe, too, because the arms come to a gentle stop if they brush against anything. Even mothers might find the Jumping Jack a helpful figure controller. \$3.98 from Eldon Industries International, 44 Danforth Road, Scarborough, Ont.

What's New Continued on page 12





For the fun of having more summer clothes than ever!



For the fun of having a fling with color—sunny vacation colors!



For the sheer fun of being individual, of creating your own fashion look! For the fun of seeing fabric turn into fashion, right in your hands! For the joy of knowing you didn't spend too much on clothes—there's money left to spend just for fun!

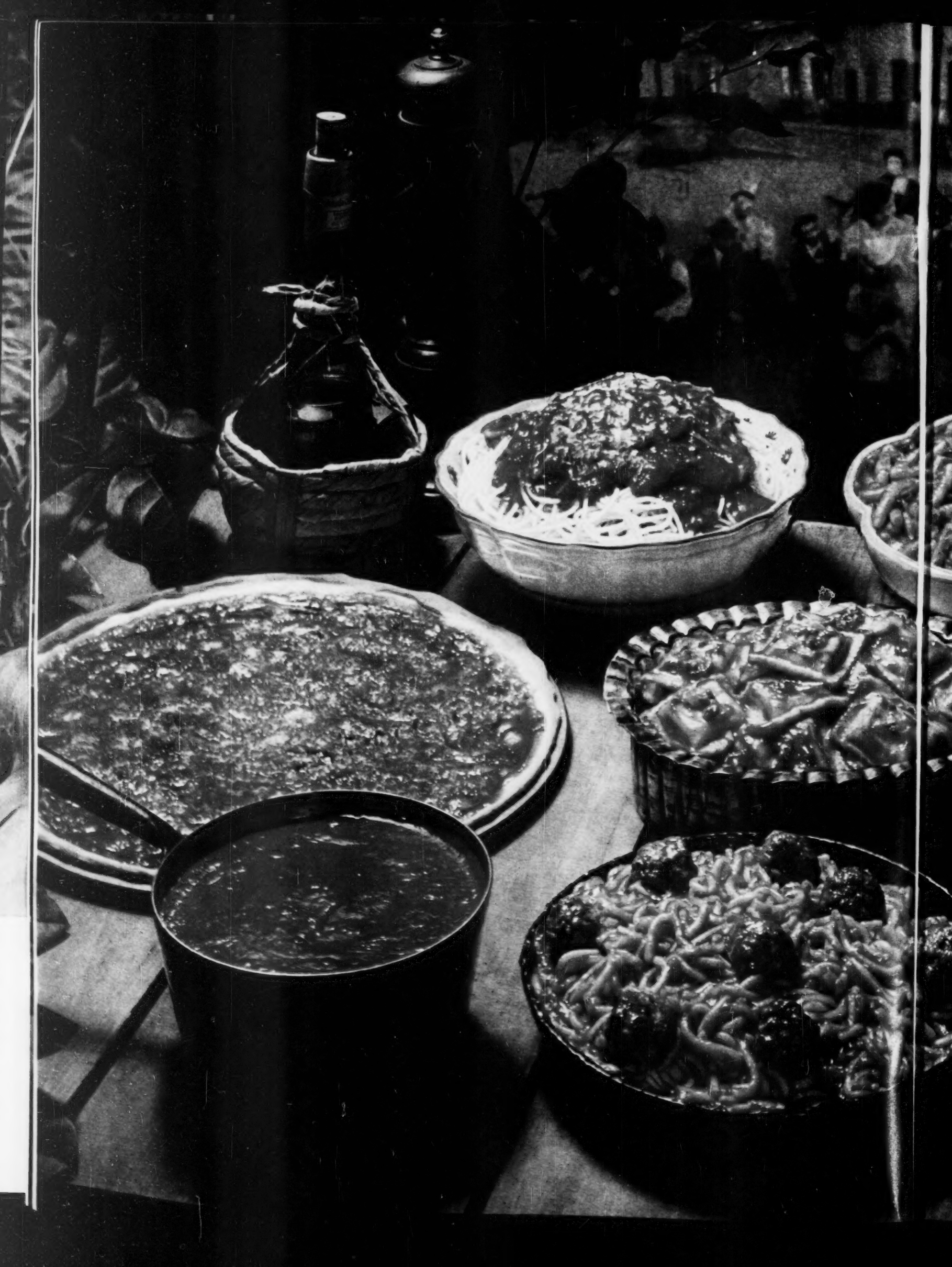
*Just for fun...sew with*

**Simplicity Patterns**



See these fun-to-make clothes, plus hundreds more in the biggest, brightest fashion show ever put between covers — The new Simplicity Magazine, at newsstands and pattern counters everywhere.

DOMINION SIMPLICITY PATTERNS LTD., 74 YORKVILLE AVENUE, TORONTO 5, ONTARIO, CANADA





# CHEF BOY-AR-DEE\*

...makers of Canada's most popular  
Italian-style foods... presents



## ITALIAN FOOD FESTIVAL



*A meal  
in a minute  
with the  
Chef's touch in it!*



### 1. SPAGHETTI DINNERS

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SHULTON

### WHAT'S NEW TO **SEE** AND **HEAR** BY EDNA MAY



Edna May and Zsa Zsa: "We adjust our tastes to men—what else can we do?"

#### Chin first with Zsa Zsa

"Never let it down — your chin, dahrlling," exclaimed **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, adjusting my head. "Look past me into the eyes of that man over there," she bubbled, looking lusciously into the CHATELAINE camera and blithely explaining that her carriage — chin up, back straight, head high and carefully angled — was well developed as a child in Budapest ("when father made us sit up always so straight"). With much infectious laughter this gay Gabor gave me these gems: *On fashion:* "For colors I like mainly black, beige or white — sometimes red. I also look very well in big hats. Oh, I spend so much on clothes, but I like expensive things." *On women:* "Sometimes they make catty remarks about my age, but trying to make out I'm old doesn't make them any younger." *On men:* "We adjust our taste to our men — what else can we do?" *On her career:* "I am getting now a hundred thousand a week at Vegas. Can you imagine what a responsibility that is?" Zsa Zsa is appearing until May 20 at The Dunes in Las Vegas, then she's off to Paris and London "to recuperate and spend money."

#### What are we worth?



Julian Huxley.

"Nations and societies are remembered not for their wealth or their comforts and technologies, but for their great buildings and their works of art, their achievements in science and law and political philosophy, their success in liberating human thought from fear and ignorance," insists **Sir Julian Huxley**, the controversial British writer and scientist. Sir

Julian will be keynote speaker of the first **Canadian Conference of The Arts** to be held at the O'Keefe Centre, Toronto, May 3-7. The purpose of the conference, which will bring together cultural leaders from Canada and other countries, will be



Alan Jarvis.

to measure our development in the arts. Under National Director **Alan Jarvis**, more than sixty world figures will attend, including **Russell Lynes**, managing editor of Harper's magazine; **Isamu Noguchi**, sculptor of New York and Tokyo; Canadian artists **Jacques de Tonnancour** and **B. C. Binning**; novelists **Morley Callaghan** and **Mordecai Richler**. A highlight of the gathering will be a public art exhibition of some one hundred paintings by winners of Canada Council awards, an exhibition that will later go on tour across Canada under the sponsorship of the National Gallery.



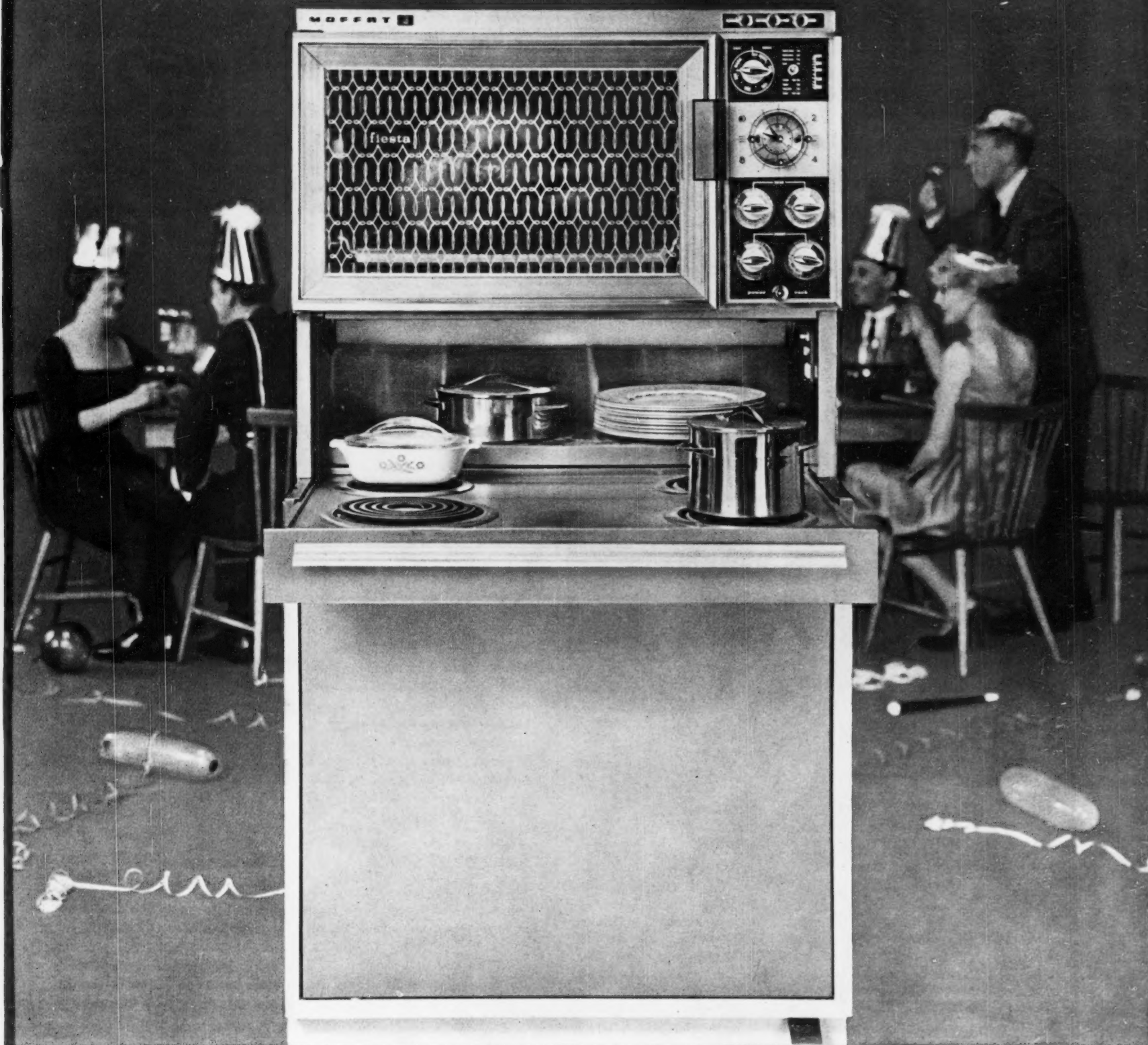
B. C. Binning.

#### Canada reclaims Stratford

More than 350,000 blue, green, orange, buff and white tickets, representing almost \$1,100,000 in sales, are already going off the racks at the box office of the **Stratford Shakespearean Festival**. This season's show opens June 19 with **Coriolanus**, starring English actor **Paul Scofield**, who has a brilliant reputation in England but is not so well known on this continent. However, Stratford doesn't need names to sell tickets anymore — Canadian

What's New Continued on page 15





## Revolutionary New Fiesta Range

MAKES YOU FEATURED PERFORMER AT THE FAMILY FEAST

Picture a succulent turkey oozing natural juices, vegetables tender and piping hot, your finest dinner plates safely warmed—and hungry guests in the wings. Just time to hang up your apron, sit down at the table, and wait for the Ohs and Ahs.

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size oven, at just the right height, handles your biggest roasts... a simple switch raises or lowers the unique oven "Power Rack" for perfect broiling and baking results... the Moffat-exclusive warming shelf below the oven has its own controlled-heat element, is safe for your finest china... the space-saving, glide-away cooking surface lets you use either 2 or 4 elements as desired... a "Lazy Susan" base swings open at a touch of the foot pedal—there's ample space for pots, pans and range accessories.

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# WHAT'S NEW TO SEE AND HEAR

.....continued.....



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talent abounds and attracts. Besides three Shakespearean plays (**Henry VIII** and **Love's Labour's Lost** are the other two), a Canadian comedy will for the first time be presented in the Festival Theatre. It's **The Canvas Barricade**, by Toronto writer **Donald Lamont Jack**, directed by **George McCowan** (McCowan, the man I named last year as the one I most wanted to see direct at Stratford, is also directing



George McCowan at right directs first Canadian play at Stratford.

**Henry VIII**.) **Jack Creley** gets a choice part this year, too along with **Bruno Gerussi**, **Kate Reid**, **Douglas Campbell** and **Eleanor Stuart**. The newcomer to watch is tall beautiful **Pat Galloway**, who had a bit part last year and emerges, I'll wager, to rave as **Anne Boleyn**.

Pianist **Glenn Gould**, soprano **Lois Marshall** and contralto **Maureen Forrester** will be featured in special Sunday concerts.

## Spring titles bloom on the bookstands

Not just a spring urge but a year-round joyous confidence makes Montreal poet **Irving Layton** say that every one of his poems is "a kiss that is given to the world"! His **Red Carpet For The Sun** has sold

more copies than any other book of poetry published in many years, and now publishers McClelland & Stewart expect even bigger sales for Layton's **The Swinging Flesh**, a combination of this time of short stories and poems.

"My poems and stories," says the author in his preface, "are for the few intrepid souls, the born Alpinists who delight in taking a hard look at themselves, their neighbors and the cosmos they inhabit." We can start climbing shortly with either cloth (\$4.50) or paperback (\$2.65) editions.



Irving Layton.

About three years ago Canadian publishers McClelland & Stewart began to issue reputable Canadian books in attractive paperbacks in the New Canadian Library series. Happily, the experiment has been a success. This spring still more titles join this list, including **Delight**, the early **Mazo de la Roche** novel about a fascinating woman. **Delight** M. . . prize.



N. J. Berrill.

McClelland & Stewart are also distributing the **Apollo** series, another new venture in paperbacks, launched by three American publishers. Among the first twelve **Apollo**

reprint titles are two by Canadians: **Laugh With Leacock** (\$2.25), a collection of the best writings of humorist **Stephen Leacock**, and **Man's Emerging Mind** (\$2.25) by eminent McGill scientist **N. J. Berrill**. END

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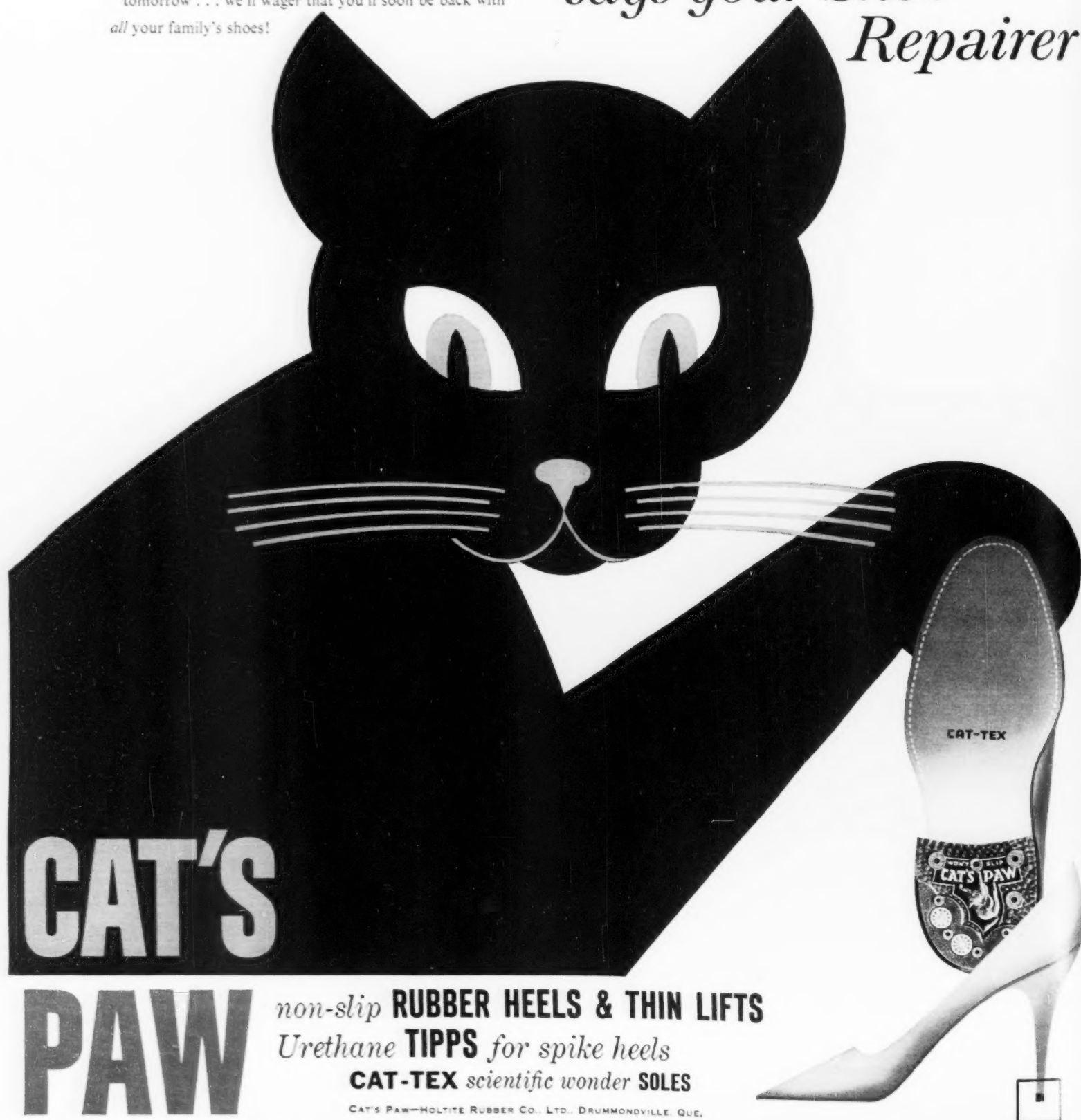


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# YOUR WORLD NOTEBOOK

a monthly background to the news headlines By Christina Newman



## THE COLUMBIA RIVER DRAMA: THE END OF ACT ONE

Almost the last official function Dwight Eisenhower performed before stepping down from the presidency of the United States last January was to cosign, with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, the Columbia River Treaty between his country and ours for the harnessing of that great river's potential hydroelectric power. Here is a brief background of this much-discussed treaty and a forecast of what it will mean to us.



The Columbia River has its source in Canada, its mouth in the U.S. On this map are shown projected dams on Canadian territory, and locations of American generating plants already existing.

**The anatomy of the Columbia** The Columbia River bisects two nations; its **source is in Canada**, its mouth in the United States. It rises in the Kootenay district of British Columbia's Rocky Mountains, flows past the Selkirk Range through the Arrow Lakes and across the border into the United States, where it reaches the Pacific Ocean near Longview, Washington. (See map.) It's the second largest river on the Pacific slope of North America and contains **more undeveloped hydroelectric power** than any other stream in a populated section of the continent. Only 459 miles of its total length of 1,150 miles is in Canada. But it's significant, from the point of view of potential hydroelectric power, that half of the river's total "fall" or drop on the way to the ocean is in Canada. From the rush of water in this as yet unexploited drop on Canadian territory, new power can be generated.

### Why is the harnessing of Columbia River power so important?

British Columbia and the northern Pacific coast of the U. S. are among the areas of this continent where further industrialization (and therefore creation of new jobs) is threatened by the **lack of adequate electricity**. Properly harnessed, the Columbia's potential hydro power could end this threat.

### Development on the Columbia to date

The greatest part of the Columbia's power potential is based on its erratic journey down through the Rocky Mountains in Canada. But except for a small dam on the Kootenay River, one of the Columbia's tributaries, the Canadian section of the mighty stream has **not been tapped**. The U. S., on the other hand, has already invested more than **two billion dollars** in developing power from the American section of the Columbia. As a result, the Americans have brought to full potential all of the power sites on their section of the river. Now, in order to expand industrially, they need to make use of power from the great fall in the headwaters of the Columbia on our side of the border.

### Why Canadian dams are necessary

One of the central problems in harnessing this fall is that the Columbia's moods vary. In the spring, fed by melting mountain snows, it swirls across the Canadian-American border in a turbulent flood. **Power can't be stored** — it must be used as it's generated — so this extra water spills uselessly over the American dams and causes dangerous flood conditions. In winter the river dwindles and with it the generation of power. **But water can be stored** for use later in the generation of power and the obvious solution from the American point of view would be to **build dams in Canada** to store the extra water that flows in springtime and feed it out in regular volume throughout the year.



McNaughton.

Fulton.

### Why the agreement took so long

Since 1944 Canada and the United States have been trying to come to an agreement so that the Columbia's power can be fully exploited. This long dispute — a giant poker game of diplomacy — concerned what Can-

ada should get for allowing the Americans power advantages from the Columbia's headwaters on our territory. The dispute was always involved and frequently bitter. Even two years ago it seemed insoluble. Fortunately Canada, mainly through the work of **Justice Minister Davie Fulton** and **Andrew McNaughton**, chairman of the International Joint Commission, was able to come to agreement with the United States, and in January 1961 the treaty was finally signed.

### What the treaty provides for

The treaty provides for Canada to build **three large dams** for storage and control of water, at **Mica Creek, Duncan Lake** and near the outlet of the **Arrow Lakes**. Initially there will be no power produced in Canada. The Americans will repay Canada for thus controlling the river's flow by sending back across the border almost half of the extra power produced. This power will eventually total six and three-quarter billion kilowatt hours per year. The total project will take ten years to complete, will eventually **cost about \$1.5 billion**, an expense to be shared by the U. S., the Canadian government and British Columbia. It will be the largest natural-resource development in Canada in our time and one of the biggest in the country's history.

### How the project will affect Canadians

The most important effect will be the provision of a huge quantity of power to southern British Columbia at a very cheap rate, thus helping the province to industrialize its economy. One short-term benefit will be to provide at least **five thousand jobs** in the construction of the dams and transmission lines. Canada will also benefit in cash. Because of the construction of the dams on this side of the border, the danger of floods on American territory near the river will be reduced. As a result, the American government over the next ten years will pay Canada fifty percent of the estimated flood damage that will be prevented by the dams — a payment amounting to over **sixty-four million dollars**.



Diefenbaker, Eisenhower signed treaty in January.

### When will the project begin?

Since water rights come under **provincial jurisdiction** the consent of the British Columbia government to the scheme's financial arrangements must be obtained. For various complicated reasons, Premier Bennett of that province is **still negotiating** with the federal government but agreement should be reached very soon. Then the first act of the Columbia River drama will be ended and if all goes well, the second act — the actual work toward the project's completion — will begin later this year.

END

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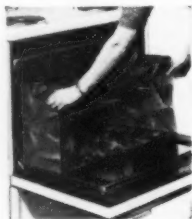


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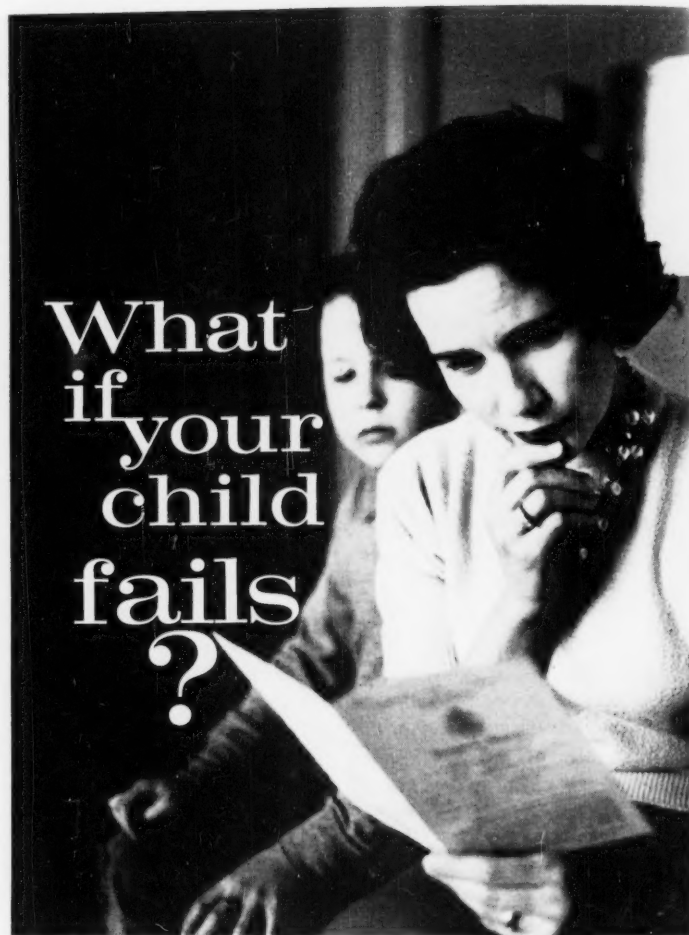
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What  
if your  
child  
fails  
?

The issue is bigger than a lost term. Your attitude toward failure can help — or wreck — your children's chances for future success

BY JOAN MORRIS

**I**n many homes the appearance of a poor report card from school is the signal for a family crisis. Cries of "Why didn't you do better?" fill the air.

Naturally, you want your children to do well. A child's success gives the whole family a feeling of pride. But sometimes when a child falls short of his parents' optimistic image of his abilities, the parents flail around and make matters worse, instead of calmly finding the best way to bring about improvement.

Fifteen-year-old Jane was a fair-to-middling student whose parents had high hopes for her. Her final report card, showing marks below fifty in three subjects, was a shock. For the next week there were periods of recrimination, and critical re-examination, interspersed with times of tight-lipped silence. By the time Jane's parents were able to accept the fact that she had missed her year, everyone in the family had suffered. Jane felt guilty because she had let her parents down, and returned to school next fall tense and anxious under increased parental pressure.

Is there any way that failure—whether failure to pass to the next grade, failure to make the school basketball team, or failure to be regarded as the prettiest girl in the class—can be handled so that the child is not left crushed and unhappy?

The need to achieve and to be first has grown out of all proportion in our society. So has the fear of failure. When a child does something well he is praised and feels more loved; when he makes a mistake

*Continued on page 20*



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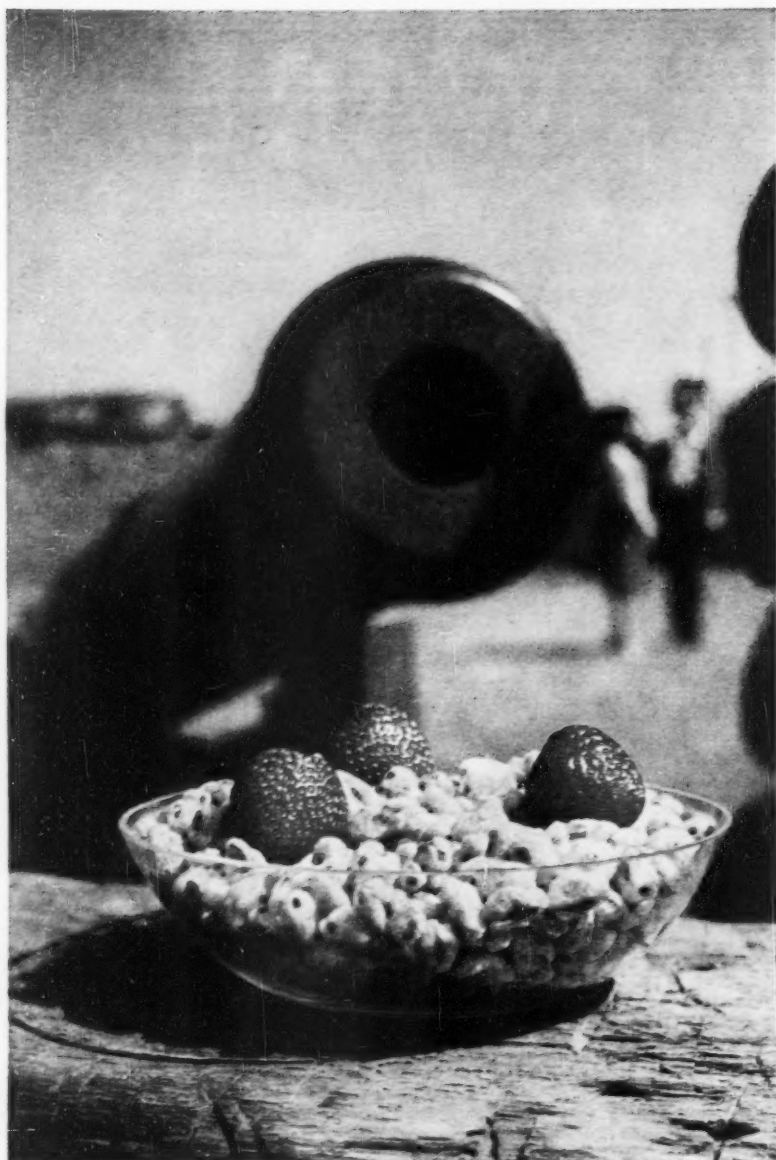
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Photographed at historic Old Fort York

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The light, light cereals . . . shot from guns!

"Parents often expect 'A' standing from a 'C' student, and then punish him when he fails"

*Continued from page 18*

he is scolded and feels less loved. Achieving and being loved are strongly linked in a child's mind as he grows up.

As parents we foster this feeling each time we ask the boy returning home from playing baseball. "Did you win?" We should learn to ask instead, "Did you have fun?"

It is in the school situation that most children feel this stress of having to achieve. Being good at sports is some compensation for not being a first-grade student; being pretty may make any girl with low marks feel better. But these are substitute satisfactions. For at least ten years of every child's life the main emphasis is on how well he does in school, and the highlight of the year is the final report card.

Dr. S. R. Laycock, the noted Canadian educator and former dean of education at the University of Saskatchewan, claims that the traditional report card has done as much damage to the mental health of children as any other single factor. A poor report card can harm the child's emotional security with his parents, and his sense of his own worth.

Parents often expect "A" standing from a "C" student. They put pressure on the child to work harder, and then berate or punish him when he fails to achieve as they feel he should. The child, disturbed under these circumstances, cannot even achieve what he otherwise would.

While most parents will agree that no two children are alike, they nevertheless continue to compare their child with others in the class or down the block. Dr. Laycock feels that in our present school system many children are foredoomed to failure. Teachers are expected to take every child and, using the same teaching methods and curriculum, pass them on from grade to grade—in spite of vast differences in ability, physical stamina, and emotional stability.

What should parents do when a child fails? First, they must swallow their own disappointment, and think of the child's feelings. The time immediately after a failure or a great disappointment is not the time for critical examination. This is a time when a child needs assurance that his parents' love is not dependent upon his achieving and being successful. There will be times later on when the child and his parents can sit down together to discuss the "whys" of the situation without attaching blame.

Educational psychologists have assembled a helpful list of dos and don'ts for parents whose children have failed—a situation that most parents face sooner or later:

**DON'T** equate love and achievement. It is difficult for a parent not to boast about the child who is a good football player, and it is impossible for a child to be unaware of the extra pride the parent takes in him when he accomplishes something important. But he must not feel less worthy of love because he doesn't make the football team.

**DON'T** make grades the reason for scolding, reducing allowances, or denying a trip. Denying the child a pleasure he has looked forward to makes him feel even less loved; getting poor marks has made him feel unhappy enough.

Bribes should be used as little as

*Continued on page 134*

(Advertisement)

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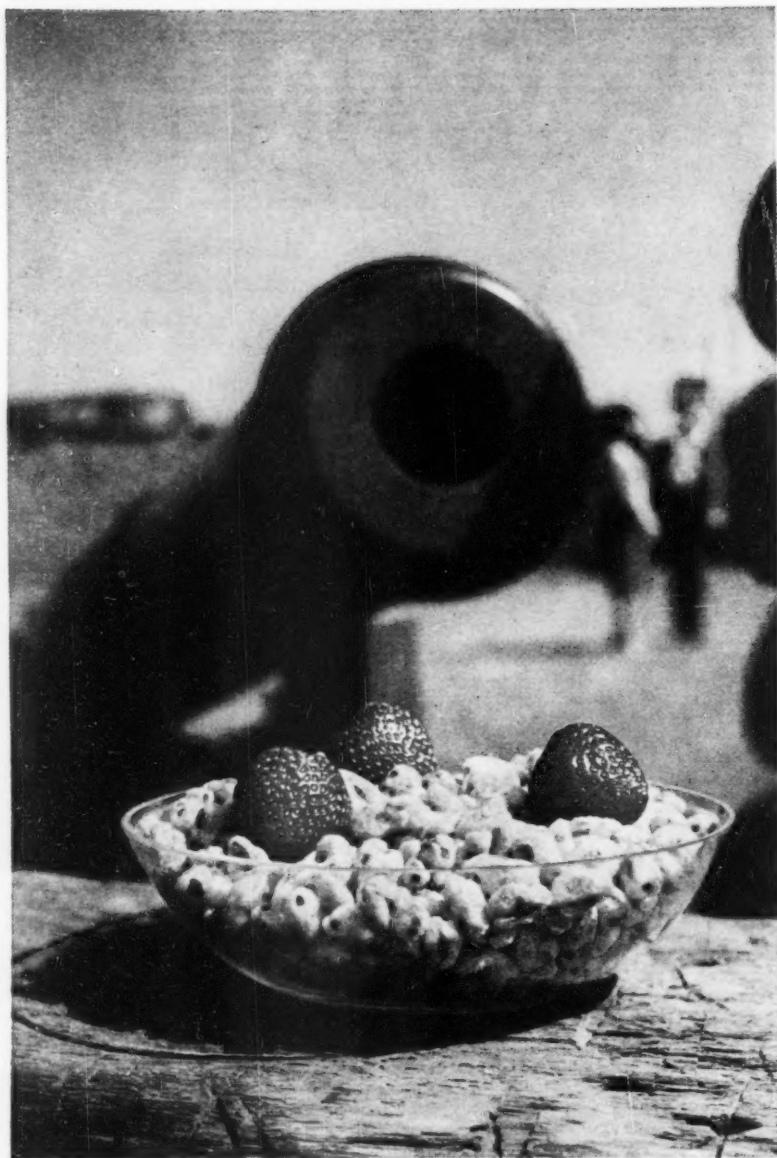






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Three authentic brass cannon, each handsome, decorative and solidly made, are a unique Quaker Puffed cereals offer. Use them in dens—boys' rooms—or give them as birthday gifts. For details of each cannon, prices, and how to order, please see the special AUTHENTIC CANNON packages in your food store.



The light, light cereals . . . shot from guns!

"Parents often expect 'A' standing from a 'C' student, and then punish him when he fails"

*Continued from page 18*

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As parents we foster this feeling each time we ask the boy returning home from playing baseball, "Did you win?" We should learn to ask instead, "Did you have fun?"

It is in the school situation that most children feel this stress of having to achieve. Being good at sports is some compensation for not being a first-grade student; being pretty may make any girl with low marks feel better. But these are substitute satisfactions. For at least ten years of every child's life the main emphasis is on how well he does in school, and the highlight of the year is the final report card.

Dr. S. R. Laycock, the noted Canadian educator and former dean of education at the University of Saskatchewan, claims that the traditional report card has done as much damage to the mental health of children as any other single factor. A poor report card can harm the child's emotional security with his parents, and his sense of his own worth.

Parents often expect "A" standing from a "C" student. They put pressure on the child to work harder, and then berate or punish him when he fails to achieve as they feel he should. The child, disturbed under these circumstances, cannot even achieve what he otherwise would.

While most parents will agree that no two children are alike, they nevertheless continue to compare their child with others in the class or down the block. Dr. Laycock feels that in our present school system many children are foredoomed to failure. Teachers are expected to take every child and, using the same teaching methods and curriculum, pass them on from grade to grade—in spite of vast differences in ability, physical stamina, and emotional stability.

What should parents do when a child fails? First, they must swallow their own disappointment, and think of the child's feelings. The time immediately after a failure or a great disappointment is not the time for critical examination. This is a time when a child needs assurance that his parents' love is not dependent upon his achieving and being successful. There will be times later on when the child and his parents can sit down together to discuss the "whys" of the situation without attaching blame.

Educational psychologists have assembled a helpful list of dos and don'ts for parents whose children have failed—a situation that most parents face sooner or later:

**DON'T** equate love and achievement. It is difficult for a parent not to boast about the child who is a good football player, and it is impossible for a child to be unaware of the extra pride the parent takes in him when he accomplishes something important. But he must not feel less worthy of love because he doesn't make the football team.

**DON'T** make grades the reason for scolding, reducing allowances, or denying a trip. Denying the child a pleasure he has looked forward to makes him feel even less loved; getting poor marks has made him feel unhappy enough.

Bribes should be used as little as

*Continued on page 114*

(Advertisement)

Good in ones . . . but better in twos!

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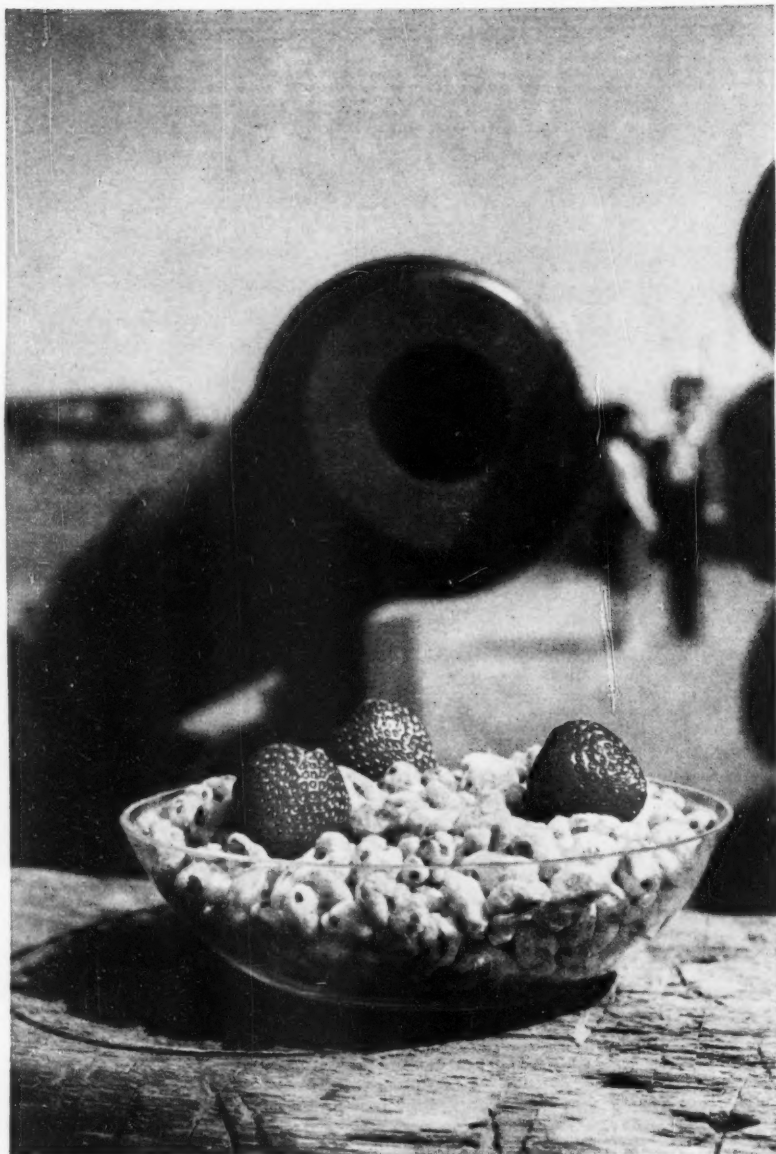






On the double, Daddy! You've got to move fast to keep up with these dinner dates. Swift's Meats for I menu! Mmmm, they taste so good. And their valuable nourishment is just what babies need for sturdy growth and health. This is why so many mothers turn to Swift, the meat *specialist*—for the wealth of complete, high-quality meats provide. Babies especially share in the extra value, the extra goodness you always get when you buy Swift's Meats.





Photographed at historic Old Fort York

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**TO MAKE THEM CRISP . . .** with the goodness that makes breakfast fun again! Each choice, sun-ripened grain of wheat and rice is "SHOT FROM GUNS" that explode them up to eight times normal size. Happiest way yet to get nature's own good grains in their tenderest form.

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**TO MAKE THEM TASTY . . .** for the freshest morning start! You taste all the satisfying, natural flavour of wholesome wheat or rice in every crispy puff. Delicious with milk . . . and wonderful with fruit!



Three authentic brass cannon, each handsome, decorative and solidly made, are a unique Quaker Puffed cereals offer. Use them in dens—boys' rooms—or give them as birthday gifts. For details of each cannon, prices, and how to order, please see the special AUTHENTIC CANNON packages in your food store.



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Bribes should be used as little as

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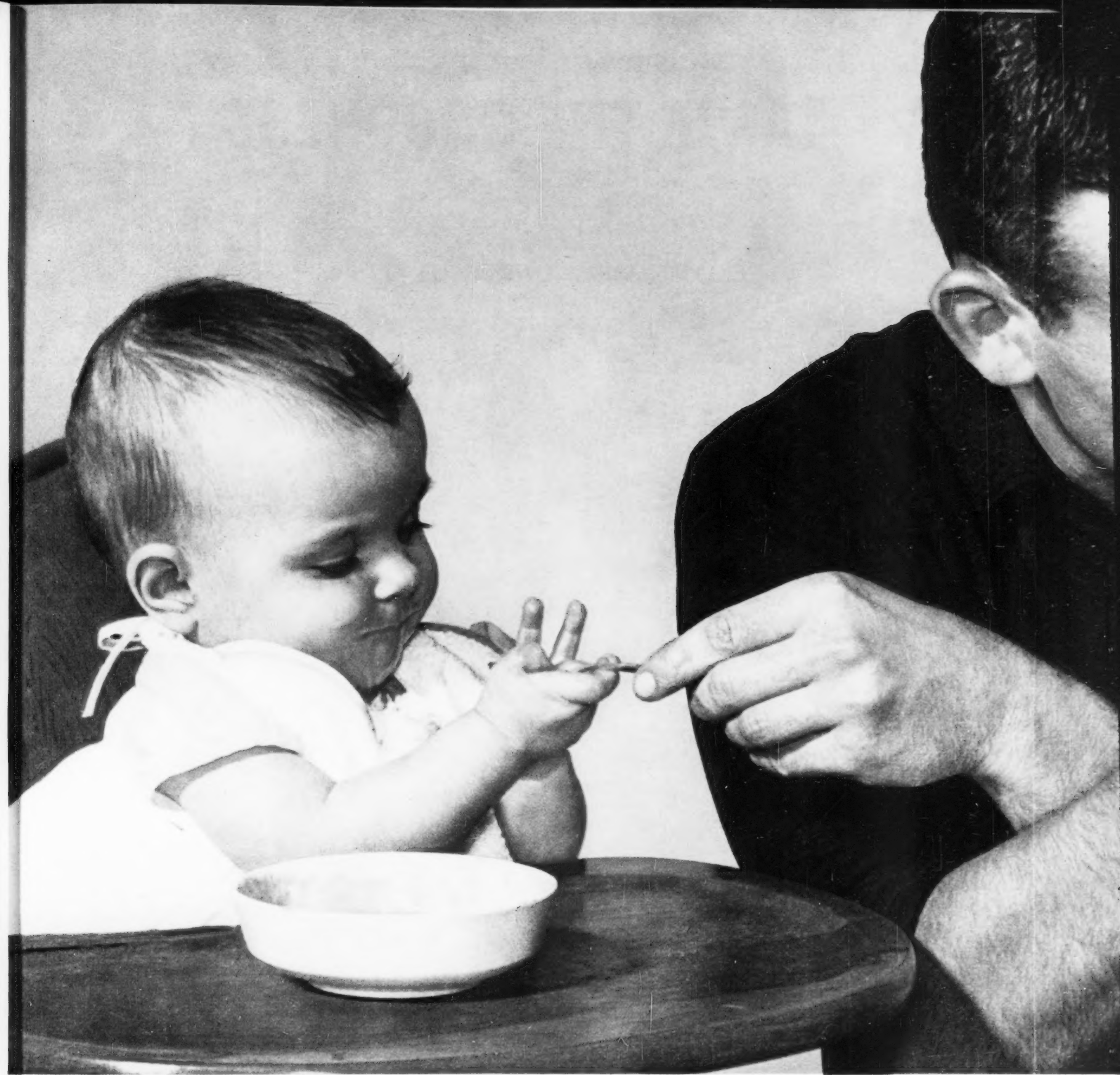
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Good in ones . . . but better in twos!

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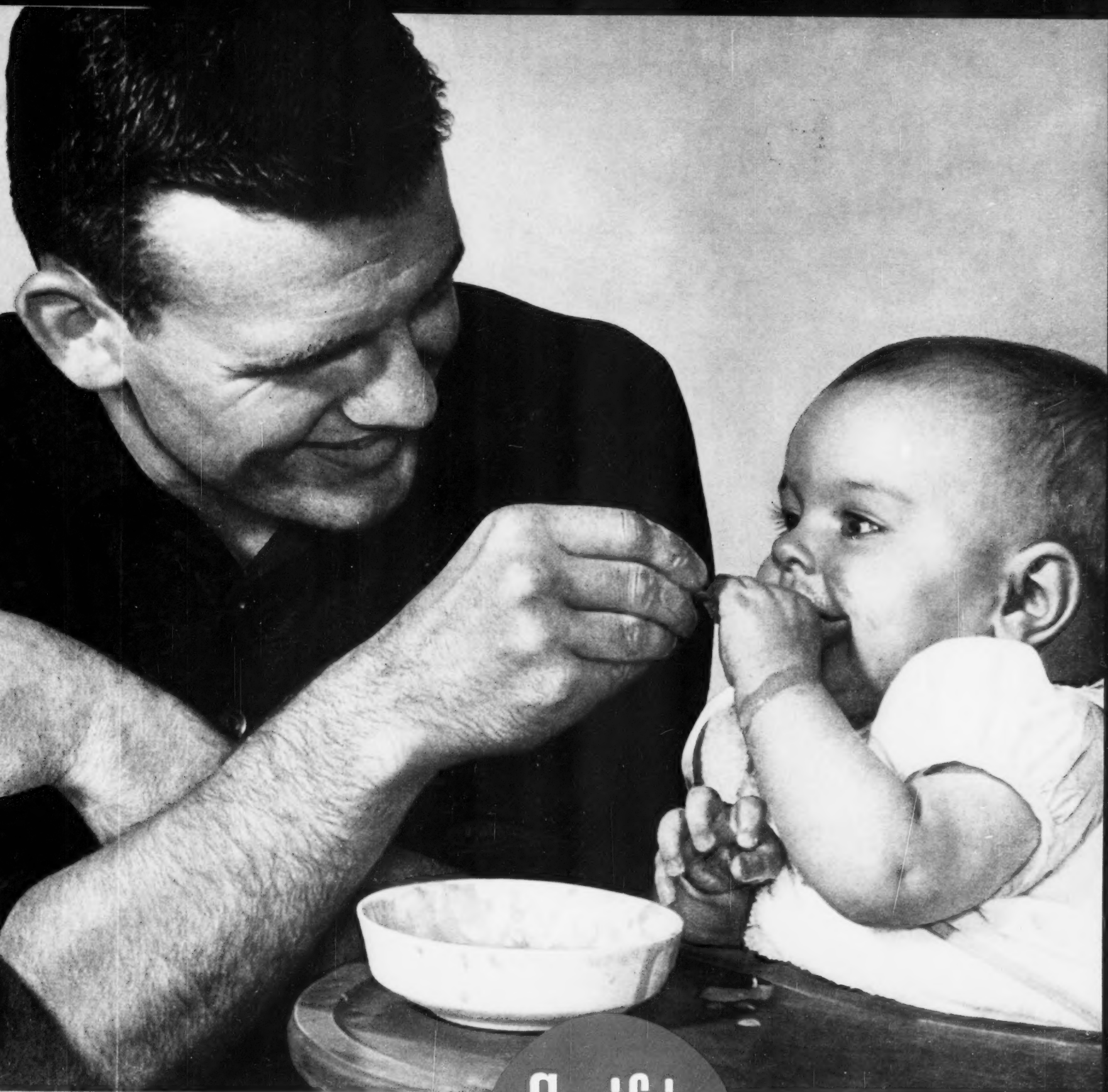
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Swift's  
Premium

...the two most  
trusted words  
in meat.

# TEEN TEMPO



..... By SUSAN COOPER

## Shall we dance?

"By all means . . . and all night, too!" agrees Sandy Jesshope, our Miss Teen Tempo for May. "Save the first, second, third and all following numbers for me," her escort, Doug Barr, is suggesting. For sixteen-year-old Sandy who is a straight-A student in Grade 11, a night off for dancing means extra hours of study earlier. "But it's worth it," Sandy says happily (we hear Doug is a cha-cha expert). For partytime prettiness, Sandy uses a clear liquid foundation (not forgetting shoulders), brighter lipstick and extra eye make-up, including a smidge of shadow. "I like," says Doug. "Just enough eye shadow, gives a girl that MMMMM look." Translation: like wow, but better.

## More Teen Tempo tips for a big date

**What to wear** Sandy's party dress is pure silk print with blue roses on a white background, blue front bow. "Very feminine," says Doug approvingly. For variety, Sandy can take off the bow, substitute a velvet ribbon. By Algo Juniors. 7 to 17. About \$25.

**About accessories:** Short white gloves, kid or fabric, are always correct. Leave them on to dance, take them off at snacktime. You *can* slide hands out of long gloves to eat, but it's prettier to take them off entirely. Have plain pumps, purse dyed to match your dress.

**About corsages** Corsages should be worn on the left side, with stems down. To pro-

tect your corsage while you dance, however, you *might* switch it to your right shoulder. If it's not too large, you can tie a corsage to your wrist with a matching ribbon, or pin it to your evening bag. Or, you can order a corsage specially designed to wear in your hair.

**How to charm him** Doug's loudest "Ayes" were for: the girl who is ready. ("Spare me that half-hour wait in the front room.") Perfume. ("Wonderful when it's subtle . . . terrible when it chokes you.") "Nays" were: over-fancy hairdos. ("I want her to look like the girl I asked, not like a foreign spy or a tossed salad.") Corsages stuck on bare shoulders. ("They make me itch.")

## How to set this party-pretty hair style

Sandy's hair style, created by stylist Gus Caruso, is set on rollers (see right). The basic cut is from eight inches in the crown to three inches below ears at the sides, squared off to one and a half inches at the back neckline and five inches in the bangs. Secret of its success: the wispy bangs make eyes look bigger, enhance their sparkle.



## ..... DEAR SUSAN COOPER .....

Write to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Be sure to include your full name and address. Pseudonyms only will be used for the letters published on this page.

### What about 'sneak' dates?

Dear Susan:

Although I am seventeen, my mother will not allow me to go out with boys. Recently I met a boy who is very nice and we have many interests in common. He has asked me out on a double date and I will have to say no. I don't want to sneak out—but I *do* want to go! What should I do? —VIVIAN

**Dear Vivian:** Never go on sneak dates. The boy would wonder why he couldn't call for you at your home and you would spend half the evening looking over your shoulder. Why don't you ask your mother if you could have a few friends (including this boy) over to your home? Once your parents have been introduced to the boy, I'm sure they would be more willing to let you double-date.

Dear Susan:

I feel torn in two. My parents are divorced and I live with my mother. If I show affection when my father comes to see me, then mother is hurt and thinks I don't love her. I do, but I love my father, too. What should I do? —JUDY

**Dear Judy:** Love for both of your parents is something that can't be switched off by circumstances. However, maybe seeing Dad is such a nice novelty that you turn all your attention on him. Try to remember to divide it equally when both parents are present, then Mom won't feel left out. Also, have a frank talk with her about the situation. Once she is reassured that you are happy with her, she won't be so possessive.

Dear Susan:

I am going to school with a boy whom I'm just dying to meet. But I think that if I get a chance to talk with him, I'll probably be tongue-tied. How could I get acquainted? —GRACE

**Dear Grace:** Boys don't like to think that a girl is setting a trap for them, but there's no harm in being prepared. Find out what this boy's interests are. If he's a basketball or football player, then you become a fan. If he's on the debating team, start debating. Meet him in his own field—you will really get his attention if you can talk about his interests. One of the secrets of conversation is making others feel that you are vitally interested in them. END





# TASTE THE GOODNESS



PURE JAMS AND WONDERFUL PIE FILLINGS



Plump, mouth-watering fruits, picked at their peak, bursting with juicy-ripe goodness—vacuum-cooked (but oh, so gently!) to trap the elusive flavour, the brilliant sun-drenched colour! Now you know the secret of E.D. Smith pure fruit Canadian jams. Try them and see: Tasting's believing!

**23** appetizing varieties of pure fruit jams, jellies and marmalades

Here's another secret you'll enjoy. You can bake your own fruit pie with E.D. Smith *Instant* Fruit Pie Filling. Imagine! Just empty a tin into your own pie shell and bake. What a treat for your family or your guests—and so perfect, so easy, so quick!

**10** varieties of instant fruit pie fillings at all stores where quality counts!



ENTIRELY CANADIAN SINCE 1882

Chatelaine • May 1961

BY LAWRENCE

## THE HEART

*A doctor reports on the*

The most uncomfortable experience during menopause often concerned with feeling increased fear of breast and cologist, who also finds that emotional symptoms during examination and reassurance third need repeated, short-calmative nature, to carry that bring on flushes. For stress and suffering with severe can produce dramatic relief. E advises, only after two or should be taken by mouth in reduced and eventually stopp

*The right way to take*

The position of your arm when make a significant difference. false picture of high blood pressure out of a study covering 104 from 14 to 63, some with n pressure. Investigating physician kept at the level of the heart, sure was less than when the the side. In 103 of the 104 p both systolic and diastolic pr was enough to turn normal re some cases, the increase was as taking blood pressure measure see to it that the arm is kept to avoid a falsely high record

*When heart disease isn't*

Some people who complain of toms generally associated with suffering from osteoarthritis of Toronto physician reports seen six-month period, including sev were convinced that they had he with normal hearts and normal to six weeks in hospital before was recognized. Many heart a of the problem, but it is only tion of general physicians.

The Toronto physician rep between true heart disease and can be detected on careful exa times, for example, the chest

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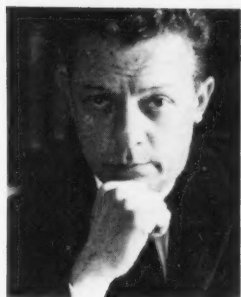
**10** varieties of instant fruit pie fillings at all stores where quality counts!



ENTIRELY CANADIAN SINCE 1882



BY LAWRENCE GALTON



# HERE'S Health

## *A doctor reports on the menopause*

The most uncomfortable feature of the flushing many women experience during menopause is the anxiety it causes — an anxiety often concerned with feelings of loss of biological usefulness and increased fear of breast and uterus cancer. So reports one gynecologist, who also finds that one third of women suffering from emotional symptoms during menopause need only a physical examination and reassurance to relieve their anxiety. Another third need repeated, short-term treatment, often merely of a calumative nature, to carry them over periods of acute stress that bring on flushes. For a third group — constantly under stress and suffering with severe flushes and insomnia — estrogen can produce dramatic relief. Estrogen should be used, the physician advises, only after two or three months without periods. It should be taken by mouth in large doses at first, then gradually reduced and eventually stopped after elimination of symptoms.

## *The right way to take blood pressure*

The position of your arm when your blood pressure is taken can make a significant difference, enough in some cases to give a false picture of high blood pressure. This important finding comes out of a study covering 104 men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 63, some with normal and others with high blood pressure. Investigating physicians found that when the arm was kept at the level of the heart, usually resting on a table, the pressure was less than when the arm was allowed to hang down at the side. In 103 of the 104 patients, lowering the arm increased both systolic and diastolic pressures. In 39 cases, the increase was enough to turn normal readings into above-normal ones. In some cases, the increase was as much as twenty percent. Physicians taking blood pressure measurements, urge the investigators, should see to it that the arm is kept at the level of the heart in order to avoid a falsely high recording.

## *When heart disease isn't heart disease*

Some people who complain of severe chest pains and other symptoms generally associated with heart trouble may actually be suffering from osteoarthritis of the spine in the neck region. A Toronto physician reports seeing twenty-four such patients in a six-month period, including seven doctors and two dentists who were convinced that they had heart problems. Some of the patients with normal hearts and normal electrocardiograms had spent up to six weeks in hospital before the true nature of their problem was recognized. Many heart and arthritis specialists are aware of the problem, but it is only recently being drawn to the attention of general physicians.

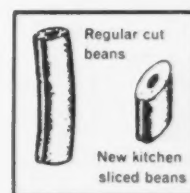
The Toronto physician reports that differences in symptoms between true heart disease and cervical osteoarthritis are slight but can be detected on careful examination and history taking. Sometimes, for example, the chest pain is *Continued on page 26*



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### KITCHEN SLICED THE WAY YOU'D DO IT AT HOME

Here are beans such as you've never tasted before. The reason is that the Green Giant cuts them the way you would in your own kitchen. He kitchen slices them—bite-size and on the diagonal—to bring out all their snappin' freshness and flavour. Try them and see.



### 2 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM

Now you can get the Green Giant's kitchen sliced style in either Green or Wax Beans.



# GREEN GIANT

GOOD THINGS FROM THE GARDEN

Green Giant of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. "Green Giant" T.M. Reg'd.

# HERE'S Health *continued*

associated with sudden movement rather than, as in heart trouble, with effort. The pain often can be relieved by applying traction — a stretching force — to the neck. Frequently it can be prevented by wearing a soft collar at night to hold the neck in a comfortable position.

## *New hopes for preventing migraine*

Phenobarbital and reserpine appear to be helpful in preventing migraine attacks in some severe cases. A British physician studied both drugs in twenty-eight men and women with severe migraine. Twenty-two suffered from one or more attacks per week and the remaining six had between one and three per month. Improvement — a reduction of the frequency of attack by fifty percent or more — was obtained with phenobarbital in 13 cases. Reserpine brought improvement for 14. This drug helped five of the 15 who had not responded to phenobarbital, while phenobarbital in turn benefited three of the 14 who had not improved on reserpine. There were 10 patients unresponsive to either drug.

## *Now they can repair arteries for the aged*

With people living longer, there has been a great increase recently in arteriosclerotic aneurysms — soft pulsating tumors in the walls of arteries. Currently, they rank among the most common causes of impaired blood circulation in the legs, which may lead to gangrene, amputation, invalidism, and even death. Now new techniques of reconstructing arteries permit the aneurysms to be removed and normal blood flow restored. Surgeons at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, report operating on 88 aneurysms in 72 patients, ranging from 45 to 85 years of age. Most of the tumors were in the groin or behind the knee joint and were well advanced. Where only a short segment of artery was involved, the aneurysm was removed and the ends of the artery stitched together. In 61 cases involving a long segment, a Dacron graft was used to bridge the gap after removal of the tumor. The operation was successful in restoring circulation and avoiding amputation in ninety percent of the cases.

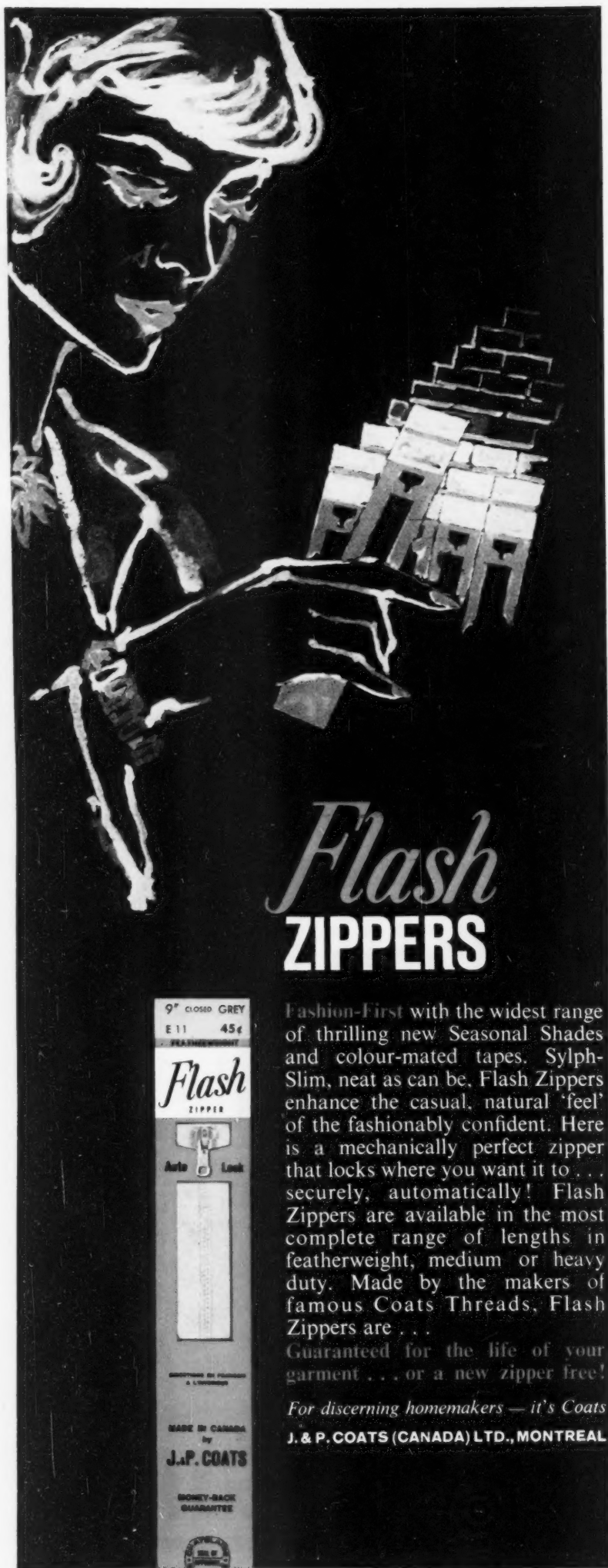
## *Children with eczema: what does the future hold?*

Do children with chronic eczema become free of the disease? German physicians checked on 269 who had been treated for eczema six to thirty-eight years before. The follow-up examination showed that 177, or 65.4 percent, had been cured. Of the remaining 92, 73 were markedly improved. For treatment, the German doctors report, they find ointments containing Cortisone and antibacterial agents preferable. The eczematous lesions are often infected although the infection may not be discernible. How often do eczematous children later develop allergies? The follow-up study showed that 22 percent had asthma, 16 percent had hay fever.

## *Something new for acute gout*

Griseofulvin, an antibiotic used to treat fungus infections of the skin, now has turned out to be useful in overcoming acute attacks of gout. In 16 of 23 patients treated by University of Miami School of Medicine physicians, 90 to 100 percent relief was obtained within 12 to 48 hours. Stiffness, pain, redness, swelling and heat disappeared or decreased greatly. The other seven patients, all severe cases unresponsive to colchicine, the standard drug for gout attacks, showed slight to moderate improvement. Griseofulvin appears to be as effective as colchicine and thus far has produced none of the latter's unpleasant side effects.

END



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Fashion-First with the widest range of thrilling new Seasonal Shades and colour-mated tapes. Sylph-Slim, neat as can be, Flash Zippers enhance the casual, natural 'feel' of the fashionably confident. Here is a mechanically perfect zipper that locks where you want it to... securely, automatically! Flash Zippers are available in the most complete range of lengths in featherweight, medium or heavy duty. Made by the makers of famous Coats Threads, Flash Zippers are...

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You feel an inner glow of satisfaction...  
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lasts longest, protects best, outshines the rest

To get the best performance from any paste  
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especially designed to do this job effectively.



# NOW! flavour MINUTE

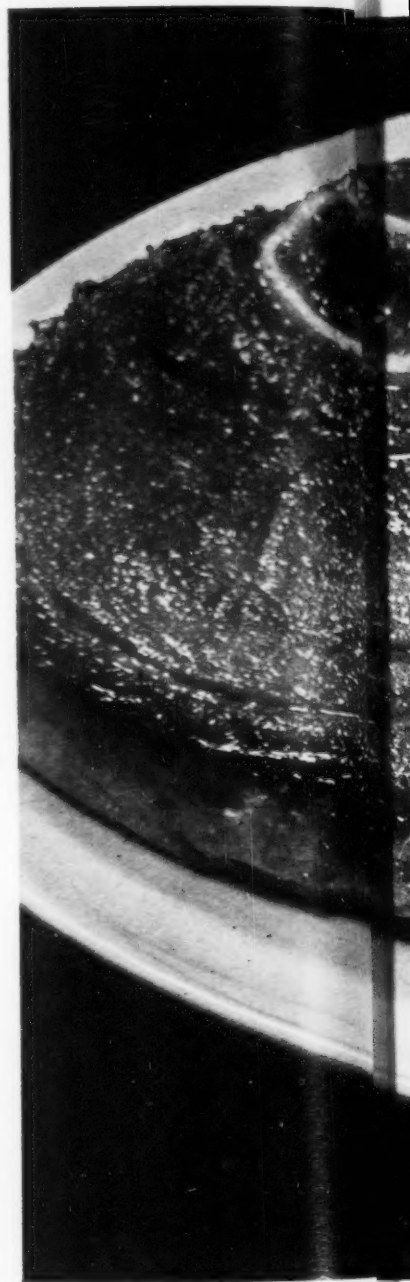


At last, something new and different to put on your dinner plate. Serve 🍋 lemon rice\* with 🐟 fish or chicken; 🍍 pineapple rice\* with 🍖 ham or chicken; 🍏 apple rice with 🍖 beef or pork; 🍊 orange rice with 🦆 duck or 🐔 chicken, so easy... so good!

Also try broth, bouillon and consomme... start experimenting today...the only limit to the number of combinations you can enjoy is your own imagination.



\*See recipe at right. For all other liquids mentioned use equal measures of rice and undiluted liquids.

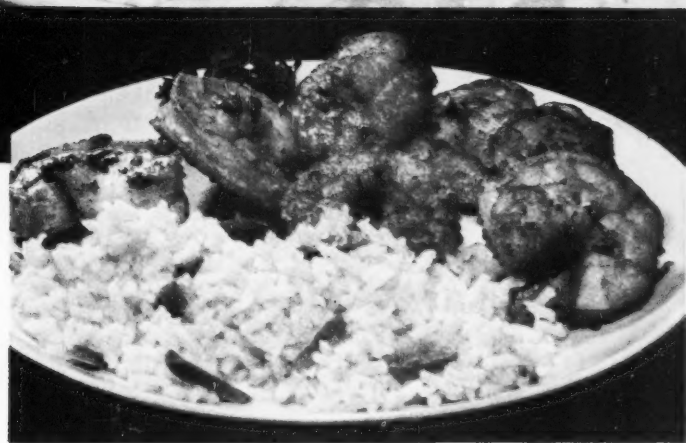


**PINEAPPLE RICE** ... tangy with ham. Drain 1 cup pineapple tidbits. Measure juice, add water to make  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups. Bring to boil juice, tidbits,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt. Add  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups Minute Rice (from box). Mix. Cover. Remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. 4 servings.

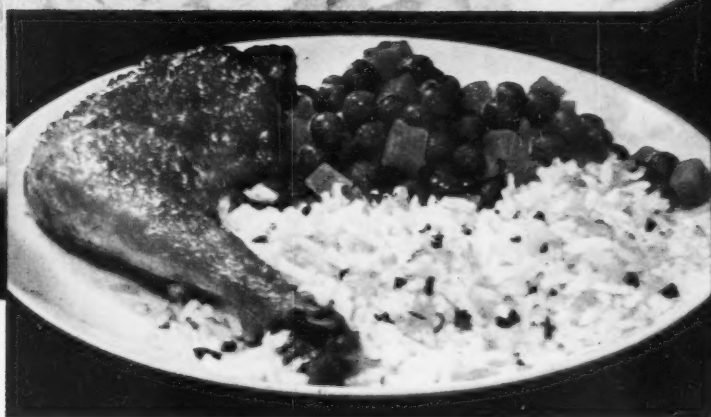




# E RICE to match your meal



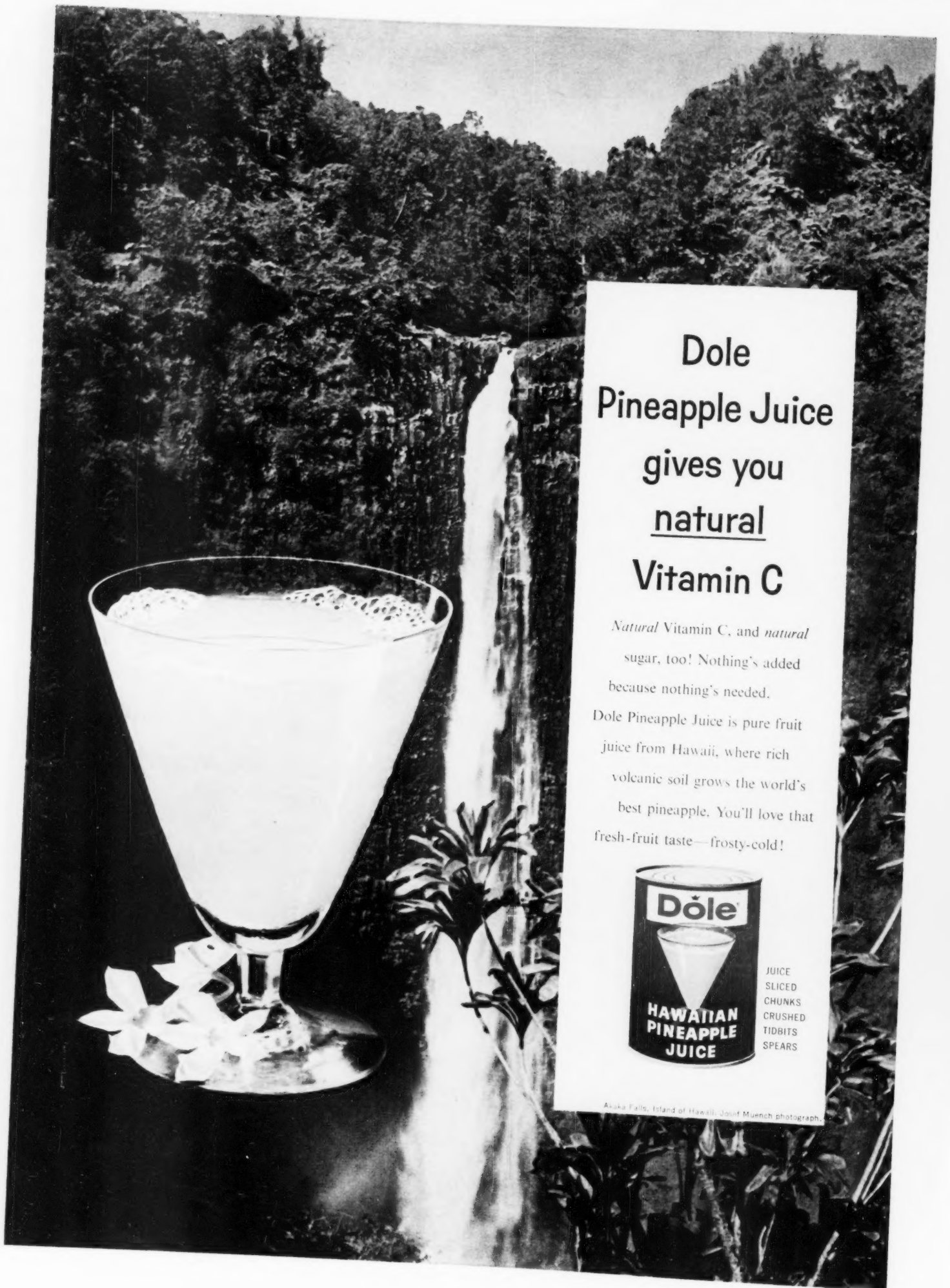
**ORANGE RICE** . . . so right with shrimp. Bring  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups orange juice to boil. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt and  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups Minute Rice (from box). Mix. Cover. Remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tbsp. butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped nuts. Mix lightly. 4 servings.



**LEMON RICE** . . . savoury with chicken. Brown  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic, minced, in 2 tbsp. butter. Add  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups Minute Rice (from box),  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups water, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind and 1 tsp. salt. Mix. Bring to boil. Cover. Remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Add 2 tbsp. chopped parsley. Mix lightly. 4 servings.

**Only Minute Rice makes these dishes so flavourful because only Minute Rice requires no cooking. The zest of the flavour isn't boiled away but stays in the rice.**

Only **MINUTE RICE** absorbs flavour so quickly, so completely



**Dole**  
**Pineapple Juice**  
gives you  
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**Vitamin C**

*Natural* Vitamin C, and *natural* sugar, too! Nothing's added because nothing's needed. Dole Pineapple Juice is pure fruit juice from Hawaii, where rich volcanic soil grows the world's best pineapple. You'll love that fresh-fruit taste—frosty-cold!



JUICE  
SLICED  
CHUNKS  
CRUSHED  
TIDBITS  
SPEARS

Akaka Falls, Island of Hawaii, Josef Muench photograph.



# Whom do the Joneses keep up with?

Mostly, Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones don't try to keep up with anybody. They shop at the corner store, cook for friends, and sometimes quietly do the town much like anyone else. Come along on a visit to No. 10 Kensington

Palace . . . by Eva-Lis Wuorio

● The slight girl in a loose coat with a scarf tied about her head mingled with London's Saturday shoppers in Harrods food department. She was particular about her choice of game and thick steaks. The young man with unruly fair hair, in grey slacks and tweed jacket, collected the growing heap of parcels with good-natured grumbling.

No one paid any attention as they carried their shopping to a small white Mini-Minor jammed in between other parked cars in traffic-packed Basil Street, at the back entrance.

Why should anyone? The young couple looked like dozens of others stocking up for the weekend, laughing

at private jokes, typically and therefore anonymously English (except perhaps for the fact that they were holding hands).

Inching through the traffic like everyone else, they drove down to Cromwell Road, turned up Queen's Gate and crossed Kensington High Street to Palace Gardens. Only then, if you happened to be passing the tall iron gate by number 10 Kensington Palace, might it suddenly strike you that these were the new tenants at the old place — Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones.

The funny thing is that had anyone with a sharp eye bespied them en route it

*Continued on page 72*







Take one bewitching island, add a handsome man who wants to forget, a beautiful girl who wants to escape. Mix under a sunny sky . . . and see what happens

# Who's Afraid of Love?

**SOMETIMES** Harriet wished Alexander Graham Bell had minded his own business. Here I sit like a Dorothy Parker heroine, doing the telephone bit. She frowned at the dull black instrument of torture on its silent cradle beside her bed. Ring, damn you, ring.

It was Sunday evening and she had tidied up the apartment and gone to bed with her lapboard, a new novel, a glass of warm milk, a copy of *Women's Wear*, a fountain pen, and two unanswered letters—pretending to herself that she was resting. It would have been too humiliating—almost degrading—to admit how terribly she depended on Neal's call. She tissued the slippery pink cold cream off her face with careful upward strokes (when you're pushing thirty, you mold those contours firmly), recalling some vague statistics about the average Torontonian making six phone calls a day. She could remember a time when Neal had telephoned her that often.

Harriet was one of those unlucky girls who had fallen in love with a man who was in love with himself. Maybe that's a little strong, but not much. Neal Murphy was a handsome Irishman with fair skin, black hair, and thick eyebrows—a tall man with shadowy blue eyes and a quick smile. At first you didn't notice that the smile was on his lips but not in his eyes. (No one ever called him Murph.) He worked in a travel bureau and once had turned down a TV test. He liked to tell it at cocktail parties. *Continued on page 79*

By EILEEN JENSEN

*Here are 24 crowded hours in the life of  
Calgary-born Rebeka Moscarello, one of Women's  
College Hospital's young hard-working doctors*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRYN TACONIS



**8.10 a.m.** Rebeka, husband Dr. Mario Moscarello, baby Raphael have breakfast.



**9.05** Rebeka gives Mario's scarf a wifely straightening as he drops her at Women's College Hospital.

**9.10** Dr. Moscarello begins rounds on third floor, visiting patients in the general wards.



## The remarkable hospital

Fifty years ago, in a rickety old house in a Toronto slum, pioneering women launched Canada's first, and still only, hospital staffed by women.

Today the Women's College Hospital has grown into a bustling modern testament to women who made a dream come true.

Here is the story of twenty-four hours in the life of this hospital . . . By Dorothy Sangster





**9.20** At nurses' station she examines overnight charts.



**10.05** Rebeka checks patient's chart with resident intern Dr. Nicholas Forbath. Hospital may soon take its first male doctor on permanent staff.



**10.15** In the second-floor X-ray Department, Rebeka and Dr. Forbath discuss an X ray of ward patient. Hospital's Out Patient Department (18 clinics) is one of Ontario's largest.



**10.55** Dr. Rebeka Moscarello attends a "grand round," a weekly hour-and-a-half examination and discussion of particularly interesting or problem cases, held by members of the medical staff of the Women's College

Hospital. During these sessions, at which usually two patients are brought in for discussion, the doctors most familiar with the cases present background information to their colleagues who may be seeing these patients for the first time.

## women built

PHOTOS AND TEXT CONTINUED ►

● It is midnight in the big city, halfway between one day and another. On downtown Grenville Street, around the corner from the University of Toronto, the lights in Women's College Hospital have been dimmed. These are the hours of silence.

The lobby with its modern furniture and polished brass stair rail is empty now, except for the white-coated attendant at the admitting desk, who is bent over a sheaf of papers. Carefully she scans them, tots up some figures, reaches for her typewriter. Next morning, hospital administrator Dorothy Macham will arrive to find a brief memorandum on her desk:

### CENSUS AT MIDNIGHT

Adults — 253

Children — 3

Infants — 59

Morgue — empty.

For Miss Macham, the memo that sounds like the title of an exciting mystery thriller has meaning. It acquaints her with the immediate facts of life and death in her domain. It is not designed

to reveal the larger story: the battle to save lives that goes on twenty-four hours a day in this unique hospital organized and run by women physicians, for women patients. It says nothing of the long hard fight to transform a rickety old house in the slums into a modern, ten-story, 279-bed teaching hospital, this year celebrating its Golden Anniversary.

Yet if there were a plaque to commemorate the struggle, it would declare, "Never underestimate the power of a woman — or the value of a hospital that women have built."

Women's College Hospital got its real start in the nineteenth century, when it was unthinkable that nice young ladies should sit in medical class with young men. In 1883 a handful of resolute Toronto maidens, headed by suffragette Augusta Stowe, and supported by a few sympathetic males, publicly resolved "that medical education for women is a necessity, and facilities for such instruction must be provided." A school, the Ontario Medical College for Women, was organized the same year. Time passed, a clinic was added, and later a small hospital was built *Continued on page 37*

# The remarkable hospital women built

CONTINUED



**2 p.m.** Rebeka puts on gown and mask as she enters nursery.



**2.15** Healthy day-old baby rests in a glass-sided crib in the hospital nursery. He's the son of one of Dr. Moscarello's patients, born while mother was in hospital for other medical treatment. Rebeka ends a year's study at hospital this summer.



**2.30** In the hematology lab Rebeka discusses a blood report with a technician.



**2.55** During a coffee break Rebeka talks over a course of treatment for a patient with Dr. Peggy Hill, hospital's associate chief of medicine.



**3.20** One of senior interns, Dr. Jyotsna Rai, of India, consults Rebeka. Student doctors from around the world study at Women's College.

**3.45** Rebeka looks on as an emergency operation is performed on one of her patients. Most surgery, except emergency, is done in mornings.







**4.20** A patient is told the results of lab tests and X rays. Rebeka's younger sister, Sarah, is completing her BA in chemistry; her older brother Saul is a PhD in metallurgy; her husband Mario will do clinical research

in cancer after he has his PhD in biochemistry. When she finishes her studies in general medicine at the Women's College Hospital, Rebeka, who is twenty-nine, will begin a three-year course in psychiatry at the University of Toronto.



**5.00** Her regular workday completed, Rebeka goes "on call" from 5 p.m. to 9 a.m., when her routine rounds begin again. These overtime stints assure that there'll always be a doctor handy in an emergency. Rebeka uses the long hours to cat-nap and study. She must put in a 32-hour on-call stretch at hospital once a week.



**6 a.m.** The long night ends and Rebeka brews cup of coffee. In three hours another workday begins.

*Continued* with borrowed funds. In 1906 the University of Toronto reluctantly made room for female medical students, but ruled that they must use the side entrance, view operations from a separate gallery, and stay in their own dissecting rooms. No longer needed, the women's college closed its doors on the last of 128 graduates, but left its name to the hospital it had founded in 1911.

**1 a.m.** Night supervisor Mrs. Ruth Amman has been on duty since half past eleven, and her eight-hour Wednesday shift will end at 7.30 a.m. Until then it will be her duty to make rounds, visit critically ill patients, supervise the night staff and handle whatever emergencies the dark hours may bring.

At one o'clock, a hospital is strangely quiet, its busy lab deserted, its X-ray rooms locked and empty, its switchboard reduced to a few infrequent murmurs. Doors are closed. Patients sleep.

Here and there, as she rustles along a corridor, the night supervisor enters areas of muted excitement. On the fourth floor two nurses wheel an oxygen tent quickly into a room where a middle-aged cardiac patient is fighting for breath. Down the hall a young

intern gives a quick intravenous injection to a postoperative patient who has suddenly hemorrhaged. Up on Six a nurse soothes an elderly patient, befogged with sleep, who has fallen out of her high and unaccustomed hospital bed. Down on the psychiatric ward a fractious patient requires sedation.

**2.30 p.m.** Even the nurseries are quiet. Stopping for a word with the staff nurse, peering through plate glass at rows of blanketed infants like white cocoons in plastic cribs, Mrs. Amman recalls that the first baby born in Women's College Hospital on Christmas Day, 1911, arrived so unexpectedly that the first superintendent, nurse Clara Dixon, had to wrap him in a torn piece of sheet and bed him down in a bureau drawer.

Fifty years ago most babies were born at home, premature infants usually died, and the maternal mortality rate was alarming. Since then, improved prenatal care, recognition of the Rh factor, Red Cross blood banks, modern drugs and miracle incubators have wrought a vast change. In April 1960 the infant mortality rate (which includes stillborn infants) at

*Continued on page 90*







"Oh Mother, I'm nearly eighteen. What are you afraid of?"

A new and tender episode in the story of the Martins of Alberta

## FIRST LOVE

• It was love at first sight for Sally Martin. Blinding, incandescent love. But the truly wonderful thing, the thing that lifted it into the sphere of predestination was that she had known the moment their eyes met as they reached for the same menu in the Bright Hills Coffee Shop that it had happened to him too. And now her mother was trying to keep them apart. With all the incredible obtuseness of a parent, she was attempting to apply mundane rules to the enchanted.

"Mother, are you f-forbidding me to go?" There were remnants of her childhood stutter in the words and her mother turned quickly from the refrigerator in their big kitchen, a head of lettuce poised in her hand, her eyes alerted.

"I'm not forbidding you, Sally. I'm asking you. You know how I feel about the public dances in Bright Hills. They're nothing short of brawls. But it's not only that. It's that we don't know anything about this man. You've just admitted that he picked you up in the Bright Hills Coffee Shop."

She could feel the firmness below the slow-rising swell of her mother's anxiety, and desperation raked her with merciless spurs.

She had to go! She'd said she would and he had said he'd be waiting, his vivid blue eyes electric with urgency. When you added to them a blond crew cut, tanned, even features and a charming, boyish smile, you had what Greta Obermeier and Nita Fitch had called a dreamboat in full sail. They had both been nearly bilious with envy that first day three weeks ago when he had sat down beside her, passing over their more obvious charms with a glance of sophisticated indifference.

Lingeringly, she savored it again. It had been such sweet recompense for all the times they had held tactless post-mortems over their dates when she had had none. She had been too

*Continued on page 116*

By SHEILA MacKAY RUSSELL

*For Sally, her meetings with Stephen were ecstasy, not to be shared with anyone else.*



**My husband Bob Eadie designed the St. Lawrence Seaway token, marking 1959 visit of Queen. Here he studies sketches.**

# The wonderful

## CHATELAINE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE STORY

Before I met my husband I decided that the two most important characteristics of a man were his sense of humor and his ability to dance. The man I married has the wonderful sense of humor, but he can't dance. In fact, he hasn't walked unaided since he was three years old and was stricken with polio.

I've learned so much in my eleven years with Bob Eadie. Though many of my acquaintances — those who don't really know Bob — may feel sorry for me because I married a crippled man ten years older than myself, I can't feel sorry for either of us. It's true we have had to face, and are facing, a far different life than I dreamed of. But Bob comes armored with faith in the God who spared him — one of two who lived thirty-six years ago when polio struck his home town of Ottawa and killed twenty-four others.

Bob has faith, too, in himself. He says, "I can try anything without worrying about failure, because by all odds I shouldn't even be alive." He believes in something he said shortly after we were married: "A handicapped person is lazy, self-deceiving or stupid. Thank heavens, I'm not handicapped—I'm just crippled."

After eleven years of trying to keep up with Bob, I know that he is not any of the things he despises, especially not lazy. Besides his job as assistant manager of the job-printing division of our Cornwall, Ont., newspaper, the *Standard-Freeholder*, Bob runs a thriving sign-painting business, draws and designs (he designed the Seaway token commemorating Queen Elizabeth's 1959 visit to Canada), gives piano lessons, plays the piano, organ and accordion with local dance bands, and draws *Jest Around Cornwall*, a cartoon of regional comment for the newspaper.

He's always looking for new ways of challenging his energy and talents. (At one time these qualities were devoted to building our comfortable two-bedroom bungalow at Eamer's Corners, a quiet and countrified community now part of Cornwall.) In addition, Bob is a wonderfully active father to ten-year-old Bobby and eight-year-old Billy, the sons we adopted when we learned that, ironically, a condition of mine would make it difficult for us to have a family.

The "problems" we seldom think about

Actually, Bob is so well adjusted to the world around him that neither he nor I have ever thought much about his condition during the years of our marriage. I write now about our lives and our "problems" (as you may see them) with some difficulty, for I must force myself to step outside myself, as it were, to see the things that may be unusual to you, but that to us are routine, simply a part of living. It has always been like this, from the first time I met Bob.

It wasn't his crippled legs, but his rich charming voice that first drew my attention to him. I was seventeen. I had lost my mother four years before, and I lived with *Continued on next page*

**He's the most exciting man I know. He's an artist, designer, musician, businessman. He's an ideal father, a cheerful rebel against the disease that crippled him . . .**



**Bob is the assistant manager of the job-printing division of our Cornwall newspaper, the *Standard-Freeholder*.**



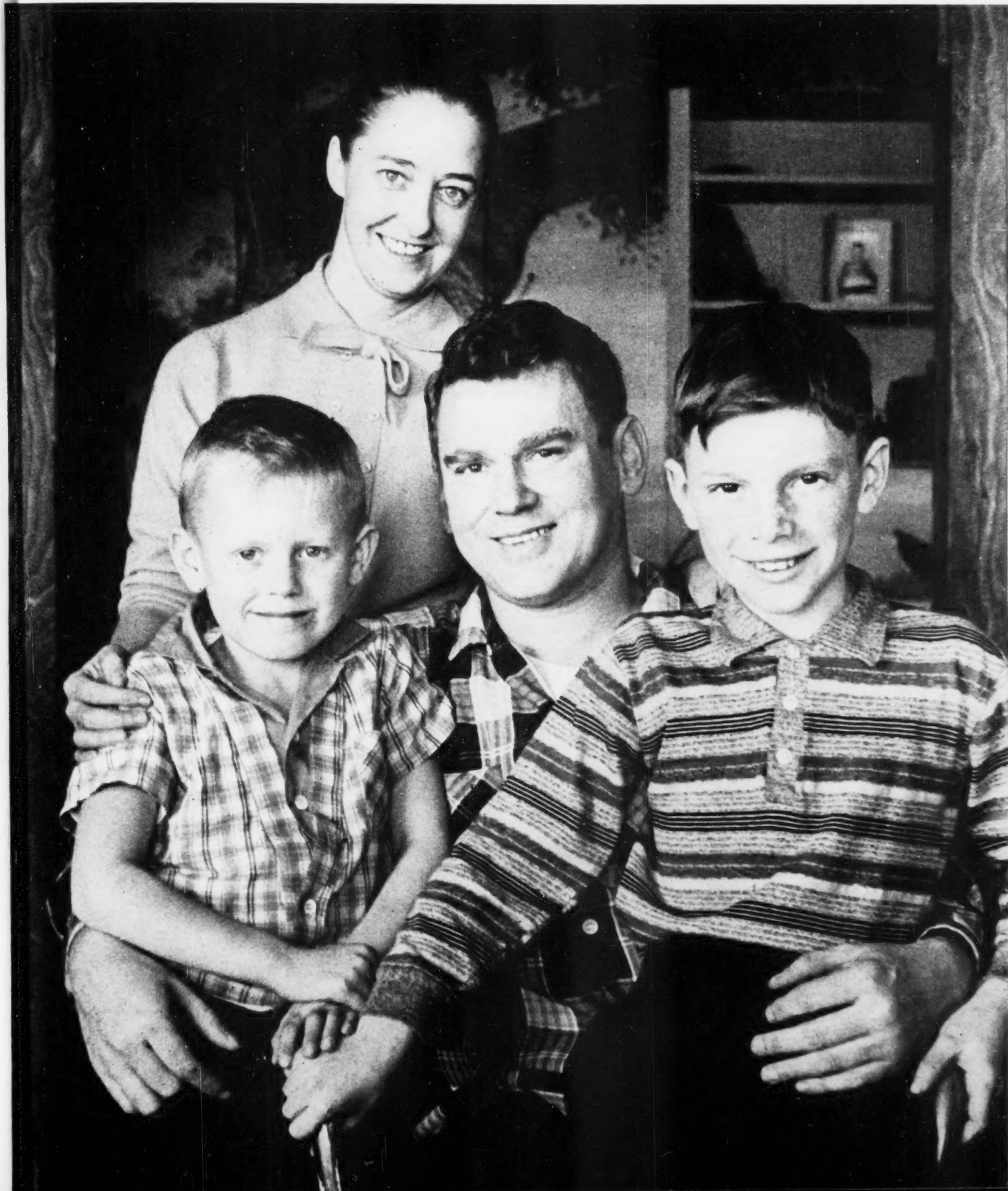
**He teaches piano, and plays piano, organ and accordion with local dance bands. He's cartoonist, too, for paper.**



# man I married

By BETTY EADIE  
AS TOLD TO SHEILA KIERAN

**Bob and I and the boys**—that's eight-year-old Billy at left, and ten-year-old Bobby. Busy as he is, Bob remains an ideal father and spends much time with the boys.

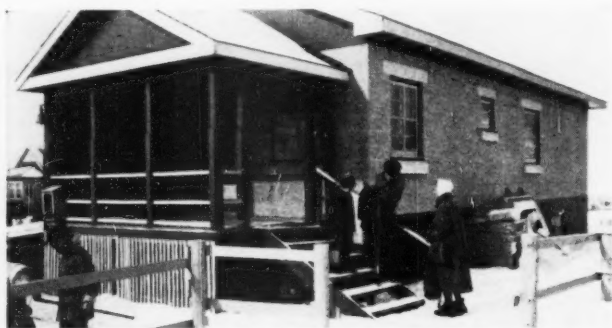


OVER ►

first one and then another of my three brothers and sister. I worked hard selling in a bakery. In the afternoons I often listened to Bob's Show, a program of piano-playing and chit-chat carried by our local radio station.

One day I wrote Bob a fan note, but I didn't have the nerve to sign my last name. He mentioned my letter on the air, and I continued writing to him. Someone finally pointed him out to me on the street. If I had any particular reaction to his being crippled, I don't remember it now. I accepted his useless legs as I accepted the fact that he had curly hair and exceptionally broad shoulders. One day I gathered my courage about me, and, seeing Bob on the way to work, introduced myself. The coffee date that followed soon became a full-fledged courtship.

Unquestionably our dates were different from those I had with other people. I was the one who opened doors, pulled out chairs, picked up a dropped cigarette lighter. Now I've grown so accustomed to doing those things that I have



The house we built. Bob did the flooring, neighbors and I shingled.



Bob plays piano with band at a local dance. He's been in radio — as pianist, assistant program director — and written for television.



Our latest venture — a fish-and-chips shop, where I work during day.



Favorite game of boys is trying to pin their father's exceptionally strong shoulders to the floor — and they haven't succeeded yet.

to watch it when I'm with one of my brothers; I tend to take the lead too easily. Bob didn't use a wheel chair at that time. He always said, "A wheel chair is for my old age."

(Four years ago Bob saw how neat and speedy wheel chairs had become since he used them as a child, and he got one. Until then he had managed with crutches and a cruelly heavy iron brace. Though he isn't embarrassed asking for help in getting around, he still feels self-conscious in his wheel chair and doesn't use it when there's a stranger in the house. I can usually tell how fast he feels at ease with a person by how fast he will allow himself to be seen in the chair.)

As Bob and I dated, my earlier girlish thoughts about the importance of a man's ability to dance began to change. We went to parties and I was never lacking in dancing partners among Bob's friends. And yet, there remained only one Bob. I found him great fun, always curious about how things worked, why people were the way they were. I admired his courage, his complete lack of a martyred air, his genuinely brave acceptance of life as he must live it. I will never know whether Bob might have been as fine a person if he hadn't had to suffer, but polio or no, I knew then that I had found the man I wanted to marry.

### We wouldn't listen to warnings

My family was gravely concerned. They pointed out that I was still in my teens and that Bob was ten years older than I. Finally, an old-fashioned what-are-your-intentions kind of meeting was held between Bob and my brothers Ron and Bill. Bob's assurance that he loved me, plus the Eadie charm, won them over.

Nor did many of our friends at first approve of the match. My friends thought I would be "tied down" married to Bob. Bob's friends thought he was marrying a "baby" who wouldn't be able to keep up with him. Fortunately for us, at that stage you can't see anything but one person, and the warnings meant nothing.

We were married at Knox United Church in Cornwall on November 30, 1949, when I was *Continued on page 66*



# Why can't this girl be a minister?



GEORGE FENYON

## **Who is she?**

Shirley McLeod, 20, of Waterloo, Ont. — scholastically brilliant, a scholarship winner, of blameless character and religiously devout.

## **What is her hope?**

To become an ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

## **Why can't she?**

She is not a man.

Here is how discrimination remains strong . . . where 20th-century Christians least expect it

By Eileen Morris

• A red-haired, hazel-eyed, five-foot-one girl of twenty has raised one of the thorniest sex questions in the history of The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Shirley McLeod wants to be ordained a minister, but the Presbyterian Church in this country has never permitted the ordination of a woman.

The ordination of women is becoming one of the most sharply argued questions of modern church life. More people are going to church; new church buildings mark the ring of suburban growth. More than one thousand ministers and priests of the major denominations are needed right now.

Yet while women have served with honor as equals of men in such religious groups as the Quakers since the seventeenth century, most Canadian church denominations continue to block the path of women to the church pulpit. Elsewhere, Presbyterians and Lutherans ordain women — but not in Canada. The last United States census revealed nearly seven thousand women ministers, four percent of the total clergy. Women ministers in Canada might, with luck, fill a good-size choir loft.

Christ's intent, *Continued on page 54*

# THE SE





# SECRET GIFT

Clem was an only child, but trembling on the brink of womanhood. And in her rebellion Arne saw his own frustrations . . . and need for love By A. E. JOHNSON

FIRST OF TWO PARTS The ball lofted and toppled end over end heavily, fell short of the clutching fingers of a bloused and bloomed little girl to be converged upon by half a dozen others, their gym suits making a lumpy blue cluster in centre field.

"You see, Clem?" One of the watchers turned to her companion with tragic shrillness. "We're losing! You've just got to play! You're the only one that can *throw* straight!"

The other girl shook her head. Taller than most of her classmates, she carried herself with a lanky balance that was almost boyish; under the gym suit, the wiry body was flat and well knit. And if, physically, she seemed not to belong to the girls of 6B, the disparity was reflected even more sharply in her face. Of them all, she was the only one untouched by the boisterous excitement of the moment.

"But why?" whined the girl who was standing at her side. "You always *have*."

"I don't want to." Clem turned away and walked back toward the school. Halfway there she scuffed a toe on a rock, bent down and scooped it up. Reaching the cinder path, she looked up at the rows of windows. The sun, full upon one side of her face, accented the strong structure of brow and cheekbone and jaw, made a soft shine on the straight brown hair. The

eyes had lost their aloofness now, for an instant grew frightened and questioning.

Then, not with the swiftness of impulse, but slowly, deliberately, her arm cocked back and she threw the rock. The crashing clatter of broken glass made her wince, but she managed to steady herself by the time the startled, frowning faces gathered above.

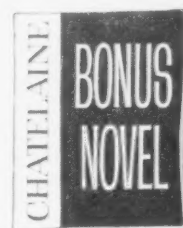
Arne Hildebrand sat alone at the kitchen table and listened to the quiet of the house. With a short impatient gesture, he tossed off some of the milk in the glass he held — it left a faint trace that was at variance with the line of the mouth and the rest of the face, lean, hard-boned, as blank of emotion as a gambler's.

In the room beyond the kitchen there was sound of movement, Cordelia getting up. A minute later she opened the door and came out, her small sturdy presence adding a sudden quiet warmth to the kitchen. The dark skin shone with a patina like old rosewood, but the real richness of the woman's face was the affection she was trying to hide as she eyed him critically.

"Had a notion you was out here," she said.

"Go back to bed," he told her. "I'm all right."

"Wipe y' mouth, you got milk on it." The colored woman came forward to sit down opposite him. In her dark eyes, there was a silent *Continued on page 100*



From The Secret Gift; copyright © 1961 by Annabell J. Johnson and Edgar R. Johnson. To be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

*Clem looked at Arne tremulously, then swiftly held him hard. "There's one favor I'd like to ask," he said.*

# 2 SIDES TO AN APARTMENT STORY

*Here's how two city couples revamped identical apartments and came up with these refreshing variations*

Old apartment buildings have some obvious flaws but, in all fairness, they have definite assets—high ceilings and large rooms, lots of closets and, quite often, fireplaces. These are the assets that appealed to two couples who moved into the same building and proceeded to do a cleanup job. The kitchen remodeling and the flooring were the biggest expenses. That is where the similarity ends for, as you can see, the finished results are charming, but distinctively different.

**By Barbara Reynolds**  
*Chatelaine Home Planning Editor*



In the narrow kitchen above a direct approach is used to offset the lack of space. Mahogany cabinets with white plastic laminate tops are built less than standard depth to provide maximum floor area. The green marble-pattern linoleum is inconspicuous, permits attention to focus on the high ceiling, papered in same design as café curtains. Chairs of molded walnut complete built-in breakfast nook with pull-lamp, colorful travel posters.

## KITCHENS ◆

Optical illusion of rose-rust and pink stripes across creamy linoleum gives effect of width despite full-size white steel cabinets. Above the pink counter, white ceramic tiles are interspersed with colored tiles that repeat floor's rose, pink. Tiered brown-and-white-striped curtains are hung at the same height at door and window for a unified appearance. This kitchen has over-all ceiling lighting; a semiopaque panel divides stove from wicker dining set.



*before*



Photographs by Ray Webber





The aim for this hallway was to provide an art-gallerylike vista to show off the prized objets d'art to advantage. Walls and doors are painted flat white, custom-cut floor tiles extend the feeling of space. Line sketches and sculpture are grouped with early Spanish bench.



#### HALLWAYS

In a deliberate scheme to foreshorten hallway, dark taupe tile insets mark off each doorway. The end wall repeats dark taupe tone; side wall is papered in diminutive pattern for a homey touch. Picasso print, yellow and pink plastic lights, bookcase, distract long view.



◆ **LIVING ROOMS** The room above has its fireplace obscured with white framework to match walls; the window is played down with neutral curtaining to display sculpture. White floor, walls, emphasize accents of claret red in painting, sofa and rattan-chair cushion. Rug is Oriental; table is Spanish.



Below, both fireplace and window get dramatic treatment. The fireplace, lowered by four bricks, has a new, shallow mantel holding flowers, Eskimo carvings. Drapery hung on curved track from ceiling skirts window, radiator, forms setting for circular turquoise rug and off-white chairs. Slab bench forms seats, end tables. END



# Fancy Pants

We looked ahead to what you'll be doing this summer and found fancy pants that will suit you to a tee or a topsail. Culottes started the trend to fancy pants that give you more versatility than just-pants or just-skirts can offer.

By VIVIAN WILCOX *Chatelaine Fashion Editor*



BIG 'N' TUCKER in sturdy cotton is the choice of the hitchhiker on the mower. Sizes 8-18, about \$6.95, it has a skirt, kookie coat to match. Shirt, about \$4.95. All by Brown-Sharpe. COVERALL CULOTTE is worn by our other young gardener. It's in grass-green poplin with big pockets, zip front fastening. Sizes 8-16, about \$10.95; shirt, about \$4.95. By Brown-Sharpe. LITTLE LEAGUER, right, is baseball-inspired, but great for sailing, too. It's made of white sailcloth. Sizes 8-16, about \$4.95; blue sailing jacket, about \$12.95. Both by White Stag.





SPANT is kiteflyer's Capri pants, full skirt attached. Cotton print, sizes 8-16, about \$10.95. Matching blouse, sizes 8-20, about \$4.95. By White Stag.

BUTTONED SKANT seen from the back looks like an ordinary skirt; from the front you can see that pants are part of it to provide freedom for cycling, bowling. Chino cotton, sizes 8-20, about \$8.95. Also in other fabrics, colors. Sateen shirt in alphabet print, about \$7.95. Bernard of Toronto. PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN SEBERT For WHERE-TO-BUY fancy pants see page 54

KNEE-TICKLER SKANT for golfers has handy pocket on the belt to carry score card, tees. Cotton, sizes 8-20, about \$12.95; shirt, about \$4.95. By Val Hughes. All sport shoes from Simpson's. end



## Deep Dish Salmon Tarte

Eye-catching *entrée* of a committee's Light Luncheon menu

Enough rich pastry for a 2-crust pie

1½ lbs canned salmon

2 eggs, beaten

1½ cups soft bread crumbs

½ cup grated, peeled cucumber

2 tsp onion juice

1 tsp grated lemon rind

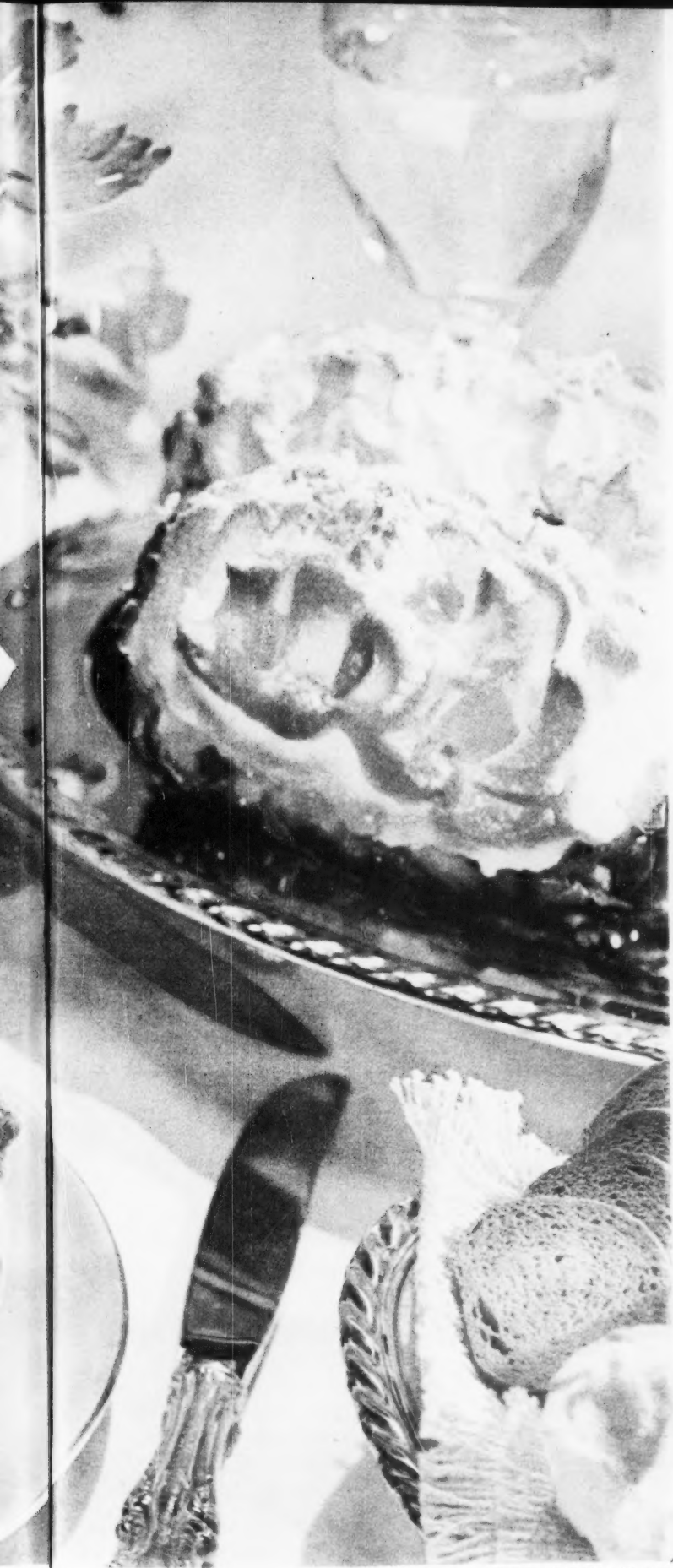
½ tsp salt

1 cup milk

6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

ROLL OUT ENOUGH PASTRY to fit a deep oblong bake dish, 9½x6½x2 inches. Turn the salmon and juice into a bowl. Discard the dark skin. Mash the bones and salmon with the juice. Add all ingredients except hard-cooked eggs. Taste and season with salt, lemon juice, black pepper and a dash of celery seed. Place alternate layers of egg slices and salmon mixture in the pastry-lined dish. Dampen the edge and cover with a top crust. Seal the edges and trim. Prick with a fork and brush with melted butter or beaten egg. Bake at 400F for 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 350F and continue baking for 30 minutes. Cool slightly and cut into 8 servings. Serve with Mushroom Béchamel Sauce.





Photograph by Peter Crovdon

**Mushroom Béchamel Sauce** — Melt 6 tablespoons butter in a saucepan and add 2 tablespoons chopped onion. Heat until transparent, then blend in 6 tablespoons flour. Add 2 cups milk slowly and stir and cook until smoothly thickened. Now add 1 can mushroom pieces and juice with a pinch of cayenne, nutmeg and salt and pepper to taste. Transfer to double boiler over hot — not boiling — water and add 2 or 3 egg yolks mixed with 2 tablespoons cream. Stir two or three minutes. Cover and keep hot until serving time, then ladle over servings of Salmon Tarte.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$2.05. Calories per serving: 500.

Recipes and menus for Eventful Lunches continue on page 60

# Eventful Lunches

Here are six round-the-clock lunches to serve your guests whether your invitation is engraved, phoned or casual drop-in-anytime variety . . .



## 1 Light luncheon

for a committee of eight

## 2

## Wedding breakfast

for twenty-four



## 3 Ready for six

guests with an hour at noon

## 4

## Just desserts

for twenty girl graduates



## 5 A reception

for guests by the dozen

## 6

## Jig-time snack

serves up to six at midnight



BY ELAINE COLLETT

Director Chatelaine Institute

# They fought over the children



Photograph by John Sebert

*Pam and Andrew argued most about how to raise their children. Yet behind the angry scenes lay the real and deeper problems. The expert's task: isolate the problems and help the Battens solve them*

*by Violet Munns*

*Director of Casework, Neighborhood Workers Association, Toronto*

*as told to June Callwood*

Underlying difficulties in a marriage reveal themselves in a multitude of ways — in arguments about money, perhaps, or in deliberate selfishness, or in sexual maladjustment. The Battens visited our marriage counseling service two winters ago with a not uncommon symptom of a marriage in trouble: they bickered about their children.

Pam Batten, though weary and limp from caring for three lively preschool-age children, nevertheless was indulgent with them. "I hate to hear them cry," she explained. Andrew Batten detested what he considered his wife's destructive softness with the children; he believed firmly in spankings, frequently administered.

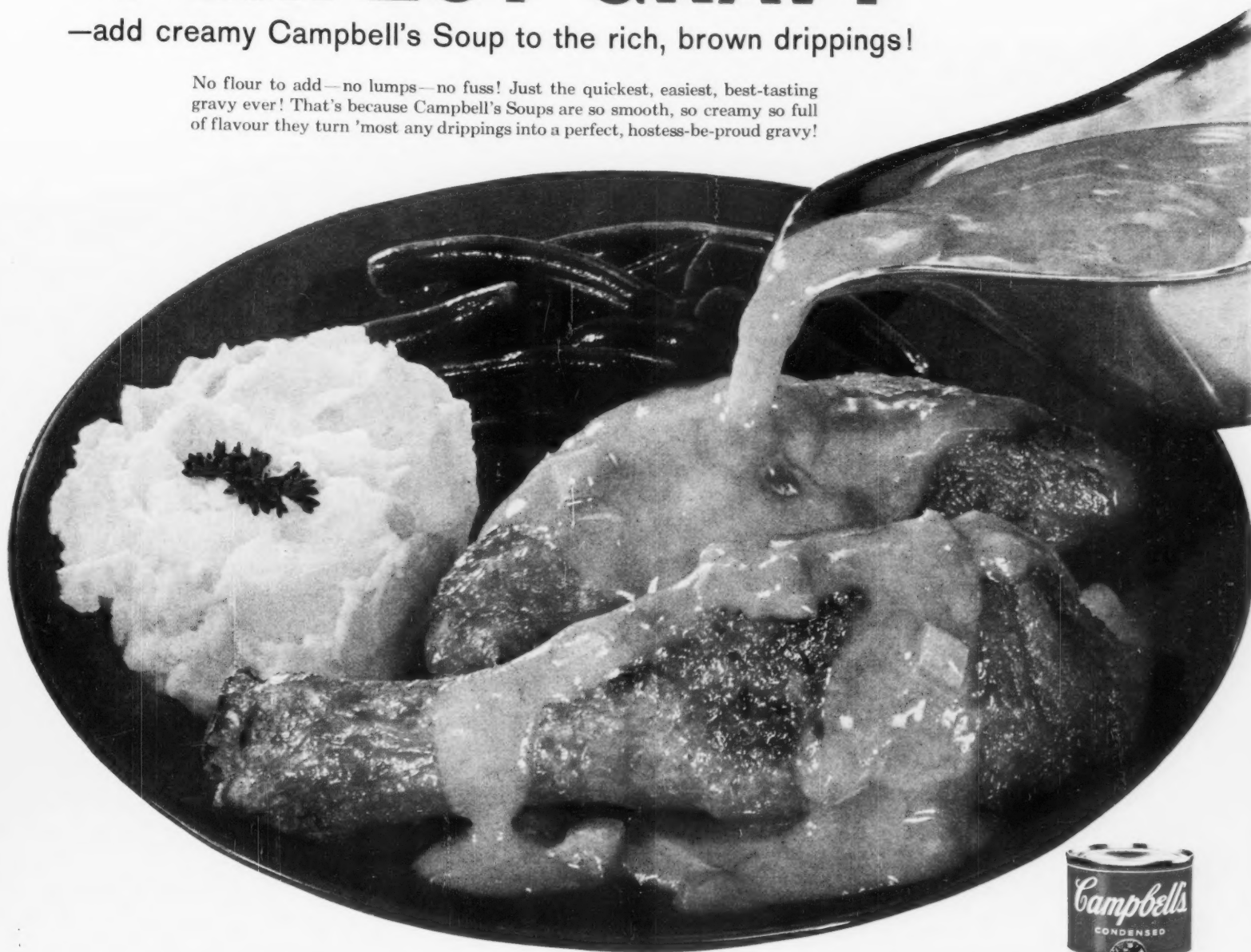
It may seem odd, but the counselor who saw the Battens more than a dozen times never touched on modern child-psychology theories. The main problem seemed to be the over-dependency of the Battens on one another, and the reluctance of each to be a prop. With the counselor's help, they *Continued on page 129*



Quick, easy way to make a  
**PERFECT GRAVY**

—add creamy Campbell's Soup to the rich, brown drippings!

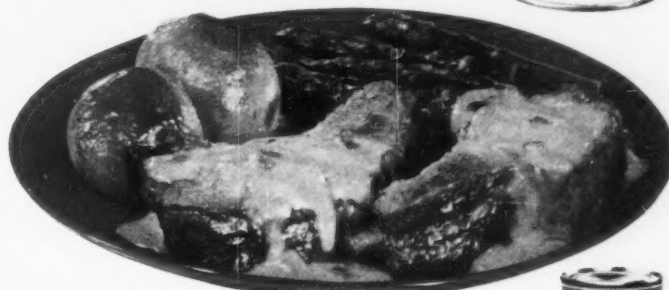
No flour to add—no lumps—no fuss! Just the quickest, easiest, best-tasting gravy ever! That's because Campbell's Soups are so smooth, so creamy so full of flavour they turn 'most any drippings into a perfect, hostess-be-proud gravy!



**CHICKEN GRAVY FOR CHICKEN**, turkey, ham, or lamb. Remove roast or fried meat from pan; pour off and save drippings. Pour can of Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup into pan; stir well to loosen browned bits. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water and 2 to 4 tbsp. meat drippings, as desired. Heat; stir often. Makes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups.



**MUSHROOM GRAVY FOR BURGERS**, roast beef, pork, ham, chicken, or lamb. Remove roast or fried meat from pan; pour off and save drippings. Pour can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup into pan; stir well to loosen browned bits. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water and 2 to 4 tbsp. meat drippings, as desired. Heat; stir often. Makes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups.



**CELERY GRAVY FOR PORK**, lamb, ham, or chicken. Remove roast or fried meat from pan; pour off and save drippings. Pour can of Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup into pan; stir well to loosen browned bits. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water and 2 to 4 tbsp. meat drippings as desired. Heat; stir often. Makes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups. Creamy-delicious and so very easy!



Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soups*

Watch "My Three Sons", starring Fred MacMurray, on the CBC TV Network each Wednesday evening.

# NEW! A treat for waistline watchers D-ZERTA PUDDING! only 54 calories a serving



Now you can eat desserts with a clear conscience! Creamy, delicious D-Zerta Pudding has that *Jell-O* good flavor, just like its companion D-Zerta Gelatin. And D-Zerta Pudding contains no sugar. It's sweetened with saccharin and cyclamate sodium.

When made with skim milk, D-Zerta Pudding gives you only 54 calories a serving. (Even a serving of orange water ice contains 177!)

Look for D-Zerta Pudding in the dietetic section of your food store. If you don't see it, just ask.

4 tempting  
flavors

CHOCOLATE • BUTTERSCHOTCH  
VANILLA • CARAMEL

Get D-ZERTA PUDDING today

A Product of General Foods, Limited • The makers of JELL-O Desserts

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No place on earth offers such magnificent scenery on so grand a scale as the Canadian Rockies.

Paved roads to the Alaska Highway; wide choice of accommodation and camp sites even in wilderness areas; unlimited opportunity for leisure or recreation.



Columbia Ice Fields

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Attention Miss Chaney: Please send Travel information to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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## WHY CAN'T THIS GIRL BE A MINISTER?

Continued from page 43

church law and tradition are cited as reasons forbidding reform, but elements of superstition, male prejudice and sex taboo are also evident.

Shirley McLeod is that singular menace to the established order, a brilliant young woman who won't stay out of the For Men Only preserve. "This is what God wants me to do," Shirley says with low-voiced intensity. "Our family minister used to be the Reverend Mr. David Rowland of York Memorial Presbyterian Church in York Township, a Toronto suburb. I was just twelve, and admired him very much. When he made a pastoral call, I'd confide to him, 'I'm going to be a minister like you when I grow up.' I was too young then to understand that the job was not open to me."

During her teens her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McLeod, suggested that Shirley consider teaching or social work as a vocation, but when they realized how much the ministry meant to her, they were won to Shirley's cause.

The eldest of five children, Shirley is used to the good-natured teasing of her teen-age sisters Pamela and Karon, and her young brothers Ronald and Kenneth. "Meet our sister Shirley," they tell young pals solemnly. "She wants to be a minister."

Shirley topped her year at John Rennie High School in Pointe Claire, Que., led her freshman year in Arts at Bishop's University in Lennoxville, Que., where she has a four-year schol-

arship. Shirley edits Bishop's literary magazine, plans on attending Presbyterian College in Montreal for three years of study in theology after she obtains her Bachelor of Arts degree.

Three years ago the McLeods settled in Waterloo, a solid and prosperous town in the heart of western Ontario, where Mr. McLeod works as a salesman for Gypsum, Lime, and Alabastine, a company under Dominion Tar and Chemical.

At Waterloo's Knox Presbyterian Church the minister, the Reverend John G. Murdock, soon learned of Shirley McLeod's ambition to become his church's first woman minister — and tried to head her off. But he recalls, "In the course of time she convinced me that if any human being is called by God to the ministry, here was a young woman who felt beyond question that hers was a divine call."

## Shirley argues her case

Mr. Murdock invited Shirley to speak from Knox's pulpit at the morning service, September 13, 1959. With her Bishop's undergraduate gown covering her student ensemble of white blouse, grey skirt and Bishop's blazer, Shirley entered the pulpit and, drawing her own bright cloak of courage round her, argued the case for women ministers.

"The purpose of my existence, I feel, is to answer a call from God to enter His earthly ministry," she said. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me... God has equipped me mentally for His work. He has sustained my physical health. He has nourished my spiritual hunger, and He has led me along

Continued on page 56

## WHERE-TO-BUY *fancy pants*

shown on pages 43 and 49

**Bib 'n' tucker:** J. Robert, Sherbrooke, Que.; Elizabeth Hager, Montreal; Skirt 'n' Sweater, Toronto; Leeds, London; Career Girl, Winnipeg; Modern Miss, Regina; Farrah, Edmonton; Country Club Casuals, Calgary; Germaine's, Vancouver.

**Coverall culotte:** Adrien Martin, St. Jean, Que.; Mounteer & Eddington, Chatham; Specialty Shop, Brandon; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Co-Ed Shop, Grand Prairie; Duncan's, Edmonton; Dorothy's, New Westminster; Margwell's, Vernon, B.C.

**Little leaguer and sailing jacket:** Mme Chretien, Gaspé; Lessard's, Chicoutimi; Friad's, Montreal; Leeds, Hamilton; McNulty's, Port Arthur; Northway's, Toronto; Eaton's, Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Eaton's, Hudson's Bay, Calgary; McArthur's, Edmonton; Stewart's, Red Deer; Cory's, West Vancouver; Finn's, Vancouver; Eaton's, Victoria; Town Toggery, Whitehorse.

**Spant and blouse:** Mme Chretien, Gaspé; Edith's, Mount Royal; Ogilvy's, Montreal; Gagnon Freres, Pollock's, Quebec City; Chez Nineteen, Kitchener; Northway's, Toronto; Town Topic, Willowdale; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Eaton's, Edmonton; Simpsons-Sears, Calgary; Central, Fort St. John, B.C.

**Buttoned skant and print shirt:** Simpson's, Morgan's, Montreal; Anderson's, St. Thomas; Swears & Wells, Kitchener; Helen Lowes, Hamilton; Artistic, London; C. H. Smith, Windsor; Dolman's, Town Topic, Toronto.

**Knee-tickler skant and shirt:** Jacobson's, Dartmouth, N.S.; Elizabeth Hager, Morgan's, Montreal; S. Bergeron, Simard's, Sorel; Kanes, Pie, aux Trembles; Ogilvy's, Freiman's, Ottawa; Gourlay's, Stratford; Lewis Howard, Toronto; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Aaron's, Saskatoon; Eaton's, Edmonton; Hudson's Bay, Calgary.





*Clover Leaf presents*

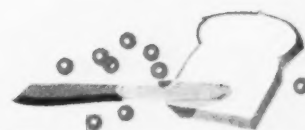
## THE ART OF THE GOOD TUNA SANDWICH



The secret is moistness. Team drained, crushed pineapple with Clover Leaf Tuna. Mix with mayonnaise. Use fresh, white bread and make the filling really thick.



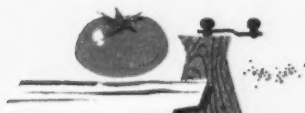
Moisten Clover Leaf Tuna with seasoned sour cream. Use lots of tuna. Top off with thinly sliced cucumber. Season. Wonderful on french bread.



Spread cranberries on buttered, white bread. Cover thickly with Clover Leaf Tuna and a touch of mayonnaise. Pretty as you please and twice as good tasting.



Chop or grate your favorite cheese. Mix with Clover Leaf Tuna and enough mayonnaise to make thickly creamy. Good with rye bread and crisp lettuce.



For a mouth-watering Clubhouse mix Clover Leaf Tuna with mayonnaise. Use crisp bacon. Salt and pepper the tomato slices. Add a tender, green lettuce leaf.



One of the best tuna sandwiches mixes chopped apple, celery, Clover Leaf Tuna and french dressing. There's a crisp lettuce leaf and the bread is whole wheat.

**FREE TUNA RECIPE BOOK FEATURING HOT DISHES, SALADS AND SANDWICHES. WRITE NEPTUNE'S KITCHEN, 1178 WEST PENDER, VANCOUVER, B.C.**



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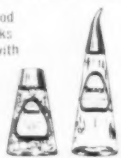


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\*Ask your druggist for your free copy of "Calorie-Saving Recipes with Sucaryl".

Look for low-calorie food products and soft drinks labelled "Sweetened with Sucaryl" at your favourite stores.



# Sucaryl



9016

Continued from page 54  
ways which point to a full-time commitment of myself to His work.

"If I were to repeat what I have just said before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in a darkened hall, I would be commended, and each delegate would think, 'How wonderful! Another young candidate for our ministry.' But were the lights then turned on, many in the assembly, seeing that the applicant is a woman, would express disapproval at my seeking ordination. I believe that the purpose of one's life is not determined automatically by one's sex. Rather, God's purpose for one is a purpose for an *individual*, not for a man or for a woman."

### They would not hear her

Shirley's listeners were receptive. At its next meeting, the kirk session, the assembly of the minister and ruling elders of the congregation, considered Shirley's application and approved sending it on to the Guelph Presbytery. At the meeting of the presbytery Mr. Murdock spoke to the ministers and ordained elders from each kirk session in the district of Waterloo, Kitchener and Guelph, an area of rich farm lands and prosperous communities. He requested that the church give early consideration to the matter of admitting women to the ministry. Guelph Presbytery, with the approval of the next highest court, the Synod, dispatched an overture to the General Assembly, supreme court of the church. This overture came up at the General Assembly meeting in Guelph in June 1960—and catapulted Shirley into controversy.

Mr. Murdock moved that the assembly give full approval to the ordination of women in the eldership and the ministry, and proposed that Shirley McLeod be heard. Shirley waited tensely, hoping to add a personal appeal. But the delegates did not hear her. The motion was ruled out of order, and the question was turned back to the forty-eight presbyteries that make up the church, for further consideration and a vote. Based on that vote, the next General Assembly, meeting in Toronto this June, will likely frame a decision. In February the London Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church voted against the proposal to ordain women in the ministry.

"This has been the most discouraging year I've lived through," Shirley says. It is never easy for any young woman of spirit who treads the path

of the pioneer. And Shirley has learned women face special thou-shalt-nots: one woman suggested that if she hoped to enter the ministry she must let her hair grow long. An elderly man wrote to remind her, "No earrings in the pulpit!"

Shirley McLeod could be ordained in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, or in the Presbyterian Church of England, but she wants to serve God in Canada.

Why not submit gracefully, and become a deaconess? Shirley hears that question often, and has a ready answer: "Though a deaconess can give invaluable service in undertaking pastoral work, I feel her scope is limited, because she isn't permitted to minister the Sacraments."

A deaconess assists in church work, runs Christian education courses, visits homes, may work with New Canadians, in settlement houses or in Indian residential schools. A deaconess cannot perform a marriage ceremony, administer communion or baptize a child in the faith. A minister must have a BA degree, then study theology for three years. In most churches he is started at a salary of thirty-one hundred dollars a year and, depending on the financial status of his parish, he also may be given a manse and, perhaps, a small car allowance. A deaconess is required to have only senior matriculation and, in the case of Shirley McLeod's Presbyterian Church, three years of study at the Presbyterian Missionary and Deaconess Training School in Toronto. Then she earns an average salary of three thousand dollars a year.

As a woman minister, what would Shirley McLeod do? "It is my desire to make known the love of God to those who are unaware of it or who disbelieve it," Shirley declares. "I feel I could do this best as an ordained minister. I'm not fighting the battle of the sexes at all. I only feel that anyone, man or woman, who receives the call to serve God in the church should be given the opportunity. And there is a shortage of ministers."

According to the last Canadian census there were 16,097 active clergy. Allowing for those who perform duties other than those of parish or congregational ministry, the ratio is about one per thousand of population.

About eight denominations, representing less than a quarter of Canada's church population, have women ministers. The United Church and the Baptists ordain women. Women serve in full equality in the Church of

Christ, Scientist, and The Society of Friends (Quakers). Women have equality in the Salvation Army, where a woman, General Evangeline Booth, held the post of International Leader.

The Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada permit a limited ministry. If a woman's education equals that of the male applicant, the woman is granted a Ministerial License for Women, while the man is ordained. This restricts women to the "local-preacher level, for only ordained ministers can go on into the positions of responsibility beyond the local church.

But the majority of Christian churches actively discourage women by refusing ordination, making the ordained ministry in these communions almost the last profession still closed to women solely because of their sex. The Anglican Church of Canada bars women from ordination, as does the Roman Catholic Church.

"There never has been or will there ever be any consideration given to women as priests in the Catholic Church," declares Father Frank Stone, of the Catholic Information Centre in Toronto. "This is not meant to be a reflection on womanhood, but rather an adherence to the constitution laid down by Christ. In the past the superiors of certain religious orders had a considerable amount of authority. This was the Office of the Abbess. But it never extended even to any management of the church. The supervision, direction and guidance of the church is entirely in the hands of the bishops."

### "I was astonished"

In the Eastern Orthodox Churches women are considered to be only lay people, and as such do not participate in the life of the church. The Lutheran Church in Canada does not permit ordination of women.

In the Anglican Synod of Toronto, Chancellor of the Diocese Reginald H. Soward in May 1954 presented a motion asking for a study on women's full-time work in the church, including the ordination of women. "I was astonished at the violent opposition the motion met, especially from the clergy," says Mr. Soward.

Speaking on his own motion during the meeting, the chancellor declared that opposition was mainly based on old ideas and taboos. "You have heard the jingle:

We have been Church of England members 200 years or so,



And to any new idea, we instinctively say No."

Some of the opinions expressed during the debate showed an unflattering attitude toward women. One of the ministers was reported to have argued that the Lord had chosen twelve men — but no women — when he wanted disciples. "He knew what He was doing," the clergyman declared.

Chancellor Soward's position remains firm. "The church is fighting a stiff battle in a secular world," he says, "and to win the world for Christ we need to mobilize all our resources — not just the man power, but the woman power of committed Christians. In the society of ancient times — the days of Jesus — the position of women was much inferior, but women now have entry into all kinds of professions. Why should the Christian church lag behind the business world, and refuse women an equal status with men? As a matter of theological principle," Mr. Soward continues, "I think our Lord intended men and women to be equal before God."

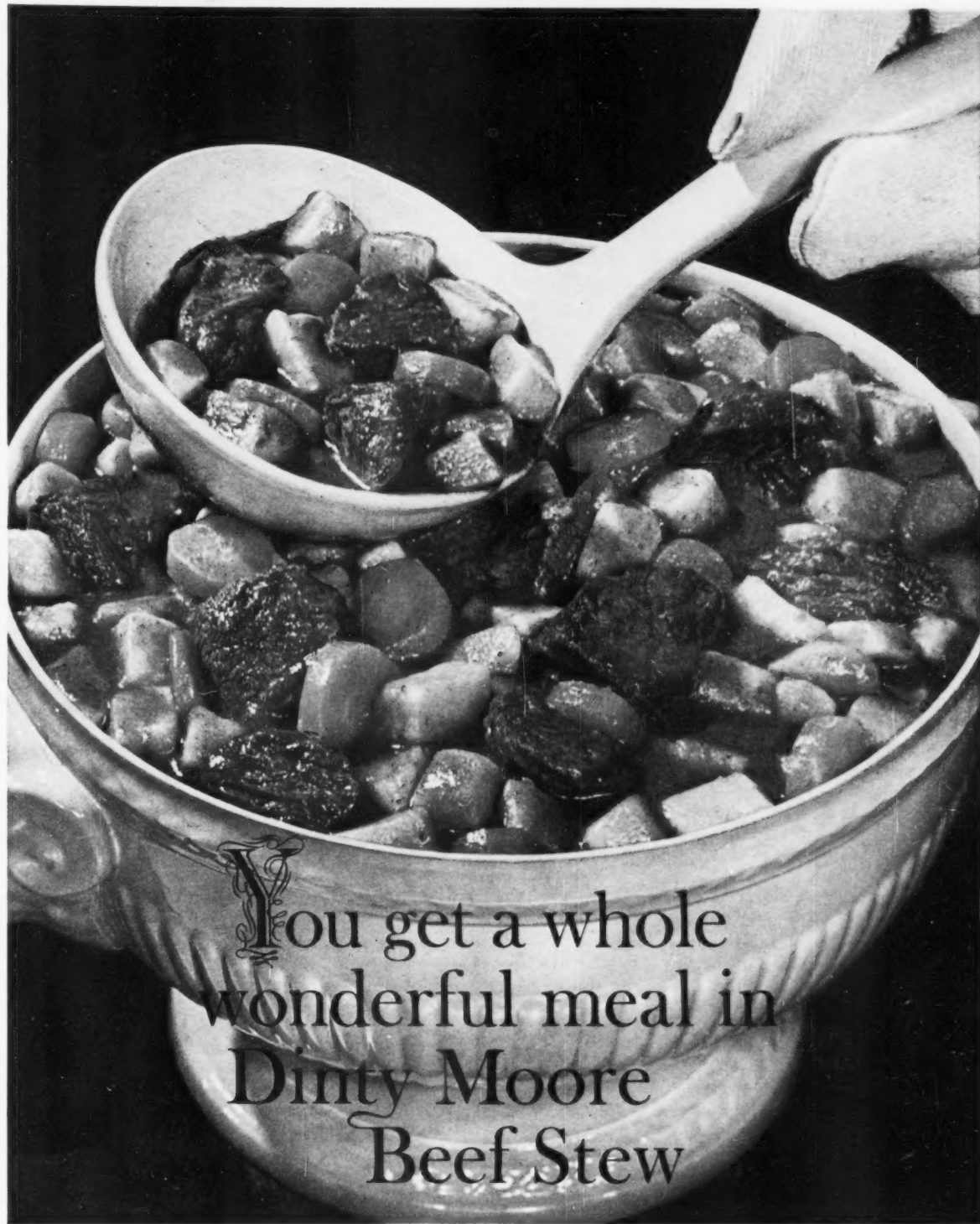
Adds Shirley McLeod, "An ordained woman would be closer to her people, leading them to the throne of God on all occasions of worship. An ordained woman would command more respect from primitive peoples in other lands, for she would not be merely their teacher or nurse, but God's fully-commissioned representative to them."

The United Church of Canada, one of the first large Christian churches in Canada to ordain women, is grateful for the services of women ministers. "Women do as good a job as the men — sometimes better," notes the United Church Observer in a recent editorial. Since 1936 the United Church has ordained forty-nine women. Today sixteen women ministers serve pastoral charges and five are assistant ministers.

Among the one hundred and sixty-eight member churches of the World Council of Churches, forty-eight admit women to the full ministry. Nine ordain women to a limited ministry; ninety do not ordain women. On twenty-one churches there is no definite information (some are in Communist lands).

Unlike many Canadian churches, those in the United States have accepted women ministers much more widely. There, sixty-three denominations including the American Methodists, American Baptist Convention, the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., Disciples of Christ and the newly created

# Presenting Dinty Moore BEEF STEW



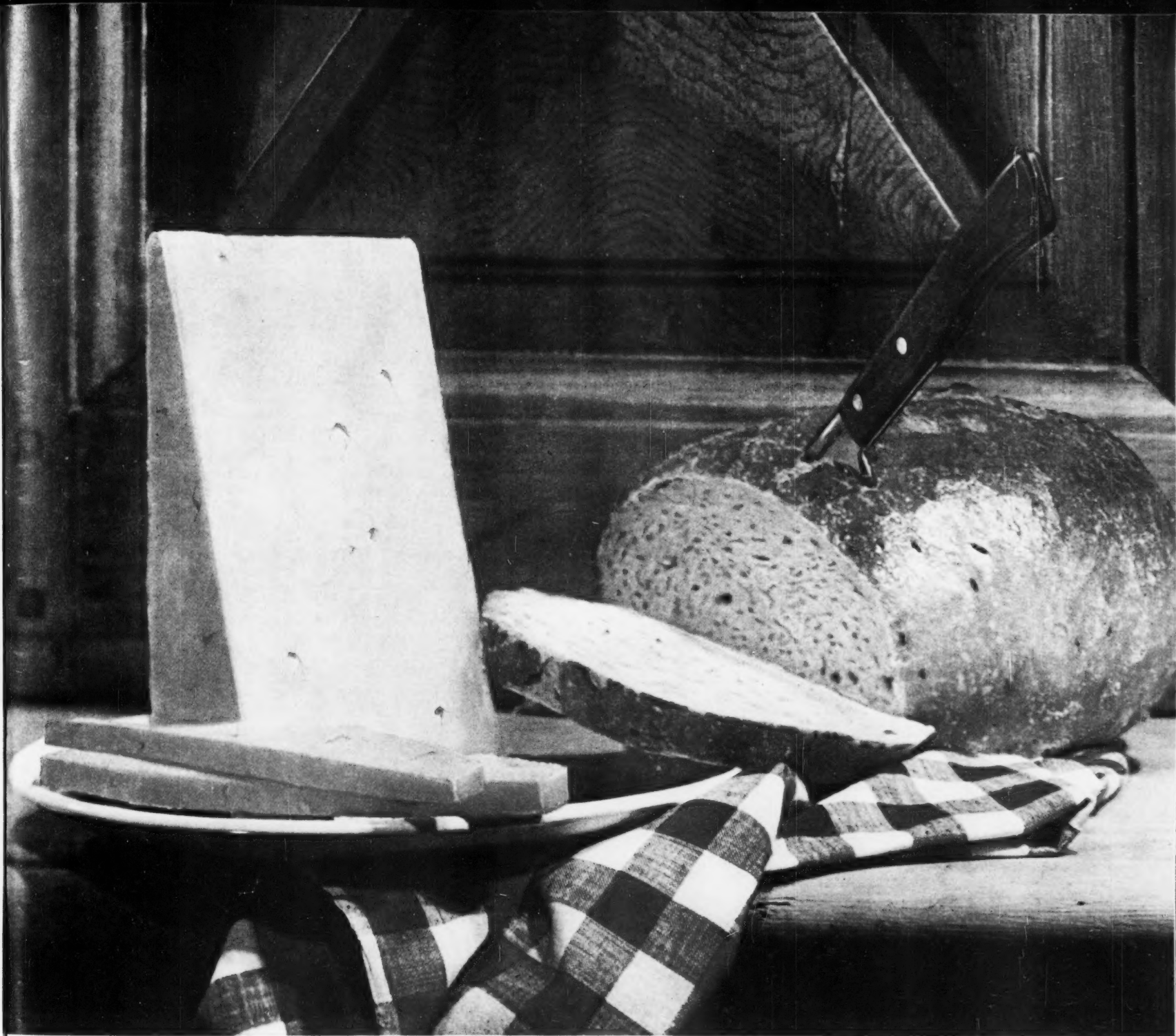
NOW . . . a superb beef stew. Dinty Moore is made with big juicy succulent chunks of lean, brown-braised Western beef. Gravy that's double-rich like no other, because every drop is made with more beef. Firm white Idaho potatoes, garden-sweet carrots, added at just the right moment. Seasoning that's just plain *inspired*. Sound good? It's great! Try it!

*There's nothing missing but your loving touch*









*Nothing can compare with time and care...*  
**Nothing can compare with Cracker Barrel Cheese**

It's made to be lingered over, every smooth and crumbly bite savored and enjoyed . . . this mellow, honest-to-goodness old-time cheddar cheese. And the master cheesemakers linger over the making of it, too . . . aging the big cheddar wheels with patient care in their cool curing cellars, so that Cracker Barrel will always give you the rich, homey pleasure of the greatest natural cheddar to be found, anywhere. Whether you enjoy it in a superb Welsh Rabbit, or merely slice off a bit whenever you hanker for it, . . . whether you prefer it Mild, Medium, or Old . . . you'll find that no other cheddar can compare with the *real* Cracker Barrel Cheddar Cheese, from Kraft.

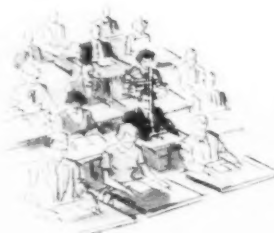
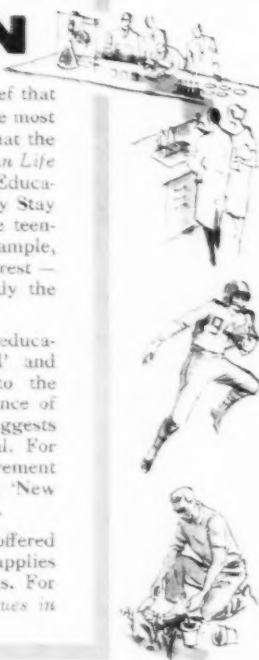


## EDUCATION IS FOR LIFE

In the belief that the question of educational standards is one of the most vital facing us today, and in the further belief that the process of learning extends through a lifetime, *Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada*, in its Values in Education series, is offering leaflets ranging from 'Why Stay in School?' to 'Adult Education Today'. For the teenager planning his advanced education, for example, there are three leaflets that could prove of interest — 'The Value of a College Education', 'Why Study the Humanities?' and 'Scholarships and Bursaries.'

The leaflets extend beyond the realm of formal education. 'How to Get More Fun out of School' and 'Sports-Tips for Teen-Agers' should appeal to the youngsters. 'Fit! Fat! Fad!' stresses the importance of physical fitness for the 12-20 age group and suggests various exercises to help them attain this ideal. For those who wish to make the most of their retirement years, 'Educating Yourself for Retirement' and 'New Horizons for Leisure Time' should prove helpful.

All these leaflets and others in the series are offered free of charge and without obligation. Bulk supplies are available for schools and other organizations. For a complete set, write: *Sun Life of Canada, Values in Education, Sun Life Building, Montreal.*



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soup and barbecues.

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And that's just what the "Canada Inspected" stamp means to you and your family-treasure from the sea!

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"Canada Inspected" is your guarantee that the fish in packages bearing this stamp is the best you can buy.



Seafoods

## EVENTFUL LUNCHEES Continued from page 51



### LIGHT LUNCHEON FOR A COMMITTEE OF EIGHT

Jellied Tomato Consommé  
Deep Dish Salmon Tarte\*  
Mushroom Béchamel Sauce\*  
Buttered Asparagus with Lemon  
Water Cress Citrus Fruit Salad  
Melba Toast and Dainty Rolls  
Fresh Pineapple Royale\*

### Pineapple Royale

2 large, ripe firm pineapples  
Fruit sugar  
Rum or brandy (optional)  
1 qt orange sherbet

6 egg whites  
1/8 tsp salt  
1/4 cup sugar  
Flake coconut

Set pineapples on their sides and starting at the base of each, cut in quarters lengthwise right through the green leaves. Discard the core and cut out the flesh with a small sharp knife or spoon, being careful to keep the shell intact. Dice the pineapple and sprinkle with sugar and rum. Cover and chill. Wrap the green leaves in foil and place shells on a cookie sheet in the refrigerator. Scoop 8 balls of sherbet into a wax-paper-lined pan and set in the freezer. At serving time make a stiff meringue of the egg whites, salt and sugar. Spread partially drained pineapple in the shells. Add a scoop of sherbet and cover fruit and sherbet completely with meringue. Sprinkle with sugar and yellow-colored flake coconut. Bake at 450°F for 4 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove foil from the greenery and serve immediately. Makes 8 servings.  
*Note:* Omit sherbet if you wish and instead pile extra diced or sectioned fresh fruit in the shells, then cover with meringue OR swirl whipped dessert topping over the sherbet and serve without baking.

Preparation time: 35 minutes. Cost: \$1.45. Calories per serving: 377.



### WEDDING BREAKFAST FOR TWENTY-FOUR

Toast to the Bride  
Hot Beef Bouillon  
Veal and Chicken Birds\*  
Mushroom Gravy\* Spiced Peaches  
Green Beans with Toasted  
Almond Butter  
Marinated Tomato and Cucumber  
Salad  
Cheese Biscuits Wedding Cake  
Raspberry Bavarian\* Coffee

### Veal and Chicken Birds

1 (4- or 5-lb) fowl, cut up  
1 cup deviled OR minced ham  
1 cup soft bread crumbs  
2 eggs, beaten  
1 tbs onion juice  
1/4 cup chopped parsley

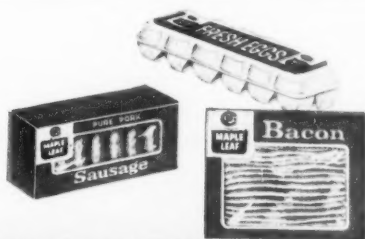
24 frozen delicatessen veal cutlets  
French dressing  
1/4 cup dry mustard  
1/2 cup butter or margarine  
2 lbs mushrooms, sliced

A day or two before you prepare the birds, simmer the fowl until tender as you would for stewed chicken, flavoring the water with celery leaves, a bay leaf, sliced onion, salt and thyme. Lift out the fowl, and when it is cool chop the chicken fine. Chill the stock for later. Mix the chicken with the ham, bread crumbs, eggs, onion juice and parsley. If necessary, add sweet or sour cream to moisten, then flavor with salt, pepper and savory. Partially defrost veal cutlets and dip each one in flour and roll out gently to 1 1/2 times the original size. Brush each with French dressing, sprinkle with dry mustard, and spread with some of the chicken dressing and roll up. Fry the mushrooms in the butter and pour into a large roast pan. Turn the veal birds in the mixture in the pan and arrange them close together. Bake uncovered at 350°F for 30 minutes, turning them once during the roasting. Meanwhile, discard the fat from the chicken stock and thicken the stock with browned flour. Season to taste and pour over the veal birds. Cover and continue to bake about 30 minutes. When serving, spoon some of the pan sauce over each roll. Makes 24 servings.

Preparation time: 40 minutes. Cost: \$8.05. Calories per serving: 434.

Continued on page 62





Good things to eat come in



packages



*All delicious! All by Maple Leaf! Sweet-smoked bacon, pure pork sausage, farm-fresh eggs.*

# reward good appetites

Empty plates and calls for "seconds" tell *you* when a meal's a success. Empty shelves and re-orders from your grocer tell *us*!

Putting products on grocery shelves is much like preparing meals. We buy fine ingredients; make up recipes (though our scientific experts call them formulae); test and experiment all along the line. And if we're not happy with results the first time, then we start all over again. Once a product has passed these early stages we maintain a standard of quality through "quality controls"—rigid

tests which make sure a product stands up to all sorts of changing conditions on its way from our plant to your kitchen.

We take these steps so that we may place our 'CP' mark and pledge of finest quality on many of the "good things to eat" that reward your family's good appetites.

**It's a good idea** to buy bacon and sausage each week as you need them, then you're sure to enjoy them at flavour's peak. Store in the regular section of your refrigerator.

CANADA



PACKERS

Continued from page 50

## Raspberry Bavarian

2 envelopes plain gelatin  
1 cup cold water  
2 egg yolks, beaten  
¼ cup sugar  
¼ tsp salt

1½ cups pineapple juice  
2 (15-oz) pgs frozen raspberries  
¼ cup lemon juice  
2 egg whites  
1½ ans whipping cream

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Beat the pineapple juice in the top of a double boiler and add the egg yolks mixed with ¼ cup of the sugar and the salt. Stir until the mixture thickens. Remove from heat and add the softened gelatin. Cool and add the defrosted raspberries and juice plus lemon juice. Chill until slightly thickened, then fold in the egg whites beaten until stiff with the remaining sugar. Now fold in the cream, whipped until stiff. Pile into compots. Chill. Garnish with pink flake coconut or fresh raspberries in season. Makes 24 servings.

Preparation time: 25 minutes. Cost: \$3.05. Calories per serving: 148.



READY FOR SIX  
GUESTS WITH AN  
HOUR AT NOON

French Onion Soup Melba Toast  
Quiche Lorraine\* Broiled Tomato  
Lettuce Wedge Salad  
Rhubarb and Banana Compote  
Cherry Poundcake\*

## Quiche Lorraine

1 deep uncooked 9-inch pastry shell  
¼ lb cooked ham, sliced  
1 cup cooked sliced chicken\*  
¼ lb Gruyere cheese, sliced  
4 eggs

2 cups milk and evaporated milk  
OR cream, mixed  
½ tsp salt  
½ tsp each cayenne, mace,  
black pepper  
Chopped parsley

Alternate layers of ham, chicken and cheese in the pastry-lined pan. Beat the eggs and add to them the remaining ingredients. Strain over the mixture and sprinkle with parsley. Bake at 400F for 20 minutes, then reduce heat to 350F and bake until custard is set, about 20 minutes. Cut in 6 wedges and serve warm.

\*Substitute 1 (17-oz) can boneless chicken and juice, reducing the milk and cream to 1½ cups.

Preparation time: 20 minutes. Cost: \$1.08. Calories per serving: 444.

## Cherry Poundcake

¼ cup orange juice  
½ cup finely cut citron or  
preserved kumquats  
½ lb grazed cherries, cut fine  
½ lb butter  
1½ cups fine white sugar  
4 eggs, separated

1 tsp vanilla  
2 cups sifted cake and pastry flour  
or 2 cups plus 2 lbs sifted cake flour  
¼ tsp salt  
2 tsp grated lemon or orange rind  
½ tsp cream of tartar

Grease a 4-inch deep, 11x4-inch straight-sided pan and line with wax paper or use 2 standard 7x9-inch loaf pans. Mix the juice, cherries and citron together in a small bowl and set aside to separate the fruit. Cream the butter thoroughly and add ¼ cup of the sugar gradually. Continue beating until very light and smooth. Drop in the four egg yolks one at a time as you continue beating. Add flavoring and flour, sifted with the salt. Beat well. Scrape the batter into a larger bowl and add the cherry mixture and rind. Beat the egg whites and cream of tartar together until fluffy then add the remaining sugar gradually and beat until very stiff. Fold the egg white mixture gently and thoroughly into the cherry batter and scrape into the prepared pan and bake at 400F for 1½ hours or until cake tester comes out clean. Cool in the pan, then remove and peel off the wax paper. When cold, wrap airtight and store 24 hours before slicing.

Preparation time: 25 minutes. Cost: \$1.03. Calories per serving: 44.



JUST DESSERTS  
FOR TWENTY  
GIRL GRADUATES

Strawberry Refrigerator Torte\*  
Fresh Fruit Platter with Sherbet\*  
Lady fingers\* Tea

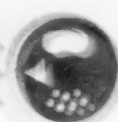
Continued on page 56



## New Sifto table shaker salts 1,000 sandwiches

Even the best sandwich tastes better with proper seasoning and Sifto's new table shaker makes it that much easier. Its new aluminum container is not only a delight to the eye but so useful, too. Carry it (it's handsize)... store it anywhere (foil protected against moisture)... keeps your salt flowing freely. Why not place a few around the house... they look beautiful on kitchen, lunch or dinner table.

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IT SHAKES



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## AYLMER PEAELLA

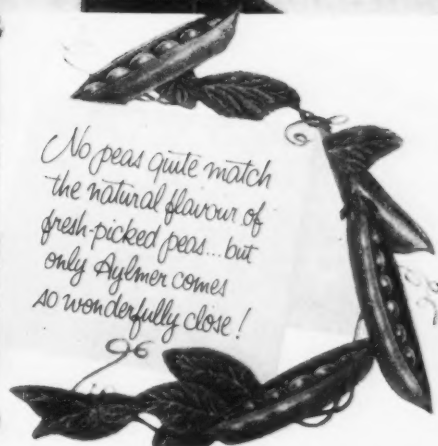
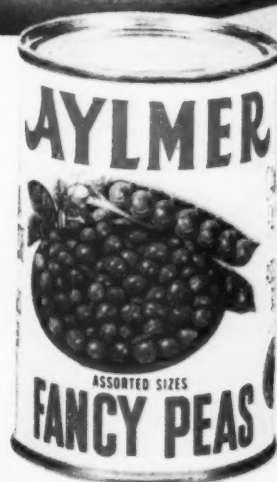
Make this Spanish "one-dish meal" with sweet, tender Aylmer Peas! Gay as a flamenco dance—bright as the Castilian sun—this Spanish favourite will win shouts of "ole!" from *your* family and friends. Serve it tonight!

3 cups Aylmer Sunshine Tomato Juice  
1½ cups dry, white rice  
¼ cup frying oil  
1 Spanish onion, peeled and sliced

4 chicken portions, legs or breasts  
Salt, pepper, paprika, thyme to taste  
1—15 oz. tin Aylmer Fancy Assorted Peas  
1 tbsp. Aylmer Pimiento, sliced

In saucepan boil tomato juice, add rice, cover, simmer 14 minutes. Meanwhile, in large, heavy pan, heat oil to sizzling. Fry onion slices until transparent. Season chicken. Brown chicken in frying pan 15 minutes. Add rice to chicken. Cover. Steam 15 minutes. Add half the peas. Heat 2 minutes. Garnish with pimiento and peas. Serve hot. 4 servings.

*Sunshine fresh...that Aylmer Flavour*



Continued from page 62

## Strawberry Refrigerator Torte

- |   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| 4 egg yolks   | Red food coloring          |
| 1 cup sugar   | 2 envelopes plain gelatine |
| 1/3 cup water   | 1/2 cup cold water         |
| 1/2 lb hard butter or margarine                         | 1/2 pint whipping cream    |
| 3 cups crushed unsweetened fresh or frozen strawberries | 1 lb vanilla wafers        |
|   | Marshmallow Frosting*      |

Beat the four egg yolks until very thick. Cook the 1 cup sugar and 1/3 cup water together to the soft-ball stage or 240F. Pour the syrup in a steady stream into the egg yolks, beating constantly. Add the butter in small squares continuing to beat until thick and smooth. Soften the gelatine in the 1/2 cup cold water and heat over hot water. Pour gelatine into the egg-yolk mixture. Set the bowl over ice cubes and chill for at least 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Color pink with food coloring and fold in strawberries and whipped cream. Spread 1 layer of vanilla wafers in a large buttered ring mold. Cover with a layer of the strawberry cream. Continue until you have 5 layers of filling and 6 of wafers. Chill. Unmold and frost with Marshmallow Frosting. \*Beat 4 egg whites until fluffy and add 1/2 cup sugar, pinch of salt and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until stiff then beat in 1 envelope plain gelatine softened and dissolved in 1/4 cup water. Spread immediately.

Preparation time: 40 minutes. Cost: \$2.10. Calories per serving: 425.

## Lady Fingers

- |                     |                                |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 eggs, separated   | 1/2 tsp vanilla                |
| 2/3 cup fruit sugar | 6 tbs sifted all-purpose flour |
| 1/4 tsp salt        |                                |

Beat egg whites until fluffy. Add half the sugar gradually and continue beating until stiff. Beat the egg yolks until thick and beat in the remaining sugar, salt and vanilla. Fold the egg-yolk mixture and sifted flour into the egg whites. Spoon mixture into a pastry tube or bag with a plain 1/2-inch opening. Press the tube to form fingers 3 inches long on ungreased, heavy brown paper placed on a cookie sheet. Sprinkle with fruit sugar and bake at 350F for 10 to 15 minutes. Cool and lift from the paper with a metal spatula. Put fingers together in pairs with lemon butter, or use singly. Makes 6 dozen single fingers.

Preparation time: 15 minutes. Cost: 25 cents. Calories each: 25.

## Fresh Fruit Platter with Sherbet

On a pretty platter arrange fresh fruits. Decorate with frosted mint leaves (brush leaves with egg white and dust with fine sugar then let them dry). Form two or more flavors of sherbet into scoops and place in the freezer. Before serving set each sherbet scoop in an individual colored bake cup or pile them in a cut glass bowl, set on the platter with the fruit.



5

Toast to the Bride  
Ham and Chicken Liver Bouchées\*  
Molded Vegetable or Fruit Salad  
Relishes Tiny Hot Finger Rolls  
Sherbet Wedding Cake\*  
Mints and Salted Nuts Coffee

A RECEPTION  
FOR GUESTS BY  
THE DOZEN

## Ham and Chicken Liver Bouchées

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 4 lbs chicken livers                           | 6 cups milk OR cream               |
| 1/2 cup butter OR chicken fat                  | 3/4 cup soft butter                |
| Juice of 1 lemon                               | 3/4 cup flour                      |
| 2 green peppers, diced                         | 1 can pimento                      |
| 1 onion, chopped                               | 1 1/2 lbs diced, cooked ham        |
| 1/2 cup flour                                  | 1 cup toasted almonds              |
| 4 cups well-flavored chicken broth OR consommé | 2 cups cooked frozen OR fresh peas |
| 1 bay leaf                                     | 24 large cream puff shells*        |
| 1/4 tsp whole thyme                            |                                    |

Pour boiling water over the chicken livers and drain, then cut into bite-size pieces. Melt the butter in a large heavy saucepan and add the livers. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Stir-fry on low heat until pinkness disappears. Remove from the pan, and to the same pan add the green pepper and onion. Stir-fry until transparent. Blend in 1/2 cup flour, then add the chicken broth, bay leaf and thyme. Cook and stir until smoothly thickened. Now heat the milk in the top of a double boiler and add the butter and flour mixed together. Whisk until

thick and smooth. Stir the broth mixture and cream-sauce mixture together and add diced pimento and juice, ham, almonds, peas and chicken livers. Season to taste and heat thoroughly. Thin mixture with sherry if desired. Spoon into large split cream puff shells. Garnish top with heart-shaped cutouts of pimento.

\*Made from a mix or a standard recipe.

Preparation time: 40 minutes. Cost: \$7.55. Calories per serving: 493.

## White Wedding Cake

- |                                      |                                     |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 lbs bleached sultana raisins       | 3 cups butter or margarine          |
| 1 lb desiccated coconut              | 3 1/2 cups sugar                    |
| 1 1/2 lbs glazed red cherries        | 12 eggs                             |
| 1 1/2 lbs candied pineapple (yellow) | 2 tsp vanilla                       |
| 1 lb citron peel                     | 2 tsp ginger                        |
| 1/4 lb cut lemon and orange peel     | 1 tbs baking powder                 |
| 1/2 lb blanched almonds              | 2 tsp salt                          |
| Grated rind of 2 oranges             | 7 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour |
| 1/2 cup light rum or sherry          | 1 1/2 cups orange juice             |
| 1 1/2 tsp rose-water                 |                                     |

Prepare the fruit and nuts by cutting cherries into quarters, dicing the pineapple, slivering the citron and splitting the almonds. Mix with remaining prepared fruit and coconut. Add the grated orange rind, rum and rose-water. Let stand overnight. Next morning dredge with 1 1/2 cups of sifted flour. Cream the butter and sugar together and add the eggs one at a time, beating after each. Add the vanilla. Sift remaining flour with the dry ingredients and stir in alternately with the orange juice. Add the dredged fruit. Use the hands for thorough mixing. Spread the batter 2 inches deep in 3 tier wedding-cake pans, greased and lined with foil or brown paper. Spread remaining batter in a fourth pan. Bake slowly at 275F allowing about 1 1/4 hours for the small pans, 2 hours for the medium and 3 to 4 hours for the large pan. Cool completely and wrap airtight. Store 2 weeks before icing.

Preparation time: 2 hours. Cost: \$7.75. Calories per serving: 232.



6

JIG-TIME SNACK  
SERVES UP TO SIX  
AT MIDNIGHT

Curried Eggs and Mushrooms\*  
Bacon Curls Crisp Tossed Salad  
French Dressing à la Dione\*  
Chilled Fruit Cheese Coffee

## Curried Eggs and Mushrooms

- |                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1/2 lb sliced fresh mushrooms | 1/4 cup mayonnaise            |
| 2 cups milk                   | 2 tbs sherry                  |
| 1 chicken-bouillon cube       | 2 egg yolks                   |
| 1/4 cup soft butter           | 6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered |
| 1/4 cup flour                 | 1/4 cup chopped parsley       |
| 2 tsp curry powder            |                               |

Sauté the mushrooms in butter. Season lightly with salt, pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice. Set mushrooms aside, but keep them hot. Heat the milk and crumbled chicken-bouillon cube in a double boiler. Then add a smooth mixture of the flour and soft butter. Whisk until smoothly thickened. Add the curry powder and mayonnaise, then season to taste with salt, pepper, cayenne and a dash of nutmeg. Stir in the egg yolks and sherry mixed together. Keep hot in a double boiler, or make it earlier in the day and reheat. Just before serving, add the hard-cooked eggs and parsley. Heat thoroughly and spoon over hot toasted-and-buttered French stick. Sprinkle with mushrooms and bacon curls. Serves 6.

Preparation time: 10 minutes. Cost: \$1.65. Calories per serving: 470.

## French Dressing à la Dione

- |                                    |                        |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 tsp salt                         | 3 tbs tarragon vinegar |
| 2 tsp coarsely ground white pepper | 10 tbs vegetable oil   |
| 1/8 tsp Dijon mustard              | 2 tbs olive oil        |
| 1 tsp lemon juice                  | 1 raw egg              |

Measure all ingredients in a screw-top jar and shake thoroughly. Keep chilled until needed.

According to French chef Dione (see page 3), garlic should not be added to the dressing. She prefers to crush a fresh clove and rub it into a crust of bread which is then tossed into the salad with the dressing, just before serving.

Preparation time: 4 minutes. Cost: 18 cents. Calories per serving: 116. END





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## THE WONDERFUL MAN I MARRIED

Continued from page 42

eighteen and a half and Bob was twenty-eight.

Shortly afterward we discovered that we wouldn't be able to have a family of our own. A condition of mine virtually ruled that out. Though it was a blow at the time, perhaps it has been for the best. It gives me an insight into my life with Bob. There are few things more basic to a woman than her ability to have a family, an ability denied me. After the first period of feeling desperately inadequate, I pulled myself together and realized that not having children no more changed the sort of person I am basically than not being able to walk changed Bob.

Happily for us, the family situation was quickly resolved: we were both enthusiastic about adopting children. Our first son, Bob, Jr., came to us a year after we were married, when he was seven months old. From the first he bore an amazing resemblance to Bob: the same sandy-red coloring and, in some ways, the same features. Two years later Mrs. Hazel Baker, our social worker at the Children's Aid Society, had two boys available for adoption. We were so happy with our Bobby that she let us see them both: a fat, jolly, dark-haired baby and a thin blond fellow who had never been seen to smile. Bob and I knew that the happy baby would soon find a home, but our hearts went out to the thin solemn one, and he became our Billy when he was two months old.

He didn't stay serious for very long. When it came time to take his christening pictures we had trouble getting him to stop laughing. I wanted something solemn to suit the occasion, but the only snaps we have show Billy grinning from ear to ear.

Bobby and Billy know that they're adopted. There's a poem that ends "you weren't carried below my heart but in it" which we all like very much. In fact, when Bobby was five he believed that all babies come from Mrs. Baker and the Children's Aid. Once, when a friend of mine complained of having a girl instead of the boy she wanted, Bobby said, very reasonably, "If you wanted a boy, you should have ordered a boy from Mrs. Baker."

In our marriage, as in any good marriage, Bob and I have had to

make adjustments. Looking back, I would say that our troubles centre around our different temperaments, not around Bob's condition. I am very easygoing, whereas he has great determination and will. Sometimes we clash because Bob, like all husbands, can be as aggravating as if he had a dozen good legs.

I remember an argument we had about an armchair when we were first married. We were almost asleep when Bob mentioned that I still hadn't made any arrangements about moving the old chair from our apartment to the basement for storage. We argued heatedly for some time. Finally, I leaped out of bed, determined to "show" Bob by hauling down the chair myself. I tugged and pushed the heavy thing with an air of grim martyrdom. "I'll probably fall and break my neck—that'll fix him," I thought self-righteously. I got the chair downstairs without mishap. I can laugh about it now, but I'm afraid that when occasionally we argue I still decide to "show" Bob by working hard and acting martyred.

### His last free steps

I would say that the only difference between our few rows and those of other married couples is that I have to get Bob's shirts from the cupboard, pick up his dropped pencils, help in our sign-painting business and get his supper, as much when I'm angry as when I'm not.

Bob comes by his strong will honestly. My mother-in-law is one of the most wonderfully determined people I know.

Because Bob's father worked as a salesman, the Eadies moved frequently. In September 1924, when Bob was three and a half, they were living in Ottawa. Bob's father traveled a lot while his mother was preparing for the birth of her second child.

One warm autumn evening Mrs. Eadie asked a neighbor to sit with Bob while she went to hospital to have her baby. She was reluctant to leave her son, who had a bad cold, but before going she watched him undress, heard his prayers and tucked him in. As he climbed into bed Bob, unknowingly, had taken the last free steps of his life.

Within hours he was hot and in pain and the neighbor called a doctor. Bob was rushed to the same hospital as his mother. In one room she gave birth to his brother Jim; in another room the dreaded diagnosis was

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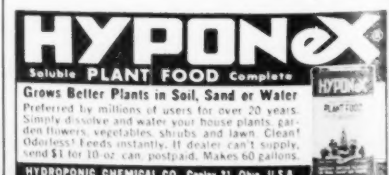
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made: Bob had polio. As the hours passed the disease seemed to ravage his body and soon he was unable to move his arms, legs or head. The doctor broke the news to Mrs. Eadie: Bobby wasn't expected to live.

Mrs. Eadie once told me that only her faith pulled her through those hours when the triumph of a new son turned to sickening fear for the life of another child.

In the weeks that followed Mrs. Eadie rushed between her new baby and Bob's bedside. Gratefully she watched as motion gradually returned to Bob, lying bewildered in his crib. He could move his fingers and arms and head; only his legs remained immobile, much as they are today.

Bob remembers the years that followed as a haze of hospital trips and operations, ten in all in the next fifteen years. They were performed in the hope of restoring some movement to his legs. In the 1930s many doctors were trying the Sister Kenny method of physiotherapy. We know now, as Sister Kenny didn't know, that polio is caused by a virus. Nonetheless her treatments had value in keeping some of Bob's muscles from atrophying.

The Eadies wanted the best for Bob, so he was sent to the Shriners' Hospital in Montreal, long considered outstanding in the treatment of crippled children. Though the hospital journeys interrupted his schoolwork Bob's marks were good. As he grew, Mr. and Mrs. Eadie became more determined that their vital and intelligent boy would not lead the pencil-selling life of the cripple so common in those days. Mrs. Eadie, particularly, was resolved that Bob would be independent and self-supporting.

He has lived up to those hopes. He is a talented artist, an accomplished musician on the piano, organ and accordion. At high school he learned bookkeeping. During the war he learned draftmanship and held a job at Phillips Electrical. Now as assistant manager of the job-printing division of the Standard-Freeholder, the Cornwall newspaper, he supervises much of the printing that goes on in our city. In his spare time often early in the morning before work, he runs our highly successful sign-painting business, with my help. In the evenings he plays one of his three instruments at local dances, or he gives piano and accordion lessons.

Recently, Bob and I discovered that Cornwall had no Old Country-style shop devoted exclusively to fish and chips, so we opened one. We rented

a store, bought some equipment and built the partitions and signs ourselves. I work there during the day, helped by two other people. Though we've only been in the business a short time, I'm enjoying it and it looks as though it will be successful.

Bob started at the local radio sta-

tion in 1944 as a pianist. By the time he left in 1958 he was continuity editor and assistant program director. He left to take a job as announcer and writer at the television station in Sudbury, Ont. We missed Cornwall and for that reason we came back after just a few months away. It was

then that Bob took on his present job.

Perhaps because his family accepts his twisted, helpless legs with such calmness and without self-consciousness, Bob wants all people to accept him in the same way. Those who don't know him may be shocked at his casual way of referring to him-

## Discover New Brunswick, Canada

# Land of Blue Water & Scenic Wonders

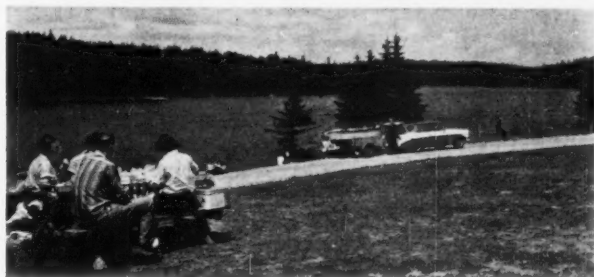
Unhurried should be your trip through Canada's Picture Province—there's so much to see, so much to do, so much atmosphere to absorb. You must, of course, visit St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, Roosevelt's Campobello Island home, and the colourful, historic cities of Saint John and Fredericton; marvel at the famous Reversing Falls; the tidal bore at Moncton; and doubt your senses when you free-wheel UP the famed Magnetic Hill!

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## New Brunswick

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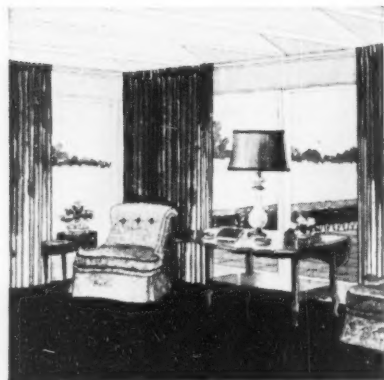
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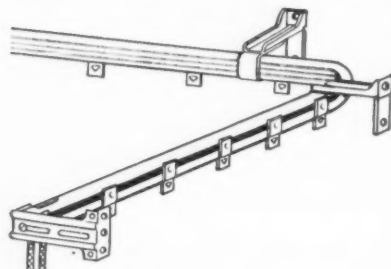
## Window Ideas...



*Idea: Beauty in the corner! The wide section is a regular two-way draw drapery, the narrow drapery (left) is on one-way traverse equipment.*



*Idea: One pair of draperies 'dress' this modern treatment on a curved bay window rod. Each side draws closed 'around-the-corner' from the outsides.*



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self as "crippled" or "a cripple." I think this comes from Bob's realization that people are often frightened and a little shy or fearful of saying some word that will betray their consciousness of his condition. One of our friends once told me, "When I first met him I used to be conscious that Bob couldn't walk. Now I have trouble remembering. Somehow, when I think of Bob it seems to me that he's running."

Still, no matter how great the will, there are obstacles that can't be overcome. One of the great disappointments in Bob's life was the fact that he couldn't go to an academic high school. The Eadies were living in Delta, Ont., a small town near Brockville, and there weren't enough bigger boys at the school to help Bob up its numerous steps. So he had to be content with commercial school. He was bitterly disappointed — a bright sensitive person trying so hard, and stymied by stairs. Today he takes correspondence courses in many subjects, some that he missed at school as well as advertising and physiology.

Because of our young sons, Bob and I reached the real turning point in our marriage six years ago. Looking back, I think we were going pretty much our own ways before then. That may sound odd because Bob is somewhat dependent on me physically, but I believe that, up until then, it was true. Bob had his work at the radio station and I had mine around the house. I knew very little of his worries, or of his hopes and plans. I was busy with the apartment, the children and my friends. We lived pleasantly, if not closely.

### "I had a lot to learn"

It took a national project to change all that: the St. Lawrence Seaway. Cornwall was booming with Seaway excitement, but there was also the feeling that property values would go up and that rents would skyrocket. We knew we couldn't possibly afford to buy a house. For what seemed like endless nights we discussed the future. I realized for the first time how deeply concerned Bob was with his ability to remain independent and to provide for his family.

Finally, we faced one essential fact: if we wanted a house, we were going to have to work for it and build it ourselves. I must admit that even I was a little rocked by the idea of a ninety-seven-pound woman and a man on crutches building a house.

It proved that I still had a lot to learn about Bob's determination.

Our main problem was finding the money. For the first time in our marriage I became deeply interested in Bob's work, particularly in some sign painting he was doing in the mornings. He taught me to plan signs and to color them and to do silk-screen printing. Our basement is stocked with supplies and in the evenings or before Bob goes to the office we work together. Billy and Bobby help, fetching paper and tools. It gives them a real share in our business.

For months every spare penny we made went into saving for the house. They were hard times but, in their way, exhilarating: we were striving toward a goal that would relieve Bob of his worry about being self-supporting and independent.

We went to lumber companies for house plans, but Bob and I couldn't agree on one we liked, so he finally drew up a set of plans himself. We started building in September 1954 and worked against the oncoming winter. Bob did his own contracting for the laying of the foundation, the building of the concrete-block shell, and the electrical and plumbing work inside. The house has two bedrooms, a living room, den, kitchen and bathroom. By the time it was finished it had cost us ten thousand dollars. We feel that it's a bargain. Recently a real-estate agent friend told us that it is worth at least seventeen thousand dollars today.

We enjoyed the work, and the working together. Bob put in the flooring; friends, neighbors and I did most of the shingling because we couldn't figure out a safe way of getting Bob onto the roof.

I often laugh in looking back on those days. My friends had warned me that marriage to Bob would mean a dull restricted life. But there I was: a roofer-cum-carpenter-cum-sign-painter while my faint-hearted friends watched television.

A lot of ingenuity as well as hard work has gone into our home. Bob and I wanted a very special Tudor door for the front, but found it too expensive. And so that first year we did without a proper front door—we made do with a storm door while Bob built the kind we wanted out of two-by-fours and iron bolts. He put in two panes of glass, one at my level and one at wheel-chair level.

Another item we did without for some time was kitchen cupboards. I eventually got them as a Christmas

present from Bob, the year I gave him the walls of his study as a gift.

When the time came to install the cupboards we found a new use for Bob's crutches. He pushed the cupboards in place from below, while I pulled, standing on the sink counter. Then Bob held them firmly from below with his crutches, and I nailed them into place. It was unorthodox carpentry, but it worked. I believe that one reason Bob and I work best together, without others, is that because of Bob's special needs we work in odd ways that only confuse outsiders.

### The farm that vanished

One of the things I like most in our house is the living-room mural. Not only is it attractive, but I can still remember how hard Bob worked getting it done. Originally, it was a sunny farm scene; in the foreground was an enormous tree. Bob spent one evening, and on into the night, perched precariously on a chair on top of a table, painting the leaves of that tree. (He has since added a heart with my initials and his to the tree trunk.) Later, he decided that the farm made the living room too warm in summer. He painted out that scene — leaving only the old tree — and we now have a water scene in its place.

With so many interests forever demanding Bob's time, you might think he has little left over for our boys. You would be quite wrong. Bob is, I think, an ideal father, who believes that "parents should spend time with their children, not just palm them off on teachers and counselors." He lives by his beliefs, too. He shoots and fishes with Bobby and Billy. (I never worry about the family in our motorboat; like another, very famous, polio victim, Franklin Roosevelt, Bob is an excellent swimmer.) The shooting he and the boys do is aimed at tin cans in the back yard; he has no liking for game hunting. Indoors, there's some pretty active roughhousing. A favorite game involves the boys' trying to pin their father's exceptionally strong arms and shoulders to the floor. They haven't succeeded yet.

We often go on trips, to the Seaway locks or forest rangers' stations. Bob sits patiently in the car while we climb stairs to see things he can't. Those are the times when even I marvel at his quiet acceptance of being crippled. The boys, anxious to have their father share as much as possible in our jaunts, have gained



sharp eyes for detail and recount things to him as fully as possible.

On one unforgettable occasion Bob went "mountain climbing" with me. Bob's parents have a cottage near a high hill outside Brockville. The family has always told Bob how beautiful the view was from the top. One day, tired of hearing without being able to share, Bob decided to see for himself. Eleven years ago I would have said he was crazy. But, with Bob's faith in me and in himself, I just naturally pushed and pulled him to the top. Coming down I rolled ahead of him, pushing branches out of the way. Bob came rolling down after me. When he casually mentioned to his family that he had finally seen the view for himself, they were skeptical—until he showed them his choice bruises and scratches.

Besides the faith that climbs mountains—if it can't move them—Bob has a genuine concern for others, particularly those who also suffer from polio. On a recent trip through Quebec we visited the Shriners' Hospital in Montreal where Bob entertained the children with his accordion and by drawing funny pictures. When the old March of Dimes was functioning, the head of our branch kept in touch with Bob regarding new polio patients, and Bob spent hours encouraging and talking to them as they faced life, for the first time, with useless arms and legs. Even now, Bob will drop everything and "run"—if that's the proper word—to the bedside of someone who is stricken.

There's something he likes to show other polio victims who momentarily despair and are depressed by the fear that they shall never again move about freely, particularly during the treacherous winter months. It's a little invention he has rigged onto his crutches to make them more useful and reliable in winter: a pair of retractable ice picks which he can lock into "out" position to grip securely into slippery ice surfaces. As he gets older, Bob becomes more fearful of falling; it's not only the danger of hurting himself, but the loss of dignity he may suffer. Now the ice-pick invention has provided reassurance.

Looking back over our eleven years together, I believe that Bob's work on his crutches sums up his philosophy and what I have learned from it: if you suffer a bad blow in life you don't sit around shaking your fist at fate. You take what comes and make the best use of it—even if it's a pair of crutches.

END



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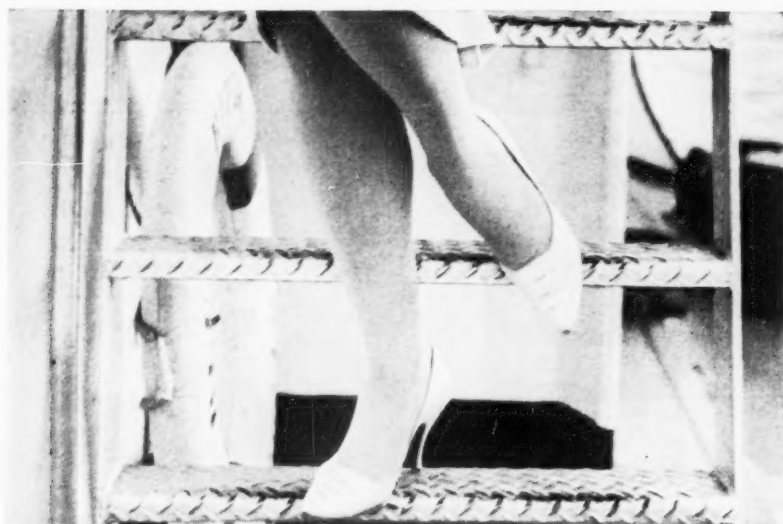
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## Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



### Wash-ways for blankets

To have blankets of all types come through the wash looking fluffy and fresh, avoid hot water and agitation which will cause shrinkage and matting. Wash one blanket at a time for best results.

1. Fill washer with warm water (100F) and add detergent and water conditioner. Run the machine until the detergent is dissolved, then turn it off.

2. Pretreat soiled spots and bindings of the blanket by brushing with a soft brush and suds.

3. Immerse the blanket in water and soak for fifteen minutes, turning it two or three times.

4. Remove the water by turning the dial to Spin if you are using an automatic washer. Blankets may be put through a wringer if the pressure is adjusted so that it will not crush the blanket. If the blanket is too thick for the wringer, squeeze out the water by hand.

5. Soak-rinse the blanket twice, for five minutes each time, in warm water, extracting water after each rinse.

6. Hang the blanket over two parallel clotheslines and turn it halfway through the drying time, shaping it if necessary. Or dry it in an automatic dryer with several hot dry towels mixed into the folds of the blanket. Dry at high heat for fifteen minutes then remove while still damp and finish drying in the air.

7. Brush when nearly dry with a stiff brush to bring up the nap of the blanket.

8. Press the ribbon binding while it is still damp.

### Extra for electrics

Follow the directions given for washing regular blankets when you wash electric blankets, but do not put them through the wringer. To protect the plug, baste the corner of the blanket loosely over the plug before you wash the blanket. Check the manufacturer's label to be sure the blanket may be dried in a dryer. If not, then dry it on a flat surface. Never use clothespins on an electric blanket as they may damage the elements.

### Now that the heat's off

When the furnace is finally turned off for the season it's time to have the heating system and chimney checked. Then it will be ready for the next heating season. Otherwise, next fall you will be faced with the problem of trying desperately to find a repairman who is not busy fixing the furnaces of less foresighted householders. Be wary of strangers who solicit repair jobs—particularly for chimneys and roofs. Reliable firms will have credentials and be able to provide references when you ask for them.

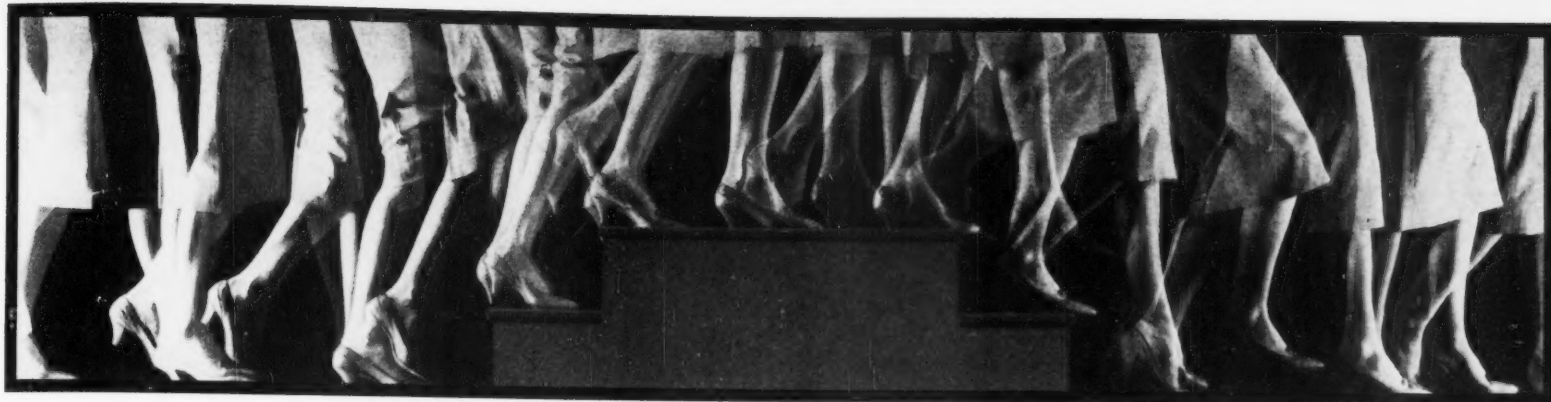
### Vacuum-cleaner care

To do a good cleaning job your vacuum cleaner itself must be clean. The dust bag should be emptied after each use, or, if it's the disposable kind, replaced when it becomes dirt-laden. Comb the brushes free of lint and hairs. When you use an upright vacuum cleaner on carpets, be sure the height of the brush is adjusted correctly for the depth of the pile of the rug. Check the belt periodically and replace it when it is worn.

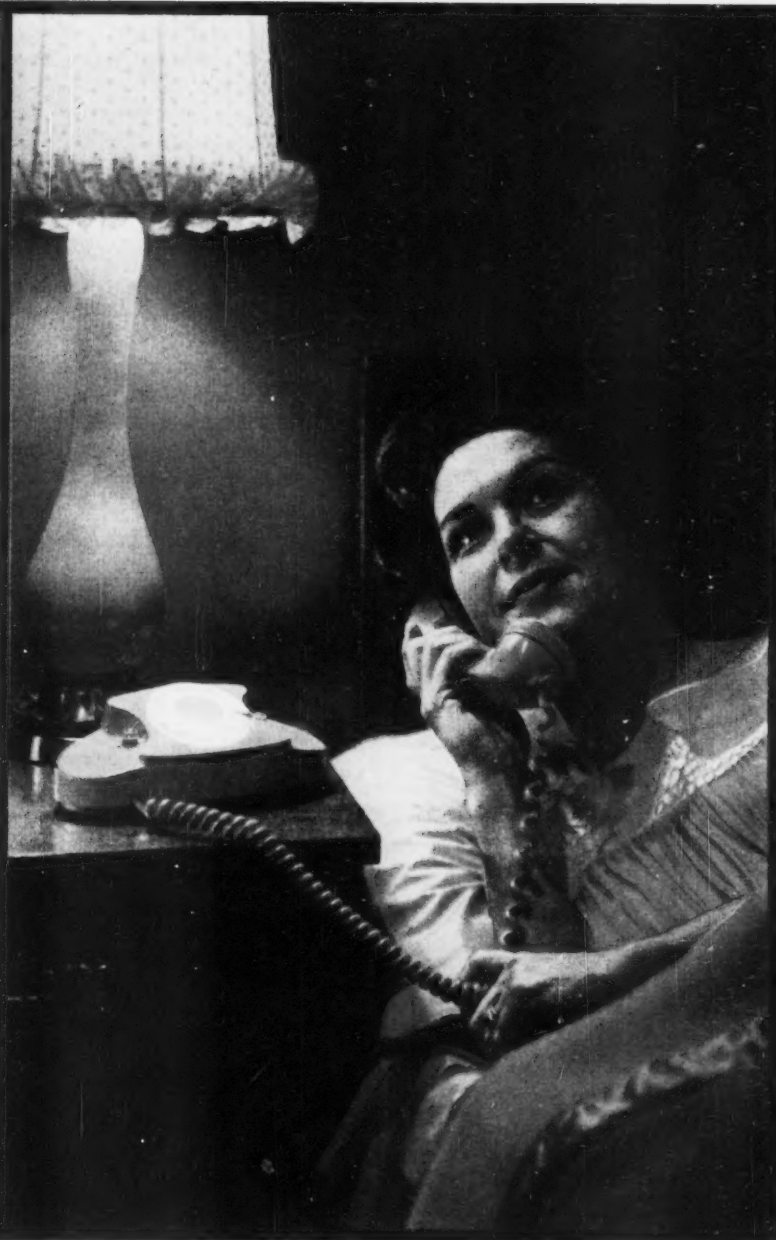
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## WHOM DO THE JONESES KEEP UP WITH?

Continued from page 31

would have been Tony they would have recognized first. Princess Margaret, alone and casually about her business, is not only so unexpected as to be practically unrecognizable, but in her ordinary everyday suits and coats, she looks like hundreds of other pretty fresh-skinned English girls.

This royal life with a difference is what Margaret and Tony seem to be striving for.

On most days faithful, plump, six-foot Freddie Crocker, chief inspector and Princess Margaret's detective-in-attendance for some years past, hasn't any work to do at all. While he still attends the princess on an official engagement, these are few and getting fewer in number, and for other outings Tony will say, "Don't bother, Crocker. We are going off together. I'll look after her." Many times a week the Joneses set off like that for shopping, dinner or theatre, unescorted and, more often than not, unnoticed.

### Home is a red-brick house

Their life at home is so unaffected that that most superior of all superior butlers, Cronin, left them "more in sorrow than in anger..." as he put it, adding, "It was impossible for me to maintain my high standards in a household that was not being run with the expenditure to which I was accustomed..."

How do the Joneses live?

Their home, at 10 Kensington Palace, is a Grace and Favor residence, which means that it's one of the places the Queen can and does give rent-free to members of her family, needy nobility, or royal retainers. It doesn't look anything at all like a palace and is, in fact, a modest semi-detached three-story red-brick house sandwiched between the London Museum and a Ministry of Works storehouse.

The woodwork is painted white but for a black door and a black knocker. The splendid three-hundred-year-old wrought-iron gate opening into the small courtyard now has four small trees in tubs by it, to give dubious protection from curious eyes of people using the public entrance to the State Apartments of the Museum, precisely twelve feet from the Joneses' door.

Inside, the apartment, which faces north and has small rooms (about twenty if you count maids' rooms, linen rooms and bathrooms and the like), is painted white and furnished with wedding presents, some antiques, and some of Princess Margaret's favorite pieces from her rooms at Clarence House where she lived before her marriage with her mother. These days when she goes shopping she keeps adding to the white décor. For

tea, toast. Tony likes a proper breakfast of porridge, sausages, bacon, or kippers or eggs.

Before her marriage Margaret dealt with her correspondence and "bits and pieces" in the mornings. Her secretary and lady-in-waiting, "her lady" in palace parlance, still go daily to Clarence House and often will nip over to Kensington Palace before lunch if there's any official work to be done. The princess has always dealt with any private correspondence herself.

### YOUNG LOVE

*There was a time — we were  
very young —  
when winter ran between the  
streets like mist,  
I can't recall...  
was it December  
or early spring? I only remember  
how heavily the skies were hung  
with rain,  
the wind swirled round the days  
and twisted all the trees...  
but we  
complete in our new-found love,  
walked all unheeding down  
the roads  
and through the watery streets  
of town  
warm and exalted while the  
rain poured down!*

BY JOY TRAIL

example, the other day she was with the Queen Mother at the Lord Roberts Workshops in Knightsbridge and picked up three white trays, a white wastepaper basket, and a white dog basket, which was the most expensive item at £4.5.6. On another day in Bradford-on-Avon, shopping with Tony and their close friends the Jeremy Frys, she bought white pottery plant holders in an antique shop.

The day in the little house begins at 8.30 a.m. when Margaret and Tony are called with the traditional English cup of tea, in the second-floor bedroom where the chair covers and bedspread are of pink and yellow chintz. The bed, a fabulous, huge, nearly square affair, and something of an odd lot, is one of the few pieces of furniture they carefully bought themselves before the wedding. (Princess Margaret's bathroom is green; Tony has his own bathroom and dressing room.)

The Princess eats lightly — fruit,

### They pay to travel

Now she keeps mainly to appointments connected with her favorite charities, institutions she sponsors, or regiments she is interested in. (Among her regiments are the Highland Light Infantry of Canada and the Princess Louise Fusiliers of Canada.) She and "her lady" go over any letters concerned with these and requests for opening bazaars, buildings, visiting factories or schools, laying cornerstones and such.

Some mornings she also consults Lt.-Gen. Sir Roger Bower, treasurer and head of her household. "The princess' household needs a control on the money side," it is explained. "There are expenses when she does any official engagement; she has to be issued a warrant when she travels, that sort of thing. All the members of the royal family, except the Queen, pay when they travel, you know."

Since her marriage, Princess Margaret has been going out alone on official luncheons on the average of once a week; at other times she and Tony usually lunch together at home. There, in a dining room, haunted by that bored Duke of Teck, Queen Mary's father, who wasn't allowed to work because he'd married a royal princess, they eat off wedding-present service and silver. ("I don't think they had to buy a thing of that sort, themselves," says an official source, adding, "Their furniture is really quite haphazard, but in the dining room they at least have four good chairs.")

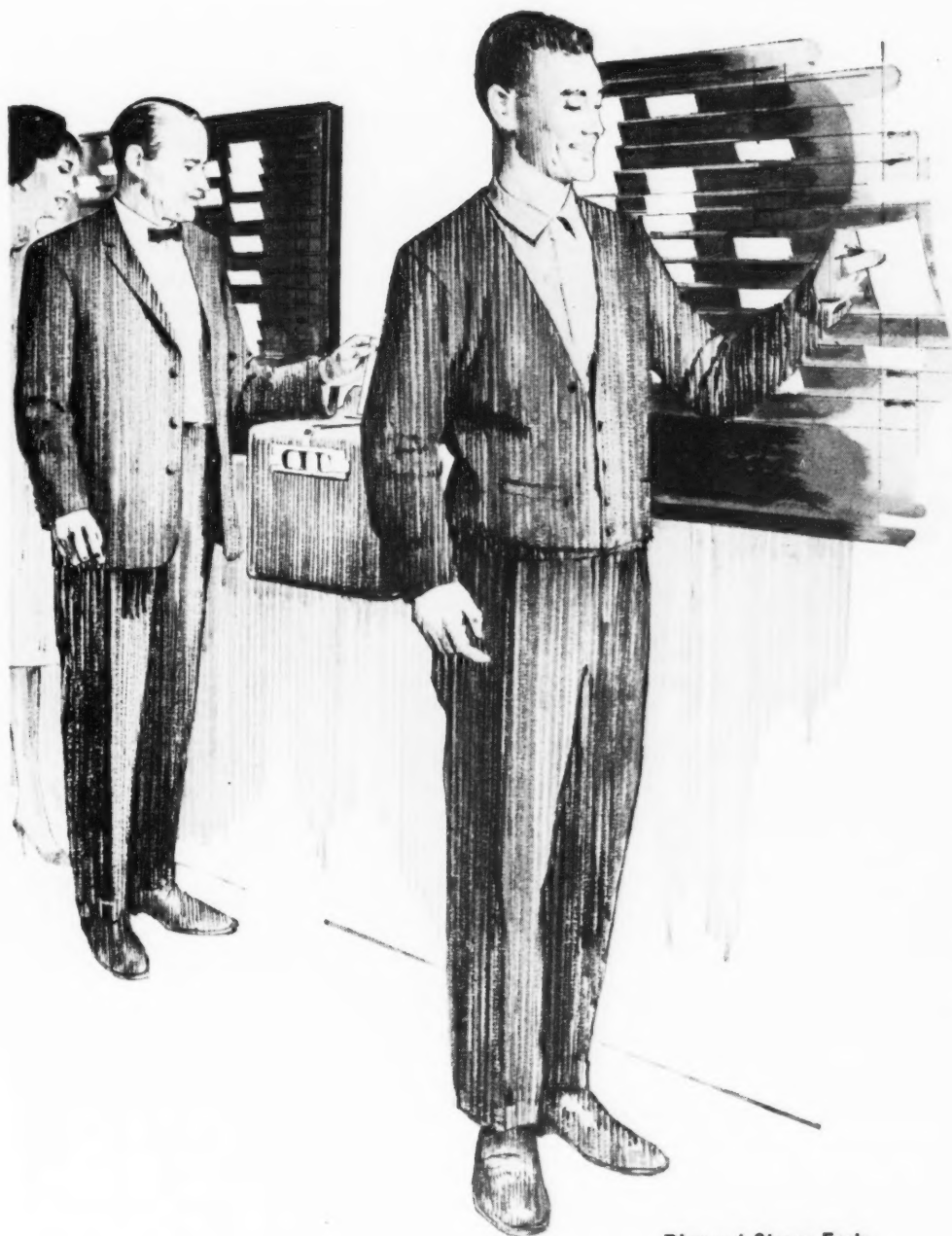
Both of them like food. Tony is an excellent cook and used to whip up a tempting dish for his future wife in the old gay and free Pimlico studio days. Princess Margaret has lately gone in for some self-service barbecue entertainment, cooked by herself. She makes up the daily menu whether they are alone or have guests, a task she thoroughly enjoys in her own

Continued on page 74



# Discount Stamp Facts: No. 6

*Do discount stamps benefit the consumer? This question is being widely discussed throughout Canada today. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada, Limited, is publishing "Discount Stamp Facts" to help you understand better the function of discount stamps, and to answer the above question to your own satisfaction. Below is the sixth in this series.*



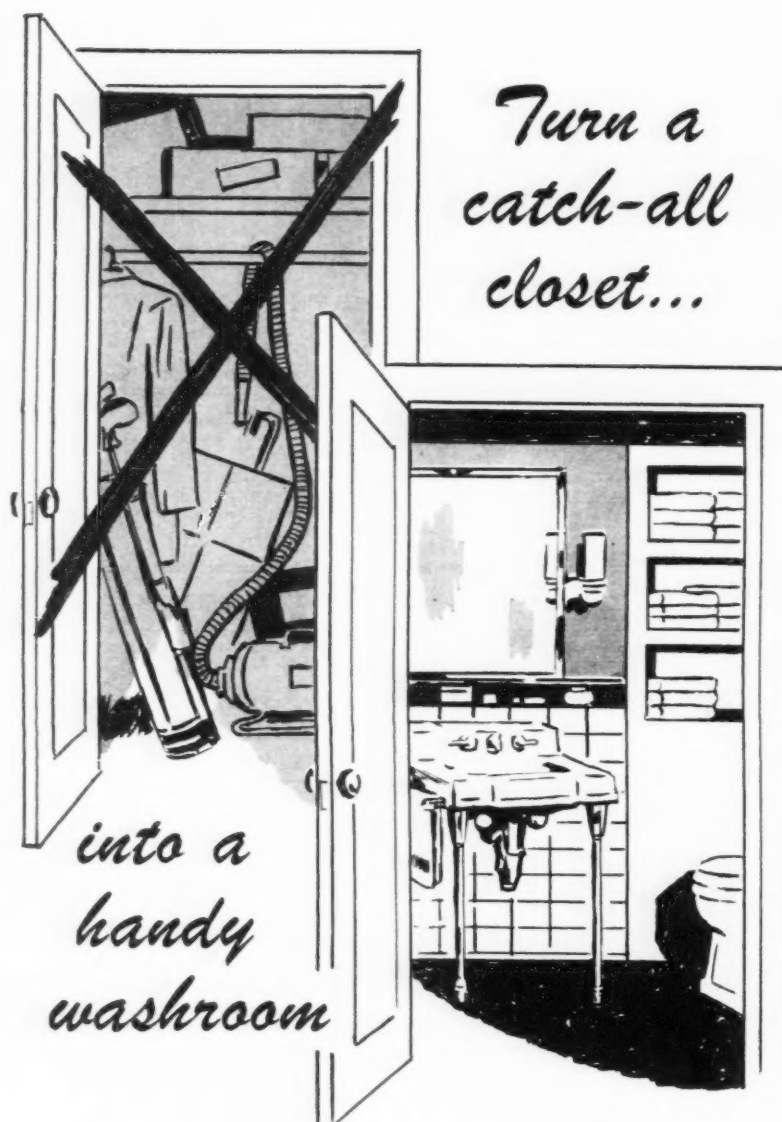
Discount stamps help safeguard the jobs of thousands of Canadians, and create entirely new employment for many more.

A strong claim, but there's ample proof to support it. In only one year manufacturers have earned an estimated ten million dollars for merchandise purchased as premiums for Canadian discount stamp plans—and 95 per cent of these premiums were made in Canada. In addition, hundreds of tons of high quality Canadian-made paper, shipped by the freight car load, were purchased for the production of premium catalogues; and still more paper was produced for the discount stamps themselves. What's more, the manufacture of premiums and paper alike was almost entirely production *in excess* of what would have been produced had there been no discount stamps in Canada. What has been the effect of this extra production? *More work.* More work in light engineering plants and many others which produce premiums; more work in the pulp and paper industry, and in printing plants. More work for Canadians who might otherwise have found themselves among the unemployed.

*Summary:* Discount stamps create a greater demand for manufactured goods. Increased production to satisfy the demand in turn increases the number of jobs available.

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C-91

Continued from page 72  
house ("Up to now, wherever I've lived, I've been rather like a guest"). She loves all game — pheasant, partridge, grouse — and chicken; she hates puddings and won't eat oysters. Tony has a long list of preferred Continental and Chinese dishes. He also has a liking for simple, down-to-earth English dishes such as potato-onion-and-herring casserole and steak-and-kidney pudding.

However, if you are invited to lunch at the royal Joneses' it's quite possible you might have a completely French or a completely Italian meal, with good though not necessarily expensive wines to go with it. Tony has long prided himself on his knowledge of wines.

### It helps if you paint

You might find yourself among the new gay coterie of friends gathering around the Joneses if you are intelligent, amusing, witty, and do something — it can be merely bringing up a family or talking brilliantly, but it helps if you act, write, paint, or are interested in anything creative and new.

Your invitation might come from Tony, by telephone: "Why don't you drop in . . ." Or, you might get an invitation in writing, dated some five days ahead, because Princess Margaret has at least five out-of-town engagements for some months ahead. Until lately you'd have got an invitation written, with commendable frugality, on Margaret's old Clarence House note paper, with the address xxx-ed out and "10 Kensington Palace" typed in. Now the princess has had her own cipher printed, rather an ornate M topped with a crown, above her new address.

All the parties given so far by Margaret and Tony have been informal, so no one has yet received such a coldly worded invitation as, "I am commanded by H.R.H. Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones . . ." Rather, the Joneses' invitations have been pleasant notes typed by the secretary and signed by either Margaret or Tony. Should you receive one, protocol demands you answer it at once.

Your luncheon invitation would probably be for twelve-thirty. So you walk up the five steps, enter the small white hall, cast a glance in the antique mirror on the wall, and are ushered into a drawing room which, like every other room, has off-white walls with stipple finish and white paint work. If

you are in the small drawing room there will be the music corner, the new hi-fi, Princess Margaret's excellent collection of records, her piano brought from Clarence House, and very comfortable chairs.

If you are given a tour of the house, downstairs you'll see the two reception rooms, a study and the old-fashioned kitchen (two gas ovens, but the electrical fittings have been renewed) which hasn't been changed since the time of Lord Carisbrooke, who was the last surviving grandson of Queen Victoria. Upstairs, there's the master bedroom, an adjoining bedroom and three guest rooms. Up in the attic there are six staff bedrooms.

For cocktails the princess prefers whisky and soda with ice, while Tony drinks gin and tonic with a slice of lemon. There's always a good supply of champagne, Margaret's favorite wine, as well as soft drinks and iced tomato juice. Tony, rather than the butler, will serve you the drinks. Margaret will chain-smoke Chesterfields, swipe your cigarette holder for her collection and tell you the history of the former owner of the holder she is using. (She also collects antique patch boxes.) Your luncheon party will break up at about 2.45 p.m.

Dinner invitations at the Joneses' are for 7.30 p.m., with dinner served at eight. Both of them enjoy spiced and informed conversation, though during the first months of their marriage they had a tendency to exchange private jokes and apologize profusely afterward to their guests. Evening entertainment at home would almost certainly include a session with their favorite or latest records, which could include anything from Tom Lehrer to a new symphony or musical. Princess Margaret's gifts at the piano or as a mimic are reserved for old friends.

### No more girlish clothes

Their favorite form of entertaining is a theatre party. These are seldom very *chichi*. They make their reservations privately and turn up without any fuss or official bother. Often, when they've gone alone, they've sat unrecognized in the stalls.

However, when they do dress up for the evening there's not a chance of the princess passing incognito. Even if she weren't a princess, she'd catch the public eye in her new outfits. Gone are the simple girlish things. She bursts out in new and exotic hair styles, fine feathered hats, and glamorous, very décolleté gowns.



One of their first theatre parties was also a typical one. Bachelor Billy Wallace, a long-time friend of Margaret's, and American film star Suzy Parker met at the Joneses' for a drink. The curtain rises early in London, so they left Wallace's car in the little courtyard outside and went off in the Joneses' large black chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce (registration number: XLP 920). They sat in guinea seats and saw Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine in *The Visit*, at the Royalty Theatre. After the play they went to the Pigalle night club to see the all-American Negro show Harlem Heat-wave, and then on to the exclusive Society Restaurant on Jermyn Street for dinner and cabaret. It was after 2 a.m. when they said good night.

On other occasions they've brought their guests home from the theatre and then the Joneses themselves cook a light supper. Afterward everyone cleans the dining room and stacks the dishes in the kitchen. (This, I might say, shocked Cronin, the butler.)

But mainly, since their marriage, the Joneses have paid private visits to personal friends and kept out of the news.

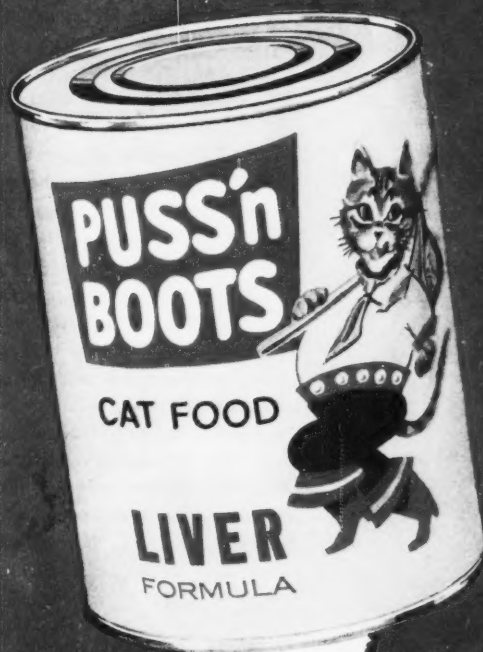
#### Curtsies are out

Their weekends are typically English country weekends. They drop in at the Queen Mother's Royal Lodge in Windsor Great Park and ride. They stay with Denys Rhodes, whose wife is the princess' cousin, at Uplowman House, an old rectory with pleasant gardens and a swimming pool, near Tiverton, Devon. These are quiet weekends. Mrs. Rhodes says, "We never make plans for these weekends. We wait and see what everyone wants to do."

Often they take the hour and a half's drive to Sussex Hills, Uckfield, and the small Georgian house of Lord Rupert Nevill, an old friend from the time of Margaret's girlhood. The pattern of these days is that of a thousand country-house weekends: walks through the parks and gardens of the hundred-and-thirty-acre estate, a Saturday-evening visit to the theatre in Brighton, Sunday-morning service in the parish church. No extra servants are hired for these visits, no outside catering brought in. It's "Margaret," not "Ma'am," and morning curtsies from the hosts are out.

Among the favorite friends of the Joneses are Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Fry. He was one of the first visitors to Kensington Palace, and frequently the

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she's giving herself a facial



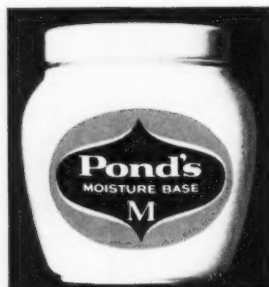
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Joneses drive down either in their smaller Rolls-Royce (a wedding present) or in Tony's old Borgward to the Frys' Widcombe Manor, near Bath, Somerset.

The frequent visits of Margaret and Tony to the country raise a question: why don't they get a country house of their own? The answer hinges on two considerations: suitability and cost. They don't want one too far away because neither of them is that keen on country life. (When there was talk of Princess Margaret marrying the Earl of Dalkeith, a friend in her inner circle said, "But he only likes living in the country, and that would never do for *her*.") Tony decidedly prefers the cosmopolitan life of the city. Though he likes to ride and has gone on a couple of shoots of the Duke of Edinburgh's, he wasn't happy during the bucolic royal summer at Balmoral. "When they have a family they'll be bound to move out of London," palace sources say. "But that probably won't be for another year and a half."

Then also, there seems to be a definite trend on the part of the Joneses to do things that Tony can afford to pay for. The cost of country houses suggested to them up to now would have to come out of Margaret's purse. A close friend of his has said, "There is no question of his *not needing* to work. Who doesn't, these days?"

#### Tony gets a job

Tony is fully taxed on all the royalties from his previous work and on any income he may have from his family. (Princess Margaret has a £15,000 Civil List allowance from the government, but her domestic wages bill take one third of this. She pays £800 to the butler; cook, £520; chauffeur, £520; footman, £312; pantryman, £260; and to each of the two housemaids, £225. Add another £2,000 to this for their food, lodging and clothing, and it's one third of Margaret's Civil List income. She apparently was not left as much as was at one time rumored, by her grandmother Queen Mary, or by her father.)

Until Tony took on his first full-time job with Britain's Council of Industrial Design last January, the British newspapers had been noticeably strident about his idleness. The new job, though unpaid by Tony's own request, involves regular daily office hours with an organization that aims, through encouragement and promotion, to improve the design of products of British industry.

Before he accepted the job, complaints were heard when Tony was decorated by King Baudouin of the Belgians when he and Princess Margaret represented the Queen at the January wedding of Baudouin and Fabiola. Some British papers argued, he wouldn't even deserve an English decoration, for having done precisely nothing.

#### A critic growled

A. J. P. Taylor, an occasional contributor to the London Daily Express, also had growled, "All we can learn about Tony is that he has strained a muscle by keeping his hands perpetually behind his back. He has evaded a title. That is an admirable achievement but hardly one that can last a whole lifetime. It will be a poor tribute to a democratic marriage if it ends in stultifying the princess' husband."

Taylor suggested: "The best thing Mr. Armstrong-Jones can do both for royalty and for himself is to walk out of Kensington Palace one morning, hatless and hands not clasped behind his back. And then find some work which he wanted to do for its own sake."

Until January Tony's one brief solo public appearance was to present three schoolboys with prizes in a national photographic competition. He did it charmingly, efficiently and with an air. He had also taken on one unpaid post: the late Countess Mountbatten's seat on the twenty-member council of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. The council meets three or four times a year and Tony is the junior member. Not terribly exhausting for an energetic young man.

Meanwhile, since Princess Margaret has not given up her royal position as has happened in some other countries under similar circumstances, Tony is in a spot, protocolwise and otherwise, especially so since his wife has made plain that she will not attend functions where a great distinction is made between her own status as a princess and Tony's status as a commoner.

The occasions to which her decision refers are those of rigid state protocol, such as the state opening of parliament, at which in November Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong-Jones were notably absent. Even if Tony had a title it could not invest him with royal blood upon which precedence on such occasions depends. (Should both the Queen and Prince Philip die, in an accident for example, while the Prince of Wales is a minor, Margaret would be the



regent. What happens with Tony then?)

The princess made this point charmingly clear on a lesser occasion. The Dockland Settlement Ball is one of her pet charities and is one of the great full-dress fiestas held late in the year at the Savoy. The invitations, issued at £6.6 per ticket, proclaimed the fact that the ball would be held in "the gracious presence of H.R.H. Princess Margaret." The committee inquired at Clarence House if "and Mr. Armstrong-Jones" could be added to this.

Two days later it was pointed out to them that Mr. Jones was not "gracious" in the sense that royalty is gracious. This decision was swept aside in a matter of moments. The princess herself announced that whenever she was gracious her husband was gracious, too. It is now a permanent rule that the style at such events reads, "In the gracious presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones."

There is little doubt that Tony would prefer a job that allowed him to use his camera. (His expensive and extensive photographic equipment is all installed in the darkroom fitted out in the basement room under the front steps at No. 10 Kensington Palace.) The palace objection to his being a photographer appears to be that it would be unfair to other photographers—everyone would go to Tony to get his or her picture taken.

### He tried the BBC

Two weeks before he got engaged he wrote a letter, which now may be gathering dust in the BBC archives at Lime Grove, suggesting that he had the talent and would be interested in working in television, producing and so on. It could have been a job with good pay. But two months later he married and his new family connections seemed to have killed all hope of getting that job.

For a time recurring rumor had it that he would join the family's stockbrokers in the City. (Lord Rupert Nevill, favorite with the Queen, is a stockbroker.) Tony didn't. Then he was going to work at Covent Garden like his uncle Oliver Messel and his relative by marriage, the Earl of Harewood. He was going to do theatre design. He was going into publishing. He was going to return to architecture, which he studied at university. He was definitely going to work for the Civic Trust, an organization that aims to produce significant improvements in

the streets and buildings of Britain. But then an official in the Civic Trust remarked that Tony could do some of the work "from home." Just that touch of dilettantism may have "cooled him off" on the idea. Tony is a professional, and has proven it over a period of years. His final acceptance of a job

that offered full-time working hours reveals that to him work is a serious matter, not a mere pastime.

So the royal Joneses are living simply, perhaps hoping that someday Tony may yet be allowed to take up his camera again.

The business of the irritated butler,

now called "The Cronin Incident" in court circles, may have been a good thing. It could have opened not only Princess Margaret's eyes, but also lifted some of the drooping eyelids around the palace. Living a simple life isn't so simple.

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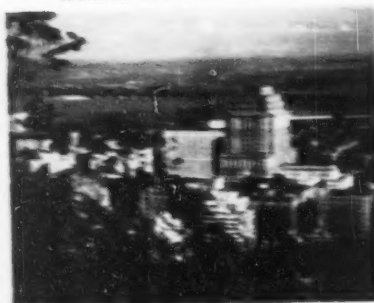


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omnipotent butler, household official who soft-cushion domestic disputes, the matter of wines and clocks — all these things had always been taken for granted by Margaret. They weren't by Tony. He questioned Cronin about stocking the wine cellar without consultation, buying a clock for the pantry when there already seemed to be enough clocks around.

"Sir," Cronin reports having replied, "a royal residence is somewhat different from digs in Liverpool." But obviously Tony feels that if he is going to pay for it, or try to pay for it, he has not only the right to question, but to have the final say-so.

From the way No. 10 Kensington Palace is run these days it's possible Princess Margaret has taken a leaf out of her grandmother's book. Queen Mary, before her marriage, had been forced, with her parents, to leave that same Kensington Palace and live on the Continent, simply because they'd gone so much in debt trying to maintain a royal London household. But it isn't easy to live "like ordinary people" without the practical outlook of ordinary people.

(There's a footnote on the domestic situation: Shortly after Cronin exposed in the press his hard times with the Joneses, the domestic servants let it be known that Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones was the nicest man to work for at Kensington Palace. He has, they insisted, a friendly interest in everything they do, an understanding of household problems, and makes only reasonable demands on the staff.)

What does the future hold for the Joneses?

They are both stubborn, strong-minded individuals, unlikely to be influenced even by one another, yet with so many common likes and dislikes that they show a united front.

In time their home may easily fill that intellectual vacuum existing in British society. An unofficial but influential salon might again flourish, as in the days two centuries and more ago. With the Joneses' lively curiosity, intolerance of the false or the boring, love of living and doing, they could form a dynamic centre of social intercourse for the intellectuals, for the established and for those who may need encouragement to fulfill their promise.

In the long run the palace may suggest this, public opinion may demand that, but the Joneses, holding hands in public without embarrassment, Tony no longer trailing the protocol number of steps behind, are stepping into the future simply, and side by side. 100



## WHO'S AFRAID OF LOVE?

Continued from page 33

"So my teeth are straight." He shrugged. "That makes me an actor?" Harriet nodded. "Careers have been carved out of less."

"Not this Irishman." He smiled. "I refuse to be just another pretty face."

She stared at him. "How vain can you get?"

"Self-love is the beginning of all love."

"Love is a four-letter word."

"Spoken like an editor."

"Fashion editor to you, dad."

"That's why you wear that hat."

TO TELL YOU the truth, it was. The hat, like her apartment and the corner office with the window, was Harriet's badge of success—visible proof that a bright, ambitious small-town girl with no one to lean on could come to Toronto, work hard, concentrate on her job, and achieve success. Now she was bucking for that other badge of a successful woman—a plain gold band. She had discovered to her dismay that she was a little late. Most of the eligible men are picked off by the time they're thirty.

Harriet had met Neal while working on one of those perfect-wardrobe-for-Jamaica promotions. He had made his position clear from the start. You had to give him that. "I'm divorced and I don't intend to marry again," he had announced flatly.

She hadn't worried about it then. Not at first. She had observed that men who protest the loudest often fall the hardest. And she knew Neal enjoyed being with her. He was one of

those clothes-conscious men who glance at a woman's ankles and notice the length of her hem. He liked the way she looked—the extra height, the long legs, the severe hairdo which had been such a handicap among the pretty, cuddly girls back home. These things turned out to be assets in this city of chic tall girls. Neal never had any trouble impressing a maitre d' when she was with him. He dated her regularly that first year.

"We're a good team," he said.

"A perfect couple," she agreed.

He sort of braced himself over his martini. "Don't push me, Harriet."

"Who's pushing?"

"You are."

"You're just self-conscious." She smiled. "Alta-shy. And vain. And short-tempered. And at the moment I can't think why I love you at all."

"Bad judgment, I guess." He grinned. He liked this kind of talk. "If you're so crazy for me why won't you spend that weekend in Atlantic City?"

Harriet smiled. "Bad judgment, I guess." She lowered her lashes as she sipped her drink, thinking how city men always seemed to be serious about frivolous things and frivolous about serious things. I'll never make it, she brooded. I've learned how to walk and talk and dress. I can read a menu in French and get a cab in the rain—but that stuff is only skin deep. Luckily, she knew the patter. "Atlantic City is terribly non-U. Neal. I thought you'd be more original."

"Nassau?"

"Who needs baskets?"

He grinned. "Vancouver?"

"All that rain?"

He laughed out loud. "How about Oshawa?"

"You're kidding."

Continued on page 80

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Continued from page 79

He really wasn't, you understand. Oh, he laughed it up, telephoning her daily with unlikely suggestions—Niagara Falls, Tokyo, Tombstone, Arizona, Moose Jaw. Five and one half times in one day he called. Then all at once the joke wore thin. Harriet wearied of keeping this tired shuttlecock in the air. And she told him so. She told him it wasn't funny and he needed a new routine. He bristled, flushing angrily, his shadowy eyes turning black, and he said that what he probably needed was a new girl. She said, probably! Neal hung up. One half of a phone call. That was almost a month ago, and now Harriet waited beside a telephone that didn't ring.

SHE PLUMPED up a pillow behind her shoulders and leaned back against the headboard of the bed, reading again the letter from Tish Franklin, her old roommate. Tish's bouncy downhill scrawl extended the annual invitation to Harriet to spend a week with them in Muskoka at their island cottage.

There's nothing here but sky and water and a scrap of beach, me and Bud and the two kids but we'd love to have you relax with us, Harriet. We'll dig up a man somewhere . . .

Harriet sighed. She knew the kind of men her married friends "dug up" for her. The verb was well chosen. She wished they wouldn't disinter these ill-starred escorts who invariably turned out to be (a) short, (b) fat, (c) bald, (d) frightened pale of a "real" career girl, (e) resentful of a woman who made more money than they did, or (f) aggressively convinced that her morals were as *avant-garde* as her clothes. Once she had been paired off with an *a-b-c-d-e-f*. Give me strength.

She began to write her annual thanks-but-I'll-take-a-swim-check regrets to Tish when the telephone rang, shattering the silence of her bedroom. Harriet dropped her pen. She stared at the ringa-ding-ding thing. Neal. She knew in her bones it was Neal. Her hand shook as she lifted the receiver.

Sure enough. Neal's voice was gay and confident. He was covered with barnacles of charm. No reference to their quarrel. No apology. Just the usual glib interchange and an invitation to dinner next week. Harriet bit her lip. Obviously, he had missed her and wanted to resume (even though he wouldn't say so), but she understood that there was no future in it. Eventually I'll lose him, she thought, gripping the receiver. I may as well begin to do without him right now.

"You've forgotten, Neal. It's my vacation." She managed to keep her voice level.

"You didn't make any reservations. I assumed you were staying in town."


Her glance fell on Tish's letter. "I'm going to Muskoka."

"You're making it up." She knew he was smiling—but not with his eyes.

"No. I have friends there. The Franklins."

"You have friends here."

"Name two." Her lips trembled as



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she hung up. The other half of a phone call, she thought.

Harriet might have felt better if she could have cried, but she wasn't the crying kind. She tore up the refusal she had begun to Tish, and composed a wire of acceptance instead. Mentally, she began to pack her beach clothes. The colored scarves, the straw shoes, two swimsuits, the amusing hat, the travel knit, the white sheath. Nothing here but sky and water and a scrap of beach. I'll take that bikini I've never had nerve enough to wear, she decided. Shouldn't be a total loss, I'll get brown all over. It'll be fun. Sure it will. It *will*. Three hours later she got up and took a sleeping pill.

The man Tish had dug up met

Harriet at the depot. They eyed each other warily. Tony Hutchins thrust out his big hand. (So I'll spend a week nursing three broken knuckles, Harriet thought.) She could see he wasn't an *a, b, or c*—he was lean and long-legged, with a thick brown brush cut—and certainly not a *d*, with that jutting chin! *E*, maybe—his faded blue Levi's were clean but torn at the knee and he was driving a battered jeep station wagon whose brown paint was peeling. Local yokel, she decided, but his immaculate white shirt was well cut, and the sleeves were turned back just once, revealing smooth, well-manicured hands resting lightly on the steering wheel.

They jounced along the rutted gravel road to the lake. "Do you live here, Mr. Hutchins?"

Tony to you, doll, Neal would have said.

His look took in the knit sheath, the long red nails, the pointy shoes. "I work here." You couldn't say he was exactly garrulous.

The narrow road began to twist through a thickening green woods. Harriet bounced against him. It was like hitting a wall. He steadied her but his hand didn't linger.

She smiled. "When Tish says 'remote' she means it."

"I thought you wanted to get away from it all."

"The trouble is you bring it all with you."

"Then you'll have to learn to live with it."

"Or without it," she amended.

"That's harder."

She glanced at him quickly, but Tony's eyes were on the turn ahead. What am I doing here hurtling along a back road with this grass-roots philosopher when I could be sitting at Winston's with Neal? She closed her eyes, wishing she hadn't come.

They emerged from the woods and Tony skidded the jeep to a stop in the sand at the water's edge. Harriet looked around but saw no house.

He reached for her suitcase. "We leave the car here and take the boat."

She stared at the small wooden craft with an outboard motor attached. There was six inches of water in the bottom. Tony picked up a can and began to bail. Harriet waited, teetering in the sand, squinting over his shoulder at the little green island offshore. She shaded her eyes. "Is that it?"

"That's it." You couldn't say he was talkative.

Continued on page 82





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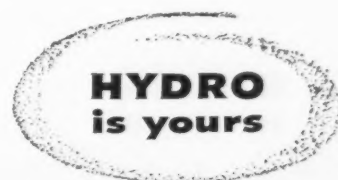
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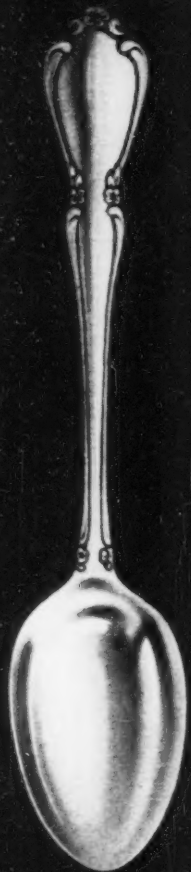
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Continued from page 80

She took off her shoes. She took off her stockings. Tony stopped bailing and looked. (Neal would have wolf-whistled.) She smiled. "That's as far as I'm going."

His eyes were golden, glinting like topaz in the sun. I might have known, she told herself, covering her knees with a scarf, he's an *f*.

The sand felt warm between her toes. She gazed out at the island. "If worst comes to worst we can swim."

"It's farther than it looks," he pointed out.

"Most things are."

His golden glance swiveled around again, piercing her like a shaft of light.

THE FRANKLINS were waiting in a little knot of welcome on the end of the pier when the boat touched the island. The boys promptly dragged Tony off to see the turtle they had captured (Harriet could tell whom they had been waiting for). Tish hugged her, bubbling over, spilling pleasure like foam, saying everything at once. "I can't believe you're really here! It's like a happy dream, Harriet! You even look smart barefoot. Come on up to the house. Bud will get your suitcase. We can admire the turtle later."

When the two girls were alone Harriet gazed out her bedroom window at the long expanse of ruffled blue water. "Don't you get lonely here?" she asked.

"How could I — with Bud and the boys? The only thing I really miss is the telephone."

Harriet felt as if the floor had been jerked out from under her. No telephone. I really cut myself off from him this time, she thought. "Are you the only ones on the island?"

"Practically. There are two other houses — one's empty — tied up in an estate. The other's the caretaker — that's Tony's brother. He's in Tobermory casing another resort property, so Tony's looking after the island while school's out."

Harriet blinked. "He goes to school?"

"No, silly. He *teaches*. At Western. He even wrote a textbook. Can't you tell he's a brain?"

"He hardly spoke to me."

"You probably scared him — you're so *sleek*," Tish patted her arm. "Be nice to him, Harriet. While he had his nose in a book, his girl waltzed off with another man. Now Tony's on this I'll-never-fall-again kick."

Harriet grinned. "That may be the

only thing we have in common," she said.

Tish plopped down on the bed. "Tell me about your love life."

"It's a long, sad story."

"Oh, that's the best kind." She snuggled down, pert and eager, a sweet-faced kitten waiting for milk to be poured into her dish.

This was one of the things Harriet had missed most, someone to talk to — a confidante — a soft someone with no axe to grind, someone she could tell. She worked and lived in a cacophony of chatter, but the syncopated accompaniment was so loud you couldn't hear the theme and, what's worse, no one seemed to listen for it. Oddly enough, Neal had come as close as anyone to filling her need. She could discuss anything with him, even Neal (one of his favorite subjects), as long as she wasn't serious.

"What's he afraid of?" Tish demanded. "Love?"

"Oh, he's for love," Harriet smiled. "I suppose the truth is..." She hesitated, facing it squarely for the first time. "The truth is that I love him and he lets me." Harriet shivered. It sounded bleak now that she had said it aloud.

THE MELANCHOLY mood settled over her like a chilly cloud. She dressed slowly, dreading the long evening ahead, shrinking from the table talk. It turned out to be as bad as she had anticipated, too. Tony stayed to dinner, and nothing seemed to go right. Harriet could hear herself chattering monotonously, like a broken record. When she stopped, there was that awkward business of strained silences followed by everyone starting to speak at once. The two boys sensed the tension and began to show off. Tish and Bud exchanged worried glances and tried to ignore the pranks, but in the end there were threats and spankings and tearful good nights.

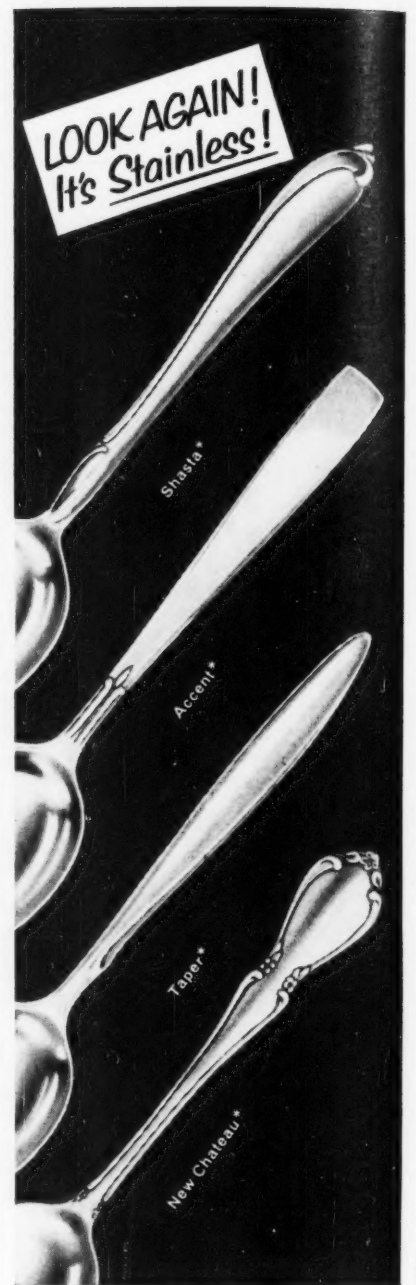
Afterwards, Tony walked down to the beach with Harriet. They sat on a driftwood log in the moonlight. You couldn't say he was communicative. She could hear the soft lapping of the waves against the shore. Long shadows fingered the white beach. She sighed heavily, wondering where Neal was tonight.

Tony looked at her in the dark. "What does it say to you, the water?"

She listened to the murmuring cadence of the lake. "Come back, come back, come back."

"You miss him."

She started. "What makes you say



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that?" She could bare her feet but not her heart.

"The waves echo your thoughts. I've noticed it all summer. Maybe it's because we hear what we listen for. The boys think the water says, let's swim, let's swim, let's swim. Tish hears, we four, we four, we four."

She was surprised to find him articulate. "What do you hear, Tony?"

He flinched. "Different things at different times."

His heart doesn't go barefoot either, she thought. She wondered if his eyes were gold in the dark.

That night Harriet lay awake for a long time. I couldn't reach him, she brooded. I was thinking of Neal all the time. Rigid and wide-eyed, she stared at the silent moon. Her body felt tense, waiting. What am I alerted for? she asked herself. Then she knew. The telephone. She was listening for it to ring even though she knew there was no phone in the house. Harriet frowned. How stupid can you get? she upbraided herself. It won't ring. It can't ring. It isn't there! Like Neal's love, it doesn't exist. She held the thought like a dagger. She was startled to hear the wild, mirthless laugh of a loon wheeling over the lake in the night. You're right, old bird, she thought. You laugh, but it isn't funny. The dagger plunged, releasing tears. At last, Harriet was able to cry.

She woke early the next morning, feeling tired and heavy-lidded. Who ever started that canard about it being peaceful in the country, she wondered? A thousand birds seemed to be whistling at each other in the trees edging the shore. It was a *din*. Still, it was a joyous clatter—trilling, calling, echoing notes—how glad they sounded to be up and alive! I wish some of it would rub off on me, she brooded. I could use it.

She sighed heavily, dragged herself out of bed, and splashed cold water on her swollen face. No one seemed to be stirring in the house although the sun was vivid on the scalloped blue water. She put on the red-and-white-striped bikini, and squinted at herself in the mirror. I'll go out there and lie down and contemplate my navel, she thought, grinning. (Neal would have laughed at that one.) Setting her lips in a firm line, Harriet resolved that as of now, she was going to stop thinking about Neal. Sure she was. She was.

She wrapped herself in a fringed white beach towel, and tiptoed out to the porch and down to the deserted strip of sand where she spread the

towel like a mat, anointed her pale body with oil, and stretched out alone in the sun. She closed her eyes against the glare, and the sand felt soft and warm beneath her back.

She didn't know how long she had been lying there when someone touched her shoulder and wakened her. She

looked up into the tiger eyes, and jerked upright, clutching at the towel.

"That'll be gritty," Tony warned. "Take this." He peeled off his shirt and tossed it to her.

She winced as the shirt sleeves scraped her shoulders. "I did get a burn." "Serves you right," he barked.

She stood up. "That's what I like—gallantry."

He picked up the towel and handed it to her. "I like a girl who leaves a little to the imagination."

Harriet flushed. "I didn't know you'd be peeping, Tom."

Continued on page 84

**107/200**  
Elasticated Fabric  
Swimtrunks  
Ages 2-4, 4-6, 8-10,  
12-14

**244/123**  
Spot Stitch T-Shirt  
with Collar and Front  
Button  
Savoy Colour  
Ages 2-6, 8-14

**106/200**  
Elasticated Fabric  
Swimtrunks  
Ages 2-4, 4-6, 8-10,  
12-14

**114/200**  
Elasticated Fabric  
Swimtrunks  
'Fishnet' design  
Ages 2-4, 4-6

**83/60**  
Striped Plush Jumper  
Ages 4-6, 8-14

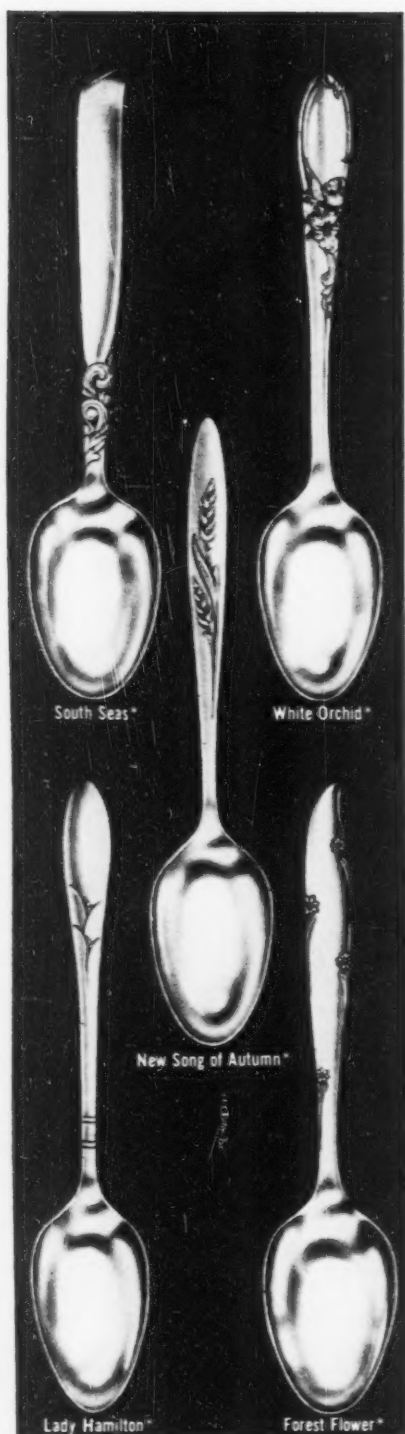
**114/201**  
Elasticated Fabric  
Swimsuit  
'Fishnet' design  
Ages 4-6

**83/152**  
Striped Plush  
Poloshirt  
with Collar and Link Button  
Ages 2-6, 8-14

**402/10B**  
Cotton Interlock  
T-Shirt with Button  
Shoulder  
'Farmyard' design  
Ages 1-3

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**Ladybird—from most good shops and stores**



## TIMELESS BEAUTY

by

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED  
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

Continued from page 83  
"You didn't wear it for the birds."  
"Is censoring beachwear part of your duties?"

It was his turn to blush. He scuffed a toe in the sand. "I'm sorry." He looked away, his eyes tawny in the light. "You're right. It's none of my business what you put on or take off." He hesitated. "I think I was saying that to someone else."

"Well, don't make me your whipping boy. I'm black and blue now." She turned and strode away so fast his shirt belled out behind her. She thought he might follow, but the two youngest Franklins came tumbling down the front steps, nearly knocking her down, flinging themselves on Tony, begging him to take the boat out.

GENTLY, Tish stroked the sunburn lotion on Harriet's crimson shoulders. "It's the first time I ever saw you mussed up," she said. "It makes you seem almost human."

"This certainly is my day for compliments."

"Don't bristle, darling. You know what I mean. You're vulnerable now, more approachable."

"If anyone touches me, I'll scream." "Tony's coming to lunch."

"We've already quarreled this morning."

"I suppose he wrapped you in his shirt because he was mad."

"As a matter of fact, he was. He didn't want to look at me."

"Harriet, don't you know anything? He was mad because he *did* want to look at you." She recapped the lotion. "Bud and I are taking the boys around to the point so you'll be alone."

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have a one-track mind?"

Tish winked. "You know a better route for a woman?"

"Some of us get switched onto a siding."

"There's always another train."

"Who writes your stuff — Joe Miller?"

"I may not be clever, but I'm sincere."

"Stubborn is the word, Tish. Stub, stub, stubborn."

At noon, Harriet moved about the kitchen stiffly, trying not to stretch her parched skin. She felt awkward and self-conscious in Tish's loose pink housecoat (too short) and she was aware that Tony was watching her with unconcealed amusement as she gingerly set the table for two, rummaged in the refrigerator for the cream, found the omelet pan in a cup-

board, dropped it, picked it up, banged her hip against the corner of the cabinet.

He laughed out loud. "Have you ever been in a kitchen before?"

"Never." Her voice was clipped. "Three times a day I dine at the Pump Room."

The sarcasm was lost on him. He took the omelet pan out of her hand. "Sit down. Scorched women I can stand. Scorched eggs are abominable."

She watched as he broke the shells expertly, seasoned and stirred with a flourish.

Her eyes widened. "Was that a cookbook you wrote?"

He swiveled around. "Tish talks too much."

"She didn't tell me you could break an egg with one hand."

He grinned. "Maybe she's saving it for a clincher." They both laughed at the idea of Tish doing anything subtle.

"She says you're on the rebound."

The light went out of his eyes. "I'll make a deal with you. Don't tell me the story of your life, and I won't tell you mine."

She winced, feeling the rebuff. "I have a real gift for saying the wrong thing to you, don't I?"

His voice was gruff. "Eat your eggs." "Yes, teacher."

THE NEXT DAY, Tony took her for a speedboat ride around the island. They nosed into the coves, threaded their way through the buoys, and rode back with the throttle wide open. Afterwards, they lay side by side on the beach in the shade of a big umbrella, lazing in the warm air, listening to the chuckle of the water.

Harriet stretched luxuriously. "I may live forever. This temperature bakes your troubles away."

"It's your interior climate that counts."

"Was that a psychology textbook you authored?"

His face darkened. "I talk big, don't I?" He sat up and lobbed a pebble into the lake. "Physician, heal thyself."

Harriet rolled over and looked at him curiously. "Tell me, Tony, does it help to run away?"

"No. And yes. Sometimes distance corrects your perspective."

"The long view."

"You're a little too glib."

"I know." She bit her lip. "It's a habit."

"Habits can be broken."

She took a deep breath. "I'm working on that, too."

He leaned over her. "I'm sorry. I was rude." He wrinkled his forehead, groped for words. "I get the feeling that you never talk to me." She gasped. "I mean, you don't communicate. You just trade gags. I can't tell who you are or what you're like, because you won't reveal yourself. Does that make sense?"

Their glances locked. "Maybe I don't know who I am." Her voice was flat. "I know who I wanted to be. And I made it, too. The hard way. Only now that I'm up there, I look around, and I don't see anyone to share me with." She thought of Neal who couldn't share—oh, a laugh, a drink, his body, maybe—but not his heart, not his life, not the core of his being. "You can't hold yourself aloof," Tony said. "Sooner or later you have to cope." He grinned, embarrassed. "Hutchins' Law. A great white truth. I just discovered it. I've been trying to hide on this island all summer, and that makes me an authority. Oh, I pretended I was helping my brother, but all I wanted was to be alone." He hesitated. "That's why I resented being paired off with you. I made a fool of myself once. I'm not eager to repeat the performance."

"You mean, you can run away—but not from yourself."

"Exactly. How does that poem go? 'Everywhere I go, I go too—and spoil things.'" He gave her a level look. "Maybe we ought to go back to the depot and start over."

Harriet smiled. "No, thanks. One sunburn to a customer." She caught her breath. There I go flippant again, she thought, but Tony didn't appear to notice.

His golden glance slid over her shoulders, gentler than the sun lotion. "You're beginning to peel."

"I'll grow a new skin and a fresh personality all at once. I'll be ravishing." She batted her eyelashes.

"You're holding your own right now."

"That's the first pleasant thing you've said this week."

"Don't let it go to your head."

"What do you teach, Tony?"

"Biology." His mouth twisted.

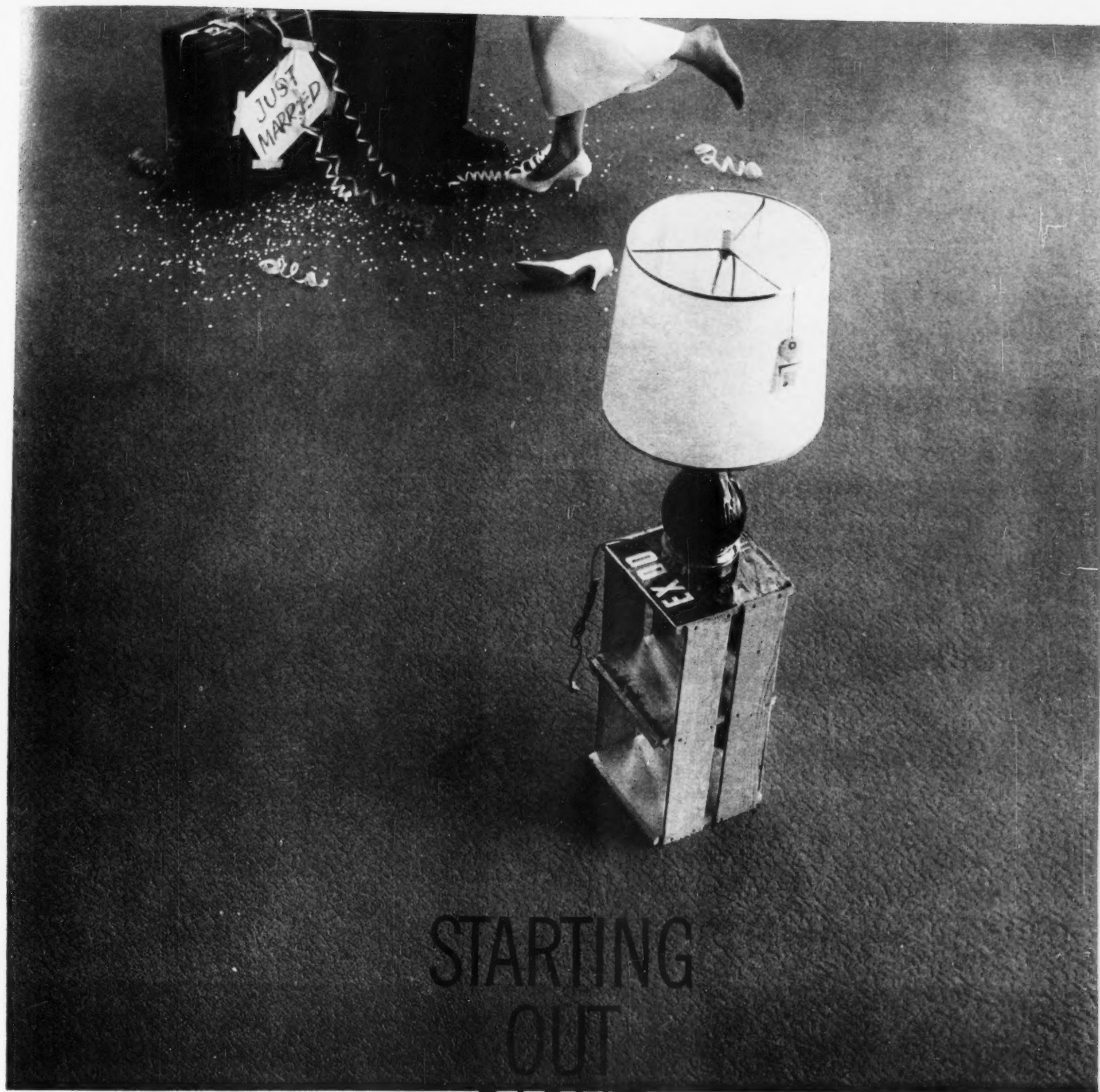
"Funny, huh? I know all about genes and nothing about life." His shoulders sagged. "There's a joke in there somewhere."

She didn't laugh.

THE LAZY WEEK rolled by. They waded, they swam, they fished, they picnicked, they played in the sand

Continued on page 86





STARTING  
OUT

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*Gossard*

366 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Continued from page 84

They caught another turtle. Tony spent so much time with Harriet that the boys were jealous. Tish went around looking terribly smug. I wish I were as confident as she is, Harriet thought. Tish is one of those lucky women born with true instincts, knowing all. But I'll bet she doesn't know he's never touched me. So what does it add up to? Nothing. He's lonely, and I'm here. That's all. I'm not going to jump the gun again.

She did stop listening for the telephone though. She had accepted the fact that it wasn't going to ring. Even if Neal called, I wouldn't have anything to say to him, she thought. A great white truth. Old Tiger Eyes is right. Neal and I talked all the time, but we didn't communicate. We merely conversed—a mannered charade, sprightly and gay, signifying nothing.

Yesterday she had lain beside Tony on the gently rocking float. Their need to speak had passed and they had shared a comfortable silence. She couldn't recall ever sitting quietly with Neal. It had been surprisingly pleasant to find someone you could share the stillness with—maybe even better than someone to talk to. There was no patter, but there was a pulse. She wished the week could last a little longer.

The boys didn't share Harriet's feeling. She overheard them discussing it on the other side of the thin partition in the bathhouse:

"What's he always hangin' around with her for?"

"She's a guest, stupid. Mom told him to be nice to her."

"Does he have to go to a dumb dance? He always takes us froggin' on Saturday night. He don't even like to dance."

"Mom told him to. I heard her."

"I think it's dumb."

"She's goin' home tomorrow."

"Good."

Harriet smiled to herself grimly. At least they're honest, she thought. She wished Tish hadn't made such a production out of it. Harriet's Law—I just passed it: Never take a girl to a dance unless you honestly want to hold her in your arms.

IT TURNED out to be a street dance. Our last date, Harriet thought, donning the white sheath which would show off her suntan. Tony skipped the little wooden boat over to the mainland (she carried her high-heeled sandals in her hand) and they took the jeep from there. He parked at the

depot. Hands linked, they walked up-town. A whole block was roped off, and the band played from a temporary wooden platform erected in the middle of the paved street. Colored Japanese lanterns were strung between the light posts. There was a soft-drink stand at the side. Everyone in town seemed to be dancing. A sport-shirt and full-skirt kind of crowd, Harriet noted, feeling awkward and overdressed.

Tony swung her onto the "floor," rough beneath their feet, and stumbled, stepping on her toes. He steadied her. "Arthur Murray never got through to me," he apologized. "As far as I'm concerned, the only good thing about

## GARDEN ACROSS THE STREET

*Was ever a garden QUITE as neat  
As the tidy plot across the  
street?*

*Precision rows, no hint of weed,  
And a plant thrust up from  
EVERY seed!*

*Parade-ground seedlings stand  
erect,  
Alert and eager. I suspect*

*No crow or rabbit nibbles there,  
No insect chews. They wouldn't  
dare!*

*The gardener has a special  
quirk...*

*He likes to work... and work  
...and WORK!*

BY LEE AVERY

this deal is that I get to hold you in my arms."

She laughed up at him. "You're flirting with me, professor."

"I'm trying."

Harriet stiffened. "Did Tish tell you to do that, too?"

He halted in the middle of the floor. Two couples banged into them. "What kind of a crack is that?" he demanded.

Hot tears stung her eyelids. "The Franklin Rehabilitation Plan." She couldn't stop. "They ought to hang out a shingle: Hearts Mended While You Wait. Try Our One-shot Summer Romance. Hot and Cold Running Tigers."

He shook her by the shoulders like a child he wanted to discipline. "Stop it!" he ordered. People turned to stare. He ignored them. "What makes you think everything is unreal, souped-up, faked?" She blinked. "If you'd hold still long enough to be yourself, someone might want to catch up with you!"

"I keep running to keep from falling," she blazed back. "I can't hide between the covers of a book!"

They stood toe to toe. "That's only an alibi. You're scared!"

"All right! So I'm scared. What's your excuse?" Her voice shook. "Life isn't so simple on this side of the ivy."

The music stopped. Tony gave her a long look. She flushed, turned, and blindly plunged into the crowd where one of her needle-thin heels jammed between the metal bars of a street grating and wrenched off. He caught up with her just in time to break her fall.

Tony helped her to the curb. She teetered there feeling like a fool. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Maybe both. I really blew it, she thought. I certainly revealed myself! I wouldn't blame him if he never spoke to me again. She suddenly felt cold. She shivered. Tony guided her out of the crowd and across the street. They limped away from the dance in silence. Two blocks away, they sat down on a bench.

His voice was low. "Life is only simple for simple people. Harriet. Maybe they're the lucky ones. Like Tish. The rest of us must pound it out for ourselves, as you said the other day, the hard way." He sighed. "Naturally she asked me to be nice to you." Harriet flinched. His arm tightened. "But give me credit for a couple of ideas of my own, will you?" He drew her closer. "Like this," he said, and kissed her.

Harriet closed her eyes, marveling at the warm sweetness of his lips. "And this," he added. He kissed her again. The thrill of discovery shot through her body like a golden arrow. "I could go on from here," he said, spacing his words for emphasis, "and nobody told me to. I want to. This is the beginning."

She touched his face with her hand. "I like your first chapter."

He kissed the palm of her hand. "I wonder how it comes out?"

"I can't tell yet."

"Boy gets girl?"

She smiled. "Not very original."

"It's good biology."

"Yes, teacher." When she looked up, she saw that his eyes were gold in the dark.

Was it the sunburn? The white sheath? The broken heel? What catapulted her into his arms? Their mutual need? Harriet never knew. But as Tish sensibly points out, it doesn't matter. It all came out all right. She knew it would. She pried that spindly head loose to make sure.

END





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**You... marvelous in mauve**

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reds-pinks	ivory	natural	natural	tawny
oranges-yellows	golden	golden	golden	bronze
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browns-black	pink	ivory	blushing	tawny
white-neutrals	natural	tawny	blushing	tan



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# MEALS OF THE MONTH

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN MAY

## Timely Tips

When serving avocado with a dip for a party appetizer, carve out the top of a grapefruit so that a small liner of a salt dish will fit into the cavity and fill the dish with the dip. Spear the cubes of avocado with toothpicks and set them into the grapefruit rind.

Use a wire whip for folding beaten egg whites or whipped cream or partially set gelatine into mixtures. This utensil is also useful for stirring cream sauces and puddings to prevent lumping or curdling.

Add chopped figs to whole cranberry sauce to serve with baked chicken or ham.

**Tuna asparagus Hollandaise:** heat together 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 pound diced process cheese, 1/2 cup milk and 1 can cream of celery soup until cheese melts. Add 1 can tuna fish, drained and flaked, and chopped parsley and heat 2 minutes longer. Serve on toasted buttered waffles with fresh asparagus.



## Recipe of the Month

### Butterscotch Coffecake

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
4 tsp baking powder  
1/2 tsp salt  
1/3 cup sugar  
1/2 tsp nutmeg  
1/3 cup butter  
1 egg, beaten  
1 cup milk  
1 tsp vanilla

Spread 3/4 cup butterscotch sundae topping on a well-buttered 8x8-inch pan. Sprinkle with 1/4 cup brown sugar. Sift first five ingredients together and cut in the butter. Stir in egg, milk and vanilla mixed together. Drop half the mixture by tablespoons into the prepared pan. Sprinkle with streusel mixture (made by mixing 1/3 cup brown sugar, 2 tbs flour, 1 1/2 tsp cinnamon, 2 tbs butter, 1/3 cup chopped nuts), and add remaining batter. Bake at 400F for 30 minutes. Cool 5 minutes then invert. Decorate with glazed cherries, coconut and nuts.

## DINNERS OF THE MONTH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1 Baked Liver Loaf Tomato Sauce Baked Potato Kernel Corn Chocolate Sponge Roll	2 Assorted Cold Cuts Lyonnaise Potatoes Asparagus Apricot Sponge Custard Sauce	3 Baked Veal Cutlet Currant Jelly Whipped Potatoes Green Beans Sherbet, Brownies	4 Braised Short Ribs Buttered Noodles Leeks au Gratin Tossed Green Salad Pineapple Bavarian	5 Broiled Beef Patty Hot Chili Sauce Pan Fried Potatoes Broccoli Tapioca Cream	6 Sea-food Newburg Rice with Walnuts Chef's Salad Crispy Rolls Rhubarb Pie
7 Roast Chicken Giblet Gravy Parsley Potatoes Glazed Carrots Strawberry Sundae	8 Broiled Ham Slice Raisin Sauce Rissolè Potatoes Cauliflower Date Torte	9 Beef Chow Mein Crispy Noodles Green Peas Caesar Salad Butter Tart	10 Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Maple Spicecake	11 Baked Veal Kidney Spanish Sauce Baked Stuffed Potato Spinach Lemon Sponge Pudding	12 Deep Fried Scallops Caper Sauce French Fried Potatoes Harvard Beets Fruit Jelly, Cookies	13 Chicken Tetrastini Tossed Salad Green Beans & Almonds French Stick Cherry Cheesecake
14 Baked Cottage Roll Pineapple Glaze Delmonico Potatoes Asparagus Peach Shortcake	15 Ham Croquettes Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Apple Pie	16 Swiss Steak Onion Gravy Hash Browned Potatoes Cauliflower Caramel Custard	17 Tamale Pie Green Peas Chef's Salad Rhubarb Compote Ice-box Cookies	18 Ocean Perch Lemon Butter Rissolè Potatoes Buttered Carrots Banana Cream Pie	19 Chicken Stew Herb Dumplings Dandelion Greens Gingerbread Hard Sauce	20 Barbecued Spareribs Baked Potato Spinach Apricot Upside-down cake
21 Roast Beef Pan Gravy Roast Potatoes Cauliflower Raspberry Pie	22 Family Picnic Cold Cuts, Relishes Chicken Legs, Salad Rye Bread Date Squares, Fruit	23 Breaded Liver Fried Onion Rings Whipped Potatoes Chef's Salad Angel Cake, Pears	24 Hungarian Goulash Buttered Noodles Green Beans Prune Whip Lemon Sauce	25 Baked Sausages Individual Pizzas Caesar Salad Rhubarb Crisp Whipped Cream	26 Poached Salmon Tartare Sauce Parsley Potatoes Pickled Beets Cherry Pie	27 Veal Chops Spanish Rice Kernel Corn Fresh Fruit Cup Frosted Cupcakes
28 Chicken Pie Butter Crust Broccoli Hot Rolls Butterscotch Parfait	29 Minute Steaks Sautéed Mushrooms Pan Fried Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Lime Chiffon Pie	30 Hot Pickled Tongue Hot Mustard Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Beets Pineapple Cookies	31 Shepherd's Pie Green Peas Chef's Salad Raisin Square Ice Cream			

## BREAKFASTS AND LUNCHES FOR EVERY DAY

Breakfast						
Stewed Rhubarb Cheese Omelet Toasted Scones Honey Coffee Cocoa	Orange Juice Hot-out Cereal Broiled Bacon Toast Jam Milk Tea	Spiced Prunes Ready-to-eat Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Spice Buns Coffee Milk	Grapefruit Half Apple Pancakes Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Blended Fruit Juice Shredded Wheat Scrambled Egg Toast Coffee Milk	Fruit Cup Hot Farina Eggnog Cinnamon Toast Tea Milk	Apricot Nectar French Toast Red Currant Jelly Sausages Coffee Hot Chocolate
Pineapple Juice Chicken Sandwich Green Salad Frosted Layer Cake Ice Cream	Hearty Vegetable Soup Hot Cheese Biscuits Chef's Salad Vanilla Milk Shake	Tomato Juice Toasted Bacon Sandwich Coleslaw Caramel Pudding	Asparagus Soup Cold Meat Salad Crisp Relishes Shred Banana Custard Sauce	Apple Juice Welsh Rarebit on Toast Points Vegetable Jelly Pears, Brownies	Mushroom Soup Salmon Salad on a Bun Tossed Salad Date Turnovers	Vegetable Juice Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Lettuce Wedge Fruit Jelly

Lunch

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



*Greet the  
warmer  
weather  
with  
breeze-  
cool*

## FROZEN SALADS

Tho' frozen salads are easy, their elegant look will do you proud. And their smooth texture and taste are glorified by Miracle Whip... light, lively, with over 20 spices giving subtly delicious flavor. You get *more* flavor from every spoonful of Miracle Whip!

### THERE'S a NEW WHISPER of ZEST in NEW KRAFT MAYONNAISE

... the reason, **pure lemon juice**, just the right amount, beaten in a certain way! You'll find Kraft Mayonnaise so tastefully different—taste it on fruit salads!



#### FROSTED OLIVE CHEESE SALAD

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped stuffed olives |
| 1 8-oz. package Philadelphia Cream Cheese     | 1 tablespoon lemon juice                 |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped ripe olives         | $\frac{2}{3}$ cup heavy cream, whipped   |
|   | Tomato wedges                            |

Gradually add Miracle Whip to cream cheese, blending until smooth. Velvety Miracle Whip blends beautifully. Add olives and lemon juice. Fold in the whipped cream. Pour the mixture into a refrigerator freezing tray and freeze until firm. Slice and serve garnished with tomato wedges. 8 to 10 servings.

#### FROZEN FRUIT RING

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing      | 1 cup diced canned pears                    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, whipped | 1 cup diced canned peaches                  |
| Few drops green food coloring          | 1 cup well-drained canned crushed pineapple |
|  | Leaf lettuce                                |

Combine Miracle Whip and whipped cream. Fold in a few drops of green food coloring to tint light green. Fold in the fruit, all well-drained. Pour into 6-cup ring mold and freeze until firm. Unmold, and serve on lettuce. 4 to 6 servings.

**SERVE A SALAD EVERY DAY**

## THE HOSPITAL WOMEN BUILT

Continued from page 37

Women's College Hospital was only 26 per 1,000 live births, compared to 31.2 for the province of Ontario, and 33.3 for the whole of Canada. Last year the Women's College Hospital rate was even lower — only 22.1 per 1,000 live births.

Three years ago monthly meetings were inaugurated, at which staff doctors pool their knowledge of infants who are stillborn, or who die within a week after birth. "We learn from our own mistakes and the mistakes of others," says the Chief Obstetrician.

Tonight a three-pound "preemie" stretches in a temperature-controlled, humidity-controlled, germ-free isolette, with a porthole in the side through which he can be bathed, changed, and even fed.

### In 1911, \$7 a week

**2.45 a.m.** Hurrying in starched efficiency past the big kitchens, and still in reminiscent mood, Mrs. Amman impulsively steps inside for a word with the night chef, who is busy making custards and jellies for tomorrow. She recalls Clara Dixon's stories of the tomato soup and blancmange that used to be standard hospital fare, and thinks of the liquid diets, low-fat diets, sodium diets and diabetic diets that keep a kitchen staff busy today.

Glancing at dozens of automatic appliances, she recalls the tale of a long-ago cook who quit her job and took all her own pots and pans with her. The Board of Governors had to hold an emergency meeting to vote eleven dollars so someone could dash out and buy replacements in time for dinner.

In 1911 a nurse was paid seven dollars for a six-day week and spent Sunday rolling bandages. If an extra patient turned up, she slept on the floor. Today, a private duty nurse gets fifteen dollars for an eight-hour shift, and student nurses live comfortably in Burton Hall, a modern residence named for C. L. Burton, CBE, who is Honorary Chairman of the Board of Directors of Simpson's Limited and who headed a recent campaign for hospital funds.

Young Mrs. Amman is aware it was a different world in 1911. Operations were usually performed at home. A

private hospital room cost five dollars a week. Victorian prudery persisted, and many a desperately sick woman preferred to die rather than expose her anatomy to the gaze of a male doctor. Physiotherapy was virtually unknown. Dr. Elizabeth Stewart, recently retired from Women's College Hospital, was the first Canadian woman to specialize in the promising new field of radiology. Marie Curie had just isolated radium and William Osler was teaching a controversial method of bedside teaching.

A new field of surgery was emerging in the transference of tissues from one part of the body to another, but there were no biopsies, and many a healthy organ was probably removed "just in case." Anything other than a common cold was apt to be fatal; diphtheria or diabetes was the kiss of death, "galloping consumption" carried women off overnight, and smallpox marked them for life. Childbed infections were frequent; "fallen wombs" commonplace. Any old lady with a fractured limb was kept in bed, where, as a result of prolonged inactivity, she was apt to contract pneumonia and die. The science of geriatrics was unborn.

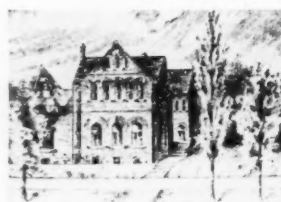
Pacing the corridors of today's modern hospital, with its complex lab equipment, its scientific X-ray rooms where a fractured leg can be filmed in one-twentieth of a second, its well-stocked pharmacy stocked with antibiotics, its patients who are urged to get up and about within days of an operation, Mrs. Amman agrees with Dave Wilson, the operating-room orderly who for years was the only man around the hospital, "Times sure have changed in fifty years." She wonders what suffragette Augusta Stowe, the first woman to get her medical degree in Canada (in 1883), would have thought of male students being taught by female physicians; male interns striding the halls; and the possibility that this summer, because of a shortage of women doctors with the fellowship degree required of a teaching hospital by the university, Women's College Hospital will probably amend its constitution to permit a male doctor to join its active staff.

### Surgery in the morning

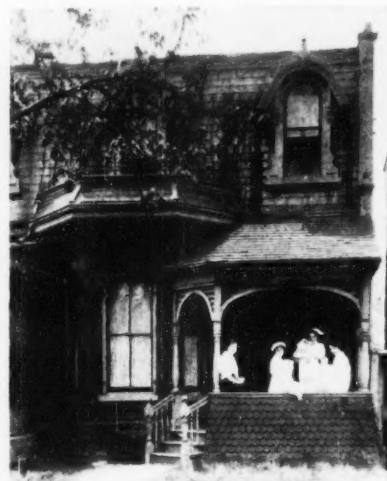
**3 a.m.** Mrs. Amman is still making the rounds. She stops for a word with the staff nurse of the isolation ward, calls an intern for a postoperative case whose blood pressure appears to be falling, and stops for a reassuring

## Women's College Hospital —

how it grew from a suffragettes' dream to a unique and imposing giant



In 1883 the Ontario Medical College for Women (above) opened in Toronto to train women in medicine. It graduated 128.



In 1911 Women's College Hospital was launched in this old house (right), bought for \$3,500 and with room for seven beds. Patients paid what they could.



In 1915 hospital moved to these larger quarters, offering 25 beds, 10 cots. The building cost \$21,000 and an additional \$3,000 was spent on alterations.



Today Women's College Hospital looks like this. Original building was completed in 1935, additions were made later. The hospital accommodates 279 beds, 103 bassinets, as well as clinics.



First nurse employed at hospital was Clara E. Dixon. At left, in 1911. At right, as she helped lay the cornerstone of nurses' residence in 1955.



word with a sleepless patient who is slated for morning surgery.

The admitting desk recalls her to the lobby, where a young couple have just made their excited entrance. Waving the husband to the desk to sign his wife in, and ringing for a nurse and a wheel chair, she wonders once again why so many babies prefer to be born in the middle of the night.

Contrary to the belief of many people, Women's College Hospital is a general hospital, and only twenty-five percent of its admissions are maternity cases. Gynecology comes next, then general surgery, then medicine. A short-term psychiatric unit was recently organized. Its Out Patient Department, embracing eighteen different specialty clinics, is one of the largest in Ontario. Last year, patients who could not afford private doctors made 20,955 visits to the General Practice Clinic, which functions five days a week.

#### A new baby on the Tenth

**3.15 a.m.** On the tenth floor things are humming. The young husband has arrived upstairs to hold his wife's hand in the labor room. Nurses stand by, the anesthetist is ready, the obstetrician arrives and, after a brief examination, the patient is wheeled quickly into the bright delivery room.

Because proper anesthesia is important in childbirth (the problem is to cloak the pain without slowing up labor or injuring the baby) Women's College Hospital is studying different forms of birth relief, and maintains an anesthetic clinic where patients are examined and questioned to discover any adverse condition that might affect the use of anesthesia. Only four or five women a month refuse any anesthetic. ("Natural childbirth," as it's called," says the Chief of Obstetrics, "requires that the patient knows what is happening and is able to co-operate with the doctor, and that labor proceeds normally, without any need for forceps.") The hospital disapproves of medical inductions, unless absolutely necessary, and attempts to keep Caesarian deliveries "at a reasonable level." Currently, the Department of Obstetrics and the Department of Medicine are engaged in a ten-year joint study on the relationship between urinary infection and the toxemia of pregnancy.

**4 a.m.** The young father in the tenth floor waiting room knows nothing of all this. Enough for him that his wife has come through her ordeal safely and presented him with a seven-pound



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daughter. Happily he staggers home to bed.

The night supervisor sees the new infant off to the nursery and its mother into the recovery room, where a specially qualified nurse will watch over her. Then she drinks a quick coffee with the doctors, and is off again. There's that woman in the oxygen tent to see . . . They want her in the nursery where a baby is having a blue spell . . . There are a couple of cancer patients she must visit . . .

**5.30 a.m.** A staff doctor telephones that an emergency appendectomy is on its way. The operating room is readied, the anesthetist brought back. The scene shifts to the ninth floor. The night passes.

**7 a.m.** Suddenly it's morning on Grenville Street. The night staff prepares to go off duty.

The intravenous nurse appears with a little wagon — blood tests for those on the operation list. In an aseptic room on the third floor a supervisor watches student nurses—capped, gowned, masked and scrubbed — as they make up five hundred bottles of baby formula for the two nurseries. In the kitchen the first breakfast trays are loaded on hot carts for the obstetrical floor, where breakfast must be over in time to nurse babies.

### "Were your meals hot?"

Although Mrs. Amman, handing in her night reports at 7.30 a.m. has now officially "worked Wednesday," for most patients Wednesday only begins about that time, when a blue-uniformed student nurse swings cheerfully into their room with a basin of warm water and a good morning.

If the water isn't warm or the nurse isn't cheerful, the hospital wants to know about it. During the past few years it has inaugurated several surveys on patient comfort and only last spring sent queries to seven hundred ex-patients. Simple questions: Was your call bell answered promptly? Were your meals hot? Was the maid who cleaned your room neat and pleasant? Were there noises that disturbed you?

In this hospital, where "the woman's touch" is considered important, nurses sing carols by candlelight through the halls on Christmas morning, patients have their own daily paper, The Bed-side Reporter, and anybody with a birthday gets a cake with one candle on it. "Thanks for the meals," a grateful patient wrote Miss Macham recent-

ly, "But those fruit salads! That chicken gravy! Alas, I gained four pounds!"

**8 a.m.** For many patients, morning means treatment of one kind or another.

On the second floor, the X-ray Department is lining up patients for fluoroscopies and barium enemas. In a little while Dr. Elizabeth Forbes, Chief Radiologist, will don her protective red glasses and spend the morning alternating between two rooms. In a modern hospital just about everything is X-rayed: gall bladders, ulcers, suspicious lesions, fractures, kidneys, and some neurological diseases. Obstetrical cases are exempt, but if labor doesn't progress normally a patient may be referred for an X ray of the pelvis.

"Everything filters through here sooner or later," says Dr. Forbes.

On 3-South, the psychiatric ward, a nurse has just finished giving injections of subcoma insulin to a group of anxious patients. Now they lie in a darkened room, drowsing at subcoma level, where repressed and forgotten feelings lie. Hopefully, they will retain something from the experience which can later be treated during psychotherapy. At 9.30 Dr. Lois Plumb or her assistant, Dr. Betty Steiner, will bring them out of their sleep with intravenous glucose, in time for a group breakfast and occupational therapy.

### An ominous procedure

About that same time, a new group of patients will line up for electroconvulsion treatment, designed to lift depression. Ten years ago this was an ominous procedure, given without a muscle relaxant and usually without

sedatives. Patients had seizures, fell off beds and injured themselves. Today all that is changed. Later today these same patients will go downtown to a movie, or be taken for a swim at the nearby YWCA.

The psychiatric unit, now in its fifth year of operation, was a dream for years before it happened. Designed for short-term treatment (maximum: three months) its patients include new mothers, "post-partum depressives," who come down from the obstetrical floor or return several months after the birth of a child; married women in their thirties whose troubles are accentuated by passive husbands; and single females approaching the menopause, who are too dependent and closely attached to their families to escape, but resentful, suspicious, angry, and finally unable to cope. Some need straight psychiatric help; others are sustained by supportive counseling. For some, just being in hospital helps.

**8.05 a.m.** The first operations are getting under way: a difficult obstetrical case demanding Caesarian section; a little girl for a tonsillectomy (Women's College Hospital maintains a small pediatric ward on the eighth floor that accommodates four children); a heavy woman in her fifties with a bad case of varicose veins; and a case of suspected malignancy, which brings Chief Pathologist Alice Gray hurrying up from her lab to do a "quick section" — a form of biopsy that will tell the story in a couple of minutes. Of the 4,245 operations performed last year at the Women's College Hospital, one third were major surgery — mostly abdominal or breast cancer. Because breast removals are fairly common in any women's hospital, a clinical study of all patients treated for the disease by staff surgeons is under way.

### Operation with an audience

On a busy day all seven operating rooms may be kept busy. Toronto has only three women general surgeons with a fellowship degree, and all of them are on the staff of this hospital. Today Dr. Olive Ibberson, the youngest of them, is operating on a young mother of four children who has lately complained of a constant dragging feeling, and pain when she coughs. The diagnosis is a bilateral, ephemeral hernia and a gallery of second-year medical students watches engrossed as the masked doctor makes her first neat incision.

Continued on page 94



By Eveleen Dollery, Chatelaine Beauty Editor

“How do you look—coming and going?”

This is the way to find out: Stand in front of a full-length, two-way mirror and take a long look at yourself. Be brave, for this may be a shock. Stand in your normal posture and check your image, head to toe. Then ask yourself these questions — and answer honestly:

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- Does my make-up look natural?
- Is my expression interesting?
- Do my hands look well cared for?
- Do I slump?
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Continued from page 92

"People think it's the surgeon who's the big gun," an anesthetist remarked recently. "but it's really the girl with the anesthesia — she's the one who's got to get the patient safely off the operating table." Once, putting a patient to sleep was a simple matter of clamping an ether mask over her face. Then came cyclopropane, spinals, muscle relaxants and nonexplosive fluothane. Today a patient doesn't even breathe for herself: the anesthetist, busily pumping a little black bag, actually does it for her. Modern anesthesia is a science, fascinating some doctors, leaving others cold, and requiring a steady hand, watchful eyes, and a temperament that remains calm in a crisis. (An experienced anesthetist recently confessed she still gets butterflies in her stomach when a patient, just before going under, prays out loud that she won't make any fatal errors!)

### "Men clamor to get in"

Several years ago commentator Kate Aitken informed her radio audience, "Men clamor to get into Women's College Hospital." This is something of an overstatement. True, when the night patrolman of a tough Toronto beat got a bad case of gallstones, he insisted that Chief Surgeon Dr. Jessie Gray should remove them. It seems he had got to know her when she worked nights at Toronto General Hospital and was impressed by her skill with accident cases. When a Washington executive developed pneumonia on a visit to Toronto, his hostess, Mrs. Viola MacMillan, president of the Prospectors and Developers Association, found him a bed in Women's College Hospital, from which he wired his anxious wife. "Stay where you are. The one thing I don't need is another woman." But later he changed his mind and urged his American friends to take a plane for Grenville Street the minute they felt pneumonia coming on. Dr. Marjorie Davis, Associate Chief of Surgery, recently operated on an out-of-town male patient who came to her on the recommendation of his sister.

Nevertheless, male admissions to Women's College Hospital constitute less than two percent.

Most of the men who have played an invaluable role in the hospital's history have been more or less invisible: the thirty professors and doctors on the consulting staff, the seven male members of the current Board of Governors (total membership: twenty-

eight), the numerous wealthy Torontonians who contributed financial support or made bequests, the baker's dozen of broad-minded medical men who dared to lend active encouragement.

9 a.m. The woman generally known as the busiest person in the hospital, administrator Dorothy Macham, arrives, hangs up her hat, and looks up to find somebody standing in her doorway.

It may be Jessie Young, Director of Nursing, to discuss the case of the student nurse who climbed on a table



### LARCENY

*I have been put upon by thieves!  
I have been swindled of a song!*

*Who stole the fairy from the  
glen?*

*What huckster sold her gleam-  
ing wings?*

*Which rustler roped the unicorn  
To make a powder of his horn?  
Who trapped the trolls from out  
the fen?*

*What miserable wretched spawn  
Has poisoned every leprechaun?  
Who bludgeoned Ariel and Puck  
And trampled Venus in the  
muck?*

*The Fact is king, the Lute lies  
low;*

*I have been cheated of a dream.*

BY RAY MIZER



to open a window and inadvertently smashed a glass of water containing a patient's dentures. Or the husband of a cranky patient to ask if his wife can have a different roommate. Or Chief Engineer Bernard Dupuis to announce a fire drill. Or Miss Macham's assistant, Mary Finger, to discuss purchase of a new operating table.

The telephone rings, and it may be Chief Dietician Mrs. Muriel Patterson, to inform her that two of the kitchen maids have given notice. Or the parking attendant to ask who owns the '57 Plymouth that's parked in the doctors' lot. Or Mrs. Ernest Bogart, President of the Board, to remind her of some matter coming up at today's monthly board meeting. Or just somebody who wants four tickets for the Golden Anniversary Dinner.

While she's sorting out problems,

the hospital is a hive of assorted industries.

9.15 a.m. Thanks to the Atkinson Foundation, Women's College Hospital has a particularly well-equipped lab, and pathologist Dr. Alice Gray, director of the laboratory, who supervises a staff of forty, calls her work "the best job in the place, the most fun, the most exciting."

She explains: "A lab, like an X-ray department, is a valuable diagnostic service. Doctors drop in to talk over their patients. We're the interpreters. It's hard to dispute what you can see with your own eyes. A sample of the cord blood of every baby comes down here to be tested, and a sample of tissue from every miscarriage. We prepare blood for transfusions, test the infants' formulas and make sure the operating rooms are sterile. We've recently set up an isolation unit on the fifth floor to identify any infection a patient may have, and prevent its spread. We have our finger in most of the pies."

Occasionally, when a patient dies, Dr. Gray or her senior intern is likely to perform an autopsy, to determine the cause of death and whether it could have been prevented. She cannot understand the attitude of sentimental relatives who refuse permission for such an examination. "Think of the knowledge we may gain, that may help to save another life," she says wistfully. Most patients are already well known to the lab, through a blood smear that indicates leukemia, or a biopsy that shows up malignant tissue, or a bacteria count that reveals infection, or chemical tests that hint at metabolic disorders.

### Diagnosis: diabetes

The lab plays an important role in the detection of disease. Recently, for instance, a patient slated for a hysterectomy complained of a vaginal irritation. Dr. Ricky Schachter, a dermatologist, examined her and discovered an infection. Asked to help identify the infection, the lab made several routine tests, which uncovered the fact that, unknown to herself, the patient was a diabetic. Consultation by the pathologist, the surgeon and the dermatologist resulted in postponement of the operation until the disease could be brought under control.

9.30 a.m. On a Wednesday the Out Patient Department is in full operation and the halls of the hospital an-

Continued on page 96





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Continued from page 94  
nex are jammed by women of all ages.

In the General Practice Clinic an elderly woman with cardiac disease, who has been appearing regularly for thirty years, is given her usual prescription for drugs.

In the psycho-medicine clinic a young wife who fears she may be frigid is having her first interview with a sympathetic physician.

In the neurology clinic a doctor taps the knees and tests the grip of a middle-aged woman who complains of numbness.

In the eye clinic an ophthalmologist tests the vision of a new patient who complains of fuzzy vision.

In the diabetic clinic an excitable little European woman describes, through an interpreter, her recent and frightening loss of weight. Today, diabetics are permitted an almost normal diet except for sweets. The doctor tells her clinic patient to leave jams, jellies, sugar and rich desserts off her plate, and to return for further examination.

Later in the day there will be clinics in anesthesia, surgery and arthritis. (Since osteoarthritis is accentuated by the menopause, a fair number of clinic patients are middle-aged. They will be treated with aspirin, heat therapy and rest, with possible wax baths in the physical-therapy department.)

A "special clinic" for venereal disease is held on Wednesday night, although today, thanks to penicillin, the incidence of syphilis is low. Gonorrhea remains a problem.

Other clinics in operation during the week include obstetrics and gynecology, allergy, dental, infertility, ear-nose-and-throat, tuberculosis, urology and dermatology — the latter a particularly busy clinic attended by university students, wards of the Children's Aid Society with teen-age acne, and referrals from the Cancer Detection Clinic.

### Urgent treatment needed

**10 a.m.** Around the corner in a converted house on Grosvenor Street, fifteen patients are arriving by appointment for a medical checkup, including X rays, that will cost them eighteen dollars. The Cancer Detection Clinic, organized by the late Dr. Marion Hilliard and Dr. Florence McConney, is a unique well-woman clinic designed to stress the importance of early detection and treatment. Applicants with established symptoms are not accepted. Last year eleven of the 2,581

women examined in this clinic were discovered to have cancer. A clinic report was dispatched immediately to their own doctors, with a recommendation for urgent treatment.

In its early stage, points out Dr. Henrietta Banting, who heads the clinic today, cancer is easy to treat by radio therapy or surgery. Skin cancer, the commonest form of the disease, is a hundred percent curable if detected early enough. Cervical cancer, usually striking at women in the thirty-five to fifty age group, is eighty percent curable if found early, but the chance of a cure drops sharply if treatment is postponed. The prognosis for breast cancer is less hopeful. Since the clinic began in 1948, 17,393 women have received 26,605 examinations. The fif-

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teen women lining up today have had to wait three months for their appointment.

**11 a.m.** The operations are still in full swing up on the ninth floor. Two new patients have signed in, the Records Office is busy with its files, and in the nurseries a dozen infants are screaming lustily for no special reason. Last night's new mother is having her first sun-lamp treatment and admiring her first flowers. In the corridors patients in kimonos walk up and down, getting their strength back. A social worker arrives to collect an infant whose unmarried mother has given him up for adoption.

**11.30 a.m.** The doctors are making their rounds, accompanied by interns and head nurses, and the switchboard is kept busy trying to locate them.

Elevator doors open and close, pharmaceutical supplies are carried everywhere, and patients await their doctors' daily visit.

There are eighty-seven physicians on the active staff of the hospital today, and they include representatives of a dozen European and Asiatic countries. Roughly half of them are married and most of these have families. Yet, if the younger ones are to be believed, there isn't an older doctor in the place who's too busy or self-centred to help and advise a junior.

### "Holding the doctor's hand"

A young physician who had her doubts about joining an institution run solely by women was pleasantly surprised by the lack of jealousy or tension she found at Women's College Hospital. She says, "Doctors here seem to have a real concern for the welfare of their patients, and a tremendous willingness to stand by each other. I've seen someone worrying over a very sick patient, and half a dozen of her colleagues will drift over, sort of casually, to offer whatever help they can. We call it 'holding the doctor's hand.'"

Dr. Bette Stephenson, Chief of the Department of General Practice and of the Out Patient Department, recently figured it out this way: "In a small hospital like ours, the impact of dedicated people is felt. Most of us are aware of what this hospital stood for, of the terrific battle it fought for our rights as women doctors, and the way it still does all it can to help us further our education and get ahead. Its reputation stands behind us and it's our responsibility now to see that it's one of the best hospitals in Toronto."

During the 1952 campaign to raise funds for a new wing and much-needed equipment, Women's College Hospital doctors were set a quota of fifty thousand dollars as their contribution. They raised sixty-five thousand dollars among them!

**Noon.** Lunch in the cafeteria for members of the hospital staff. Trays for the patients.

### MENU

- Green pea soup
- Choice of stuffed baked pepper squash or
- Corn and bacon casserole au gratin
- Pear and cottage cheese salad
- Baked apple or ice cream
- Tea or coffee

**1 p.m.** Doctors who are not lending their services today to the Out Patient clinics depart for an afternoon of pri-



vate practice. The clinics continue. Upstairs, in the wards, patients sleep. Administrator Macham, still trying to catch up on her correspondence, decides to "take ten" for a bite of lunch.

Finishing her rounds, Dr. Jean Davey, Chief of Medicine, stops for a word or two in the X-ray Department, where the chief radiologist is tacking films on a viewbox. Then she hurries down to the lab, where she glances with the chief pathologist at some diagnostic slides.

The radiologist will spend the rest of the afternoon dictating and mailing out X-ray reports (often a hundred a day). The pathologist is scheduled to discuss hospital infections with a group of lab technicians. The assistant dietician is off to address a group of nurses on the proper diet for gastrointestinal patients.

**2 p.m.** A beaming father arrives in a spanking-clean car, to pick up his wife and brand-new daughter. Smiles and congratulations all round.

**3 p.m.** Visitors arrive, and drift toward the gift shop in the lobby, run by an energetic hospital auxiliary which has cleared \$12,945 in the past year and recently sponsored its twenty-

eighth annual "January Nite" in aid of the hospital. (A Junior Auxiliary mans a mobile library for patients, and the recently disbanded Cradle Club is remembered for its purchases of delivery tables for the delivery rooms, hospital beds, incubators for the nursery, and old-fashioned rockers for babies at feeding time.) Because of its strongly feminist character, Women's College Hospital has received generous support from such women's service groups as the Zonta Club of Toronto, Soroptimists, Junior League, Quota Club, Alexander Muir Old Girls' Association, and the American Women's Club.

The Board of Governors and the medical staff of Women's College Hospital recently furnished a small room for prayer and meditation, in memory of the late Dr. Hilliard, for the relatives of very sick patients, and numerous oil paintings throughout the hospital commemorate other physicians who are remembered affectionately.

**4 p.m.** The kitchens are busy with the dinner trays. A student nurse is dispatched with a coffee wagon to the Board Room where the monthly meeting is in progress, and busy

Dorothy Macham stops taking minutes long enough to open the door and wheel it in. In the medical library on the ninth floor Research Co-ordinator Dr. Hilda Roberts of the anesthesia department is snatching a few precious moments to study the respiration of patients when they emerge from the operating room.

### Who says babies look alike?

**6 p.m.** Dinner over, the kitchens are engaged in washing up. A few doctors stop by for a reassuring look at their patients. An anesthetist makes the rounds, checking up on the operation list for next morning. Patients stroll the corridors or gather for conversation in their rooms. Radios play. The Pharmacy Department, which last year filled 51,338 prescriptions, locks up, leaving the evening supervisor to dispense antibiotics from an emergency store later in the evening.

**7-8 p.m.** Visitors — chiefly proud fathers and grandmothers. Activity in the nursery: who says all babies look alike when ours is so beautiful?

**9 p.m.** Evening nourishment, cookies and milk. Nurses measure out laxatives

and sedatives. The admitting office phones the evening supervisor that a doctor has ordered a private room, and there *are* no private rooms available. Also, an ambulance is on its way with an emergency appendix for surgery.

**9.30 p.m.** Two young couples appear simultaneously in the lobby and two mothers-to-be are hurriedly wheeled to the elevators. This is one of those nights when everything happens!

**10 p.m.** The appendix is out, and the patient safely in the Recovery Room. A nurse's aid makes fresh coffee for two obstetricians who wait in the tenth floor lounge. Obstetricians are always waiting.

**10.30 p.m.** The evening supervisor checks out, and the night staff comes on duty. An elderly woman with pneumonia requires an oxygen tent. A post-operative patient can't sleep. The night supervisor collects vital statistics from each nursing station for the admitting desk. Up on the tenth floor there is thin wailing and sudden excitement. The number of infants on the Mid-night Census has just gone up by two.

END

*For the woman  
who takes pride  
in being original...*

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Exclusive new "Catalogne" pattern in Chinese red and black.

## FLOORS BY DOMINION

# SHOPPING with CHATELAINE

BY CAROL TAYLOR



## Glass or crystal— what's the difference?

**What is the difference between crystal and glassware?** Basically this: crystal contains lead oxide and glass does not. The better the quality of the crystal the higher the content of lead will be. "Pure lead crystal" should contain the maximum amount of lead, which is thirty-eight percent. "Half-crystal" contains approximately twelve to fifteen percent lead. Different countries have different standards for crystal and glassware but in Canada any articles labeled as "crystal" contain lead. The American products known as "crystal glassware" or "everyday crystal" are actually glass.

Glassware is made in volume, by machine, and is therefore less expensive than crystal, which is a handmade product. The best quality of fragile crystal stemware is blown. Heavier articles such as plates and bowls of crystal are usually molded.

There are several methods of applying design to both crystal and glassware. The cost of a particular article, especially of crystal, will increase according to the amount of design applied. There are great variations in quality and price in plain blown crystal. "Cut" crystal is usually heavier than plain crystal because it must be thicker so that a pattern may be cut into it.

It is very difficult to apply paint or enamel to crystal; therefore painted glasses are usually made from glass. Crystal can be decorated with gold. Both glassware and half-crystal may have color added quite easily, but true crystal is difficult to color and color-decorated crystal is therefore expensive.

**Tapping crystal is not a true test for quality.** True crystal has a clear, bell-like sound when tapped, but the quality of the ring will depend on just how the tapping is done. A bell-like ring can also be produced from half-crystal if it is struck in just the right way. Crystal does have a characteristic sheen



Clarity and sheen are a truer test for crystal than listening for a "ring"—some glass can ring, too.

and clarity which will show up in comparison with half-crystal but not between different grades of true crystal. The best way to be sure of the quality of the crystal you are getting is to buy from a reliable dealer.

**When buying either crystal or glassware examine each piece carefully.** The edge should be smooth and regular. Place the piece on a flat surface to see that it has a level base and is well-balanced. In stemware, the bowl and base should be in proper proportion for graceful appearance and good balance. Check any applied design or pattern to see that there are no flaws in the pattern. Hold the piece up to the light to see if there are any noticeable waves, specks or bubbles. There is no such thing as a perfect piece of crystal or glassware but there should be a minimum of flaws. Avoid any article of pressed glass that has unusually prominent mold marks or ridges.

**Crystal should have clarity and lustre** when viewed against a pure white back-

ground and should be clear with no blue or cloudiness. Half-crystal will have a slightly bluish tinge. Colored half-crystal should have radiant tones from reflected light.

There is a great choice of crystal and glass type and design — selecting yours is a matter of personal preference, and will depend on the style of your other furnishings. Decorated glass tumblers are often sold by the set but most glassware and crystal is sold by the piece. As with china, "open stock" means only that you can buy the pieces individually, not that the pattern will be available for an indefinite period.

Glass and crystal are both quite delicate and should therefore be given special care. Use only mild suds and warm water for washing. Glasses should be stood upright when they are stored. Turning them upside down may chip the edges. If a piece of good crystal does get chipped, contact your dealer. He may be able to smooth it off — for less than you would pay for a new piece. END



*Look for this Chatelaine seal. It's your guide to good shopping value*

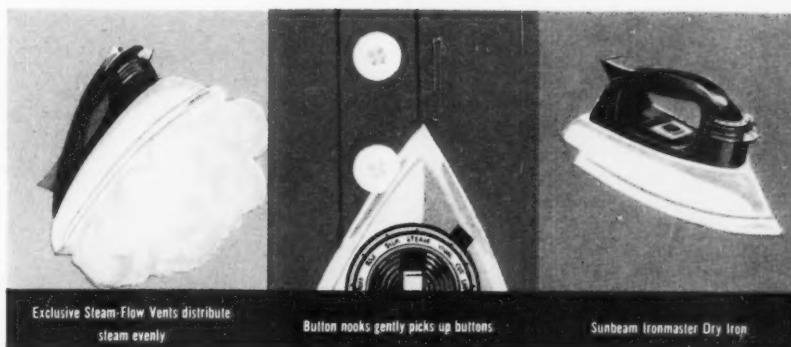


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## THE SECRET GIFT

Continued from page 45



compassion. "Arne, sometimes it helps to speak your worry out."

"Dad told me last night, he's going to marry Dora. Next Saturday. Don't you think it's high time for me to get out from under the parental roof?"

He saw the woman's eyes widen with shock, saw the rush of emotion, the inevitable personal question that came with it in spite of her.

"It won't change anything here," he went on quickly. "He says Dora is very happy not to have to bother running the house. And he's looking forward to your help with the kids. She's got a couple of girls by a previous marriage. So don't think you're going to be eased out."

"You really set on leavin'?" She searched his face. Abruptly she said, "I wisht you'd wait a while."

"I don't care. If I get incorporated into the new pattern of things here, I'll never be able to shake it."

From upstairs came the sound of steps along the hallway.

"You want some eggs?"

Steps coming downstairs now.

"How 'bout a cup of coffee?"

"No thanks," he said.

"Well, I'll have one!" Warren Hildebrand walked into the room, clapped Arne on the shoulder by way of greeting. There could be no doubt of their kinship—both cut from the same cloth, although Warren Hildebrand's girth looked a little loose compared to Arne's long-limbed compactness.

"I have something to discuss with you," Hildebrand took the cup of steaming black coffee.

The colored woman gave Arne an anxious glance. "I reckon I'll go out back, pull some flowers 'fore it gets hot."

The screen door had hardly slammed behind her when Hildebrand turned to his son solemnly. "Boy, this concerns Dora's children. I'm afraid we've got something tough on our hands."

The use of the "we" made Arne wince inwardly. "Look, Dad," he said, "I think the further I stay out of your new situation, the better. As a matter of fact, I've been thinking . . . I've got to get out and find a job."

"Oh good Lord, not that!" groaned his father in agonized tones. Then, calming a little, he said, "Arne, it's decent of you to offer to take a back seat in your own home, but I won't have it."

"It's not a question of a back seat . . ."

"Listen to me, son. I know you're restless these days. When I come back from the wedding trip, we'll talk about it. But right now, I'm the one who needs help."

"Right now? I thought everything was all planned out up to next fall."

"So did I. Dora and I thought we'd have a good six weeks of freedom, with the girls both scheduled to go off to camp. So of course," he threw up his hands in an angry gesture, "Clementine has fixed things."

"Clementine? That's the dark-haired girl—the younger one?"

"Yes. Only in sixth grade and already a problem for the psychiatrist. Strange child, Arne. She has a way of just sitting and looking at you. But I must say she never struck me as the violent type. So I tell you I was shocked when I went over to Dora's last evening and she told me Clem broke a window at school yesterday."

"Broke a window! How?"

"Heaved a rock through it. She didn't run away or try to deny it. But she refuses to say why she did it." He broke off abruptly. "This strikes you as funny?"

"Dad, didn't you ever get a yen to heave a brick through a nice big sheet of plate glass?"

Hildebrand stared at him astounded. "Well, I never did it!" Then quickly he added, "Of course you've got a turn of mind that's more complicated than mine. Maybe you can see some cause and effect here. You have a remarkable understanding of some things. You'd have made a crackerjack teacher . . ."

He checked, frowning. "Sorry, I didn't mean to open old wounds. But I guess that was why I'd hoped you would take Clem in hand while we're gone. Dora's afraid to send the child to camp."

"But, Dad! I can't just take over some strange youngster."

"You'd have complete authority to take any steps you think necessary—discipline, punishment. I'm not going to have a recalcitrant child around this house. Berenice will come out all right. After all, she's fifteen, beginning to be reasonable. But I'm afraid Clem is going to have to be dealt with in stronger terms than reason. You won't let me down, will you?"

For an instant, Arne saw the pulsing, tremulous uncertainty that quivered in his father's face.

"All right, Dad," he said quietly. "She can come here, I guess we'll make out." Reaching back to where the crutches were propped against the radiator, he got himself onto them with the agility of long practice.

He hauled himself up the stairs, his big shoulders and long arms making easy work of it. On the landing he paused beside the window, eyeing the clean flawless glass longingly.

THE SUMMER mounted all that week until, by Friday afternoon, the heat rose off the streets in shimmering waves. In the school buildings, the stagnant air only added to the unnatural hush of empty halls. It was especially close in the small room where Clem sat writing carefully in pen and ink upon sheets of lined white paper.

She didn't mind the heat, of course. It was necessary, considering the orders she had given her major-domo. She glanced up, her imagination sweeping away the table and the yellow oak chairs. Instead, she saw an execution chamber alive with activity. Tall men dressed in black and wearing black masks moved about, heaping wood on the fires.

She turned back to her writing. As Queen, she had to make out the Orders of Execution—one for each of them—Miss Deeds, Miss Sculla, Mrs. Farrow. They would be brought in one by one, hoisted over the sizzling coals and then turned slowly, like the meat on the barbecue spit, until they died, screaming.

She took a fresh sheet of paper and began to write on it carefully: "I shall respect public property and learn to curb my destructive impulses. I shall respect . . ." All the sound in the room was the scratch of her pen, and the noiseless scuttling of the huge rats that infested the dungeon.

It was after four o'clock, and Clem, her sentence finished, sat, waiting, when she heard the quick tap of high heels along the hallway.

When her mother came into the office, Clem got a curious feeling, as if she were looking at a stranger. Until just recently, she'd always taken for granted that her mother was beautiful and fairly smart and quite old. She'd be forty next fall. And that's what made it all suddenly seem so unbecoming. Those little curls and the way

she was dressing lately! That low-necked yellow organdy was certainly no kind of dress for an older woman. Clem thought if she were a mother, she'd wear a blue silk suit with a little blue hat with a veil. That big straw leghorn of Mother's looked just terrible. And the tiny little matchstick French heels—she never used to wear shoes like that.

She was smiling now, sort of fawning all over Miss Deeds who looked very stiff and goody.

"I hope Clementine has learned her lesson," Miss Deeds was saying, almost as if she were scolding Mother. "I presume that you are continuing her discipline at home."

It struck Clem that this was none of her business. She hoped Mother would say so. But no, she was babbling along . . .

"Yes indeed! Clem is going to pay for the window out of her horseback-riding allowance."

The strangeness that Clem felt for her mother flared up again at the words, although the real feverish, desperate hatred had burnt down to coals these last three days since the punishment had been pronounced.

Finally it was over and she was walking down the hall and outside with this strange woman in the yellow organdy. Clem was just as glad it had happened this way or she'd never have guessed how cruel her mother really was. Of course, it was partly Warren's fault. Her mother had never been this way until she had started going with him.

They got into the car, but her mother didn't start it at once, just sat looking at her, worried. "Dear, I wish you'd tell me what this is all about. You seem so unhappy. I know it's hard for a girl your age to change—to accept a whole new family group, but it is going to be nice . . ."

On and on, Clem tried to look as though she were listening, but it was so much the same as what Mother had said every day since she told them she was getting married. Married. At her age! Clem writhed inside with distaste. Getting married was for girls and young men. Not mothers. And old white-haired fogies like Warren. Every time her mother looked at him with that mooney look, it made Clem squirm.

"And actually it's very lucky for all of us, because the insurance money isn't much to live on, and you and Berenice can have nicer clothes, and go to . . . well, maybe next year you'll go to a private school."

Go ahead. Make your plans.

Her mother sighed and started the car. "Well, dear, I hope you'll try to get over this. It . . . it means a very great deal to me, to have everything go well."

There were little catches in Mother's voice, as if she were about to cry. Callously Clem wondered if this were an act. So her mother wanted her to cheer up? With all the rules and regulations that had been laid down, about being good while they were gone and doing everything Arne said.

"Is Arn like Warren?" she asked abruptly.

"I've told you a dozen times dear, it's 'Arne'—the 'e' is pronounced. I'm sure you'll like him. He's quiet and he reads a lot of books. He's very smart, he got all As in school."

Oh brother, that kind! Clem clenched her teeth. It might make it harder to do what she was going to do. Those quiet smart people watch and listen sharper than the ones that talk all the time, like Warren.

Continued on page 102



## WORRIED ABOUT COLOR?

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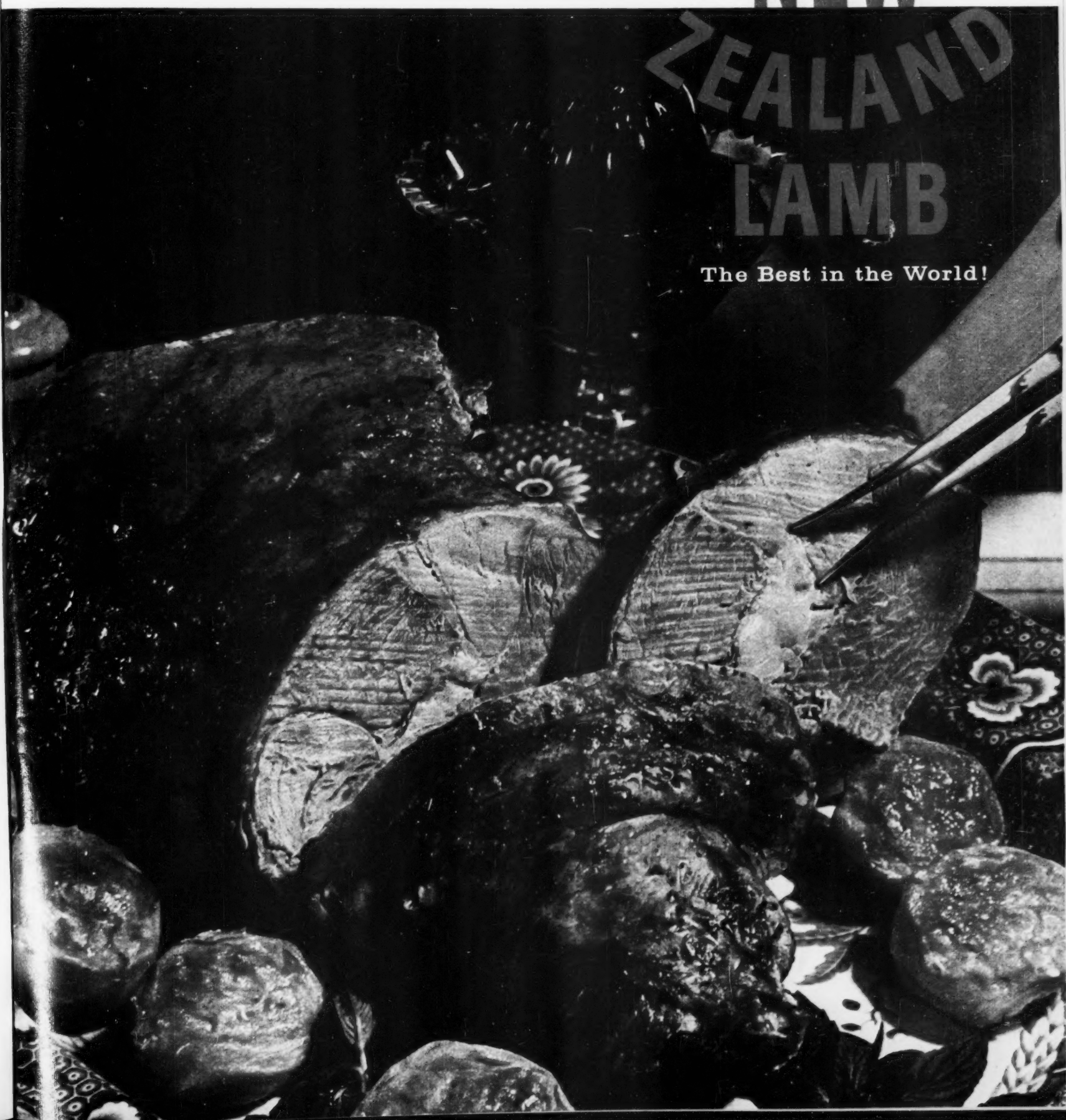
**Roast Leg of Lamb:** Oven 325°F., 30-35 minutes per pound; no lid on pan; season with savory, oregano, black pepper, salt as desired. Serve with Mint Jelly or Mint Sauce.

**Lamb Pie:** Combine in baking dish: diced cooked lamb, chopped onions, chopped green pepper, salt, pepper, savory, as desired. Use lamb gravy or stock, or 1 tin mushroom soup for moisture. Top with mashed potatoes or pastry. Bake 400°F. for 20 minutes, or until pastry is golden brown.

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## Eating for two? don't suffer heartburn

Your doctor will tell you it's wrong to "eat for two" during pregnancy. Nevertheless you *do* get hungry—and sometimes you pay up for second helpings with a case of acid indigestion and heartburn. That's the time to reach for TUMS and get relief *fast*.

TUMS are scientifically formulated: gentle—they contain no soda—yet so effective. Just eat one or two of these mild, minty tablets (no glass or water needed) and away goes stomach discomfort. *Stays* away too, and there's no after-taste. Always, especially during pregnancy, carry a roll of TUMS in purse or pocket. They cost so little!



for the tummy

Continued from page 100

AFTER THE WEDDING the parents had stayed through Sunday, to make sure everything was properly adjusted. Arne wondered if they really thought they had achieved tranquility by the time they left. The girl's straight-faced acceptance of all the last-minute admonitions, did it fool them?

There had been a minute, immediately after they'd gone, when Clem had looked at him squarely with the veil of civility aside and all the complicated inner workings revealed, just long enough for Arne to recognize the violent grasping of the young mind for some answer. Then she had withdrawn—spiritually and bodily—had taken herself off to bed with a "Good night" that was a pearl cast to the swine.

NEXT MORNING when Arne came into the kitchen he could see Clem down at the far end of the yard. She was drifting along the row of poplars, moving with a sinuous grace that was somewhat self-conscious, as though she suspected someone might be watching her; or maybe it was just that she was her own audience. As he followed her movements, Arne caught himself focusing especially on the lightness of her step. He had watched athletes who handled the same energies with more professional competence, but he thought he had never seen anything quite so beautiful as the way Clem was walking, her whole body giving fluency to the act of motion.

She stopped, glanced back toward the house furtively, then dropped to her hands and knees and crawled under the low branches of the poplars. Arne tried to figure that one out. There was plenty of room between the trees to walk upright into the next yard.

He turned back into the room where the coffee was sputtering full speed in the percolator; setting it over on the table, he sat down. Maybe it did make sense, though. Maybe to go through the motions of some imaginary escape keeps alive the whole hope of emancipation. The rehearsal could, in fact, be a very significant step in the performance of the actual deed . . . And all at once Arne knew why Clem had crawled under the trees.

He hitched around sharply to look, but she was standing in the doorway. "Hello," he said with a smile. "I didn't hear you come in."

Her feet, clad in dusty sneakers, were almost noiseless as she went over and drew herself a drink of water, then turned and eyed him as she sipped it. Not thirsty. The water was an excuse.

"Those are beautiful old trees out there," she said, in a high-pitched voice that tried to sound careless and friendly. Bony young shoulders thrown back, braced with some emotion that was, to her at least, of desperate importance.

"You mean the poplars?" he said. "They were put in about six years ago. They grow fast. The oaks out in front are much older."

"This is a lovely old house," she went on. "It's got such an antique atmosphere."

"It was built in 1906," Arne remarked.

Clem turned away, but not before he glimpsed scorn and exasperation in her quick sidelong glance. "Well, what I mean is, it's got so many little old-fashioned touches."

"The heating system is pretty old-fashioned all right," he agreed. "And the electric wiring isn't heavy enough."

He could see the irritation gaining on her. A little wildly she said, "Who cares about the heating system? I mean all the beautiful wood paneling and all,

this is the kind of house you just know has hidden staircases and . . ."

He shook his head. "There might be some, but I doubt it."

She turned abruptly to face him and the pretense of charm slipped a little. "You're teasing me!" she said between tight-clenched teeth. "You do too know!"

"Why should I tease?"

"Every old house has got hidden things like wall safes behind pictures or panels or secret drawers in desks." There was almost anguish in the demand. And then, with a tremendous visible effort, she brought it under control. "I just thought, in case there was a fire or something when you're not home . . . I mean, I ought to know where the valuable papers and



## FABRIC OF SUMMER

*There is a kind of silk wave-  
marked like water,*

*But here is water woven and  
unrolled*

*In sun-shot silken bolts rustling  
through meadows.*

*Far up, the hillside farms lie  
spread*

*Like sample squares of plow-  
ridged corduroy;*

*Between, the roads are lengths  
of sturdy denim*

*Raveled with dust. Clouds,  
loosely knit*

*In cumulous design, or hooked  
by wind*

*In popcorn-stitch crochet, make  
contrast with*

*Fields flower-printed like a fine  
percale;*

*And all combine to dress a  
memory*

*Fresh for its lasting portrait in  
the mind.*

BY R. H. GRENVILLE



things are, don't you think? So I could rescue them?"

"There aren't any valuable papers lying around this house," Arne told her wonderingly. "We keep things like that in a safe deposit box."

"Well, there's the money! You wouldn't want that to burn up!"

"No money either. Dad doesn't believe in keeping cash around. Look, don't worry about a fire. If there ever is one when I'm not here, just get yourself out in a hurry and don't worry about anything else."

She stood still, staring at him with such open rage that he felt disturbed.

When she finally began to speak, the even voice drilled into the quiet like a sharp bit. "You're pretty smart, aren't you? Mother said you got all As in school. I know a lot of smart people only they're so dumb they stink. They're so dumb they can't get a job and then they don't look so smart, and they can't make fun of anybody . . ."

"I wasn't making fun of you!"

" . . . and some day somebody will make fun of them and then you'll see because by then I'll be rich and have horses of my own, and I'll laugh when

I see other people stuck with their nose to a desk and the boss will take away their vacation if they're bad or he'll fire them and see to it they never have another job as long as they live!" Her voice had mounted to a yell. She headed for the door, kicked at a chair in the way and it went over with a crash. Arne heard the front door slam.

From the basement, quick steps. Cordelia coming up faster than usual. Arne wished she'd stay there; he wanted to sit and look at the fallen chair and think.

"My land," she puffed, coming over to his side, "sound like a fight goin' on."

"I'm not sure what it was about," he admitted slowly. "She told me off thoroughly and doomed me to a fate which may be more prophetic than she has any idea. Funny thing, though," he looked up at the colored woman, "not one reference to the bum leg. No snide remarks about being gimpy." He stirred restlessly. "The kid is being tormented by something—there's something at stake that's pretty desperate, for her to lash out at me that way."

"Where at she go?"

"Who knows?"

ARNE DIDN'T worry much at first, but when, by evening, Clem had not come home, he began to have some secret misgivings.

He went into the living room, where he found the shades pulled up and all the lights turned on bright, as if Cordelia expected the extra brilliance to attract their wandering ward back home. With a trace of irritation, he went around and turned them all off but one, pulled down the blinds, then settled down to wait.

It was almost one o'clock when a very light sound on the porch, brought him to attention. When she saw him sitting there, she braced herself visibly, stepped inside, standing as erect as if a firing squad were taking aim at her. Tired, flushed and a little smeary, one pant leg hanging longer than the other and the shirt damp and loose, yet she looked intact, physically and philosophically.

"I'm glad you're home safely," he said soberly.

With amazing dignity, Clem started to walk past.

"I'd like to talk to you a minute before you go to bed." He tried to keep it from sounding ominous, but it stopped her in her tracks and he could sense that she was trembling inside. "I'm sure somebody has explained to you why it's not a good idea for a young woman to walk the streets alone at night."

The chin came up and the shoulders twitched. "You can't scare me. I'm going to go wherever I want, whenever I want, and you'd better not try to stop me, and when my mother comes home she better not either." She turned and stalked across the room.

"Clem, before you go, would you hand me that newspaper, please? I want to show you something."

Her young mouth twisted into a smile of scorn as she picked up the paper and brought it to him. When she held it out, Arne caught her wrist and flipped her across his lap. Before she knew what was happening, he'd clamped a good hold on her, one of the struggling arms pinned against him, the other forced up behind her back and his free hand tight across her mouth. She squirmed in silent fury, but he held on and finally, to quiet her, put enough pressure on the twisted arm to make her lie still.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you. Sometimes



it's the only way to prove something. You probably have always figured if anybody attacked you, you could scream for help—but you can't. You probably thought you could run, but you can't. That's why your mother doesn't want you to go out alone at night. That's why I thought I'd even supply you with a certain amount of proof. I don't expect you to take my word for anything I can't prove." Abruptly he let go of her and she scuttled off onto the floor, facing him on hands and knees, gasping, eyes brimming with angry tears.

"You lousy stinker!" she gargled hysterically. "I'll get even with you if it takes me as long as I live!" Scrambling up, she pounded up the stairs, the violence of her flight jarring the house.

After a minute, Cordelia came out of the shadows of the dining room, looked across at him curiously, as if he were someone she didn't know very well. At last she said, "You done all right."

Arne didn't smile. "They say—parents do—this'll hurt me more than it does you." And you know what? They're right."

CLEM DIDN'T come down to breakfast that morning. It wasn't until after eleven, when Cordelia had left for church and Arne was reading the Sunday paper in the living room, that he heard her steal down into the pantry and, a few minutes later, retreat as silently up to her room again.

About five o'clock Cordelia made supper. Tempting as the platter of cold meats looked, it was hard for Arne to counterfeit any appetite.

"You just pushin' things around on the plate," she noted severely. "You don't fool me none."

"I guess you might as well put it away." He glanced at the clock. "Isn't this your Lodge night?"

"I ain't going."

Earnestly he said, "I wish you would. I've got a strong hunch that nothing's going to happen until I'm alone with her. Something's cooking. I could feel it building up all day."

"Arne," Cordelia warned in a voice of solemn prophecy, "don't you underestimate that chile. She could . . ."

"She could do just about anything right now because she's not old enough to envision the consequences. On your way out, make some noise, will you? Slam the door or something?"

He didn't have long to wait. It wasn't five minutes until he heard Clem coming, not tiptoe this time, but straight on down and then she was in the doorway, cool-eyed, fists clenched.

"Come on in," he said. But after that first glance he turned away from her and sat staring at the table. "Supper's in the refrigerator."

Clem didn't move.

Still addressing the white enamel, he said, "If you're sore at me, I wouldn't blame you. Nobody likes to be rendered helpless—of all people in the world I should know. Take away my props and I can't move out of this chair. But it is important to look your limitations in the face. Then you'll be able to take a risk knowing exactly what the percentages are, for you and against you."

In the silence, he could almost hear the wheels turning. He put a hand over his eyes and rubbed them. At last he heard her edge softly across behind him. She seized the crutches and dashed back to the door.

"Is it true?" she demanded. "Can't you really?"

When he looked at her, Arne had a slight qualm. Her eyes were aglitter with triumph and dangerous intent.

"Clem, I wouldn't figure you for a dirty trick like this."

"You played a trick on me!" She leaned her chin on the top of the crutches, studying him gleefully. "I said I'd get even with you."

"Don't you think that's taking unfair advantage?"

"Look who's talking! You hurt me last night! Just because you're big and I'm little!" She was contemplating him with angry calculation.

"Tell you what," he offered. "Why don't you get us some dinner?"

"Ha ha ha!" She stepped into the hallway and came back in a second without the crutches. Going over to the refrigerator, she picked out an upper joint of chicken and turned to face him. "You aren't going to get any."

She stayed on the far side of the room, but the fear was gone as she regarded him now. "You know what I'm going to do?" She sounded almost friendly. "I'm going to close the door and window so you can't holler for help and I'm going to just leave you here, that's what!" She smiled at him.

"And I'm going to turn off the light, too." She jerked a hand across the light switch and the kitchen was plunged in gloom.

"Ha, ha!"

He listened to her unhurried ascent into the far reaches of the house and then everything was quiet.

WHEN HE HEARD CLEM coming down finally, Arne glanced at the radium dial of his watch. She'd held out for over an hour. When she switched on the light, he blinked against its

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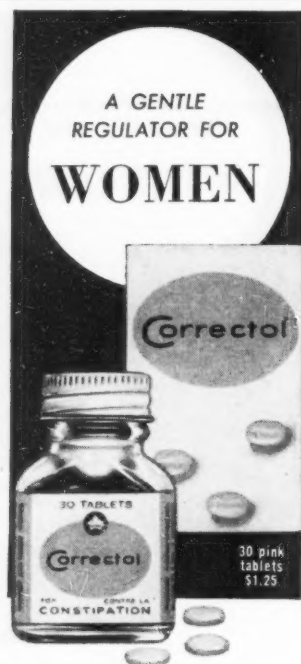
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brightness and rubbed at his eyes.

"I just wanted a drink," she told him with a smirk. "Don't you wish you had some, too?"

"I'd rather have a cigarette."

She went over and got a pack out, laid it on the sink drain. "I guess if you smoke, it's just terrible not to have a cigarette." She faced him again boldly. "Of course, I know you'll do something cruel to me tomorrow, to get even, but I don't care."

"Aren't you putting it backward? I mean you're supposed to be getting even with me, aren't you? This getting even business could go on forever. I'd just as soon we get even right now and stay that way."

"Oh, I'm going to! I'm going to!" Clem shivered pleasantly. "It's pretty hot in here. I'm going to turn on the oven and you'll get hotter and hotter. When you get so hot you're about to die, you call me and pay me five hundred dollars and I'll turn the stove off."

Arne spoke, helplessly. "I don't have five hundred dollars. I don't have enough money to finance a streetcar ride. I've spent my allowance for two weeks to come."

She hesitated, eyeing him with open skepticism. "You get an allowance?" Quite visibly, suspicions of adult skulduggery worked behind her fierce, set face. "I don't believe it!"

"I get twenty dollars a week. If I need more, I'm supposed to ask for it, but I'll be damned if I'll run begging."

Clem stared at him with growing dismay. "I don't believe you don't have any money!"

"Well, I don't. That's why I want to get a job and not ever have to ask anybody for spending money again. And then I'm going to..." He broke off short. "Never mind that."

"Tell me."

"No."

"If you don't tell me, I won't turn the oven off!" There were beads of perspiration on the thin, harassed little face.

"Promise you won't repeat it to anybody?" he demanded.

"I promise," she said automatically.

Lowering his voice, Arne said, "I'm going to get out of here."

"Where?" she looked skeptical.

"I don't know—maybe New York."

Clem drew in a deep breath. "How are you going to get there?"

"I haven't figured that out yet, but I'll make it."

"Listen," she surged back over to confront him across the table, "do they have a law in New York that people under sixteen can't get a job?"

"That's true."

Her fists slammed down against her sides furiously. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard!" Impatiently she wiped at the sweat that was now running down her face in streams, flung herself over to the oven and turned it off. "I could kill people for making a law like that!"

He looked at her. "Do you get an allowance?"

"I get a dollar a week for carfare and two dollars for horseback-riding, only I don't get any of that again until August."

"You mean you overspent yourself, too?"

"No, I even had some saved. For a month I didn't go to a single movie. I was saving for the Gymkhana—that's the horse show. You have to pay an entrance fee. But then..." She looked down intently at her hands. "Then I broke a window at school and Mother made me give her my saved-up money and she's not giving me my allowance until it's paid back."

ARNE SHOOK his head. "Well, at least you can do something about your troubles."

"Like what?"

"There are jobs kids can do. Like baby-sitting."

"Mother won't let me do that. She says..." Clem faltered, "she says I'm not responsible. Did you ever hear anything so silly?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No, really. I wanted to. I know I could do it! I'd be real careful and make them go to bed on time and

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save the dear little babies from the house when it caught on fire."

"Of course you could," Arne felt in his pocket absently, came away empty-handed. Quickly Clem lounged back in her chair to reach the cigarettes and handed them across to him.

"What other thing could I do?"

"I was just thinking—thank you—I was just wondering why you couldn't get a job at the library. I know they take Junior High students."

"I'd have been in Junior High next year," she said.

The curious tense didn't escape him, but he took no issue with it. "You could tell them you were fourteen."

"That's lying," Clem grinned.

"That's supposed to be a sin."

"Then there are an awful lot of sinners walking around loose. I should think you could act as though you're fourteen without half trying. If you wanted to, you could give my name as a reference. I'll back you up."

Uncertainly Clem confessed, "I got

an 'I' in reading. That means 'inferior.' The teacher said it should have been an 'F,' but I guess she didn't flunk me because she didn't want me in class again." She laughed, but it didn't come off completely.

"You know the alphabet," he said. "Books are shelved alphabetically. Authors named Brown and Clark come after authors named Anderson. It's simple."

She watched him, stamp out the cigarette in the ash tray. "Is it fun to smoke?"

"It's expensive and you get to need it whether you can afford it or not. If I had it to do over, I'd never start."

Clem looked across at him desperately. "I hate money. I hate rules. I hate rules that fools have made up for selfish reasons and which other fools keep hanging onto blindly." Unhappily he looked across at Clem in time to see something in the nature of a miracle. The wide-open brown eyes had gone soft as velvet with compassion, her lips parted and warm. For the first time, he could see the un-ripened part of her.

In a marvellously clear, unchildlike voice, she said, "Don't worry. We'll figure something out."

AS CLEM WALKED slowly along through the shifty shadows of the trees, a smooth kind of richness came over her, a dreamy feeling that was like walking toward your destiny. Just going out to look for it and not waiting for people to tell you what you must do and not do. Because nobody ever knew about this, where she was going, except Arne.

A big building on the left, he'd said. And it was big all right, built out of grey stone with ivy all over it. And then, with her hand on the knob, a bad thought came to her. She stood still, shocked. Why had Arne told her to come here, really? She'd just been taking for granted he wanted to help but why should he? After the way she'd got the best of him last night? This morning, he acted like he forgot all about it, told her exactly how to get to the library. He wanted her to come, all right. So maybe this was some secret way to get back at her! Furiously she wheeled away from the door. Well, I won't do it. I'll show him, he can't fool me! And then she remembered how she really did need a job. Maybe I'll just go in and get one too, and then will he be surprised!

She yanked open the heavy door and hurried inside. Be sure to see the head librarian, he'd said. And don't forget to act like you're fourteen. That must be it! He'd probably already called the librarian and told her to get ready. Clem looked around wildly—he might even have me arrested for lying!

But there weren't any policemen in sight, just a big cool room with a circular desk in the middle, where a stout woman sat reading a book. After a minute, she looked at Clem, and said, "Yes?" in that tone that means "hurry up."

Of course it was just playing into Arne's clutches, but Clem decided to try if it killed her. "I came..." she began hoarsely.

"Sssssh!" The woman frowned. "Not so loud."

Clem glanced around sheepishly. There wasn't anybody in the big room except the two of them and a girl about Berenice's age who was putting away books.

"I came here to get a job."

"Oh, you did?" The woman snickered. "Well, that's very interesting. What are you, a cataloguer? Or a reference librarian?"

The burn began to come over Clem.



the way it always did just before she blew up. And then she thought about fourteen, and about how Berenice was always shrugging at things. She'd seen it work, too. Clem shrugged at the woman and walked away, back into the aisles of books, until she was hidden. Then she began to get good and mad.

As she was waiting for some of it to simmer down, she began to notice the books. Rows of them, all arranged by numbers—635.2, 635.3. So he'd fooled her about that, too. Probably getting a big laugh, thinking how silly she'd feel.

Somebody was coming up the aisle. Looking up, she met the calm blue eyes of a tall woman with wavy white hair. She seemed a little puzzled as she considered Clem.

"My assistant said you were asking about a job?" She spoke quietly but not in a whisper, either.

Clem took a deep breath to hold her up so she wouldn't look frightened. "Yes, ma'am."

"I'd like to talk to you. Will you come into my office?"

They walked together out past the desk where the plump woman and the girl had their heads together, murmuring and grinning. Clem was glad when the door closed and she was alone with the librarian.

"Sit down, dear. I don't think I've seen you in here before?"

"We just moved to this side of Oakwood," Clem said. "My mother and Mr. Hildebrand just got married."

"Oh." The woman seemed to be reaching back in her mind for something. "Yes, I did see something in the papers about Warren Hildebrand getting married. And your name is . . . ?"

"Clementine Norman."

"I'm glad to know you, Clementine. How old are you?"

"I'm sixteen years old."

The tall woman smiled. "I'm sorry, dear, but I don't believe you. I appreciate the fact that you want to work here so badly that you'll exaggerate your age, but I will have to talk to your parents first."

It meant she was going to call Arne, and this must be what he was waiting for. Clem chewed at her lip and tried to think of a graceful way out.

"Well," she said carefully, "my parents are on vacation now, so I guess I'd better wait until they get back."

"But there must be someone in charge?"

"Oh," Clem shrugged, "there's Arne."

"Arne?" The librarian's look got soft and sort of fond. "Is he still living at home? It's been quite a while since I've seen him in here. He'll do just fine."

Now it would come. But let it. Let it. She handed across the piece of paper Arne had given her.

"You can reach him there." As she watched the woman dial, she was thinking of all the things he was going to say—how she was really under age and got an "I" in reading and broke a window at school . . .

It took a long time for him to come to the phone. While they waited, the librarian looked over at her. "Do you know how books are arranged on the shelves, Clementine?"

"By numbers," Clem answered miserably.

"Well, yes, some of them are classified and given numbers, but even within the number system, the whole basis for arranging books is by the author's name, alphabetically . . . Hello, Arne? This is Helen Steed at the library. I'm calling about a young lady who's applying for a job. Yes, Clementine. She's given your name as her temporary guardian."

"I wouldn't exactly say that," Arne's voice sounded hard and abrupt over the phone. The words came so clear that Clem could hear them plainly. "We're holding the fort together until the folks come home."

"Well, I believe I could use her at the library. The only question is regarding her age. Could you . . . ?"

"Clem's fourteen," he said. "Why?" It came out so quick and blunt. Clem went all loose inside.

"It's just a question of getting an adult's permission for her to work," explained the librarian.

"Of course she can work!" Clem heard him say. And then he was going on, so quickly she couldn't get all the words. " . . . be perfectly all right with her parents . . . very responsible girl . . . about as bright as they come and . . ."

Clem didn't even listen after that. She couldn't bear to. She shriveled down into the hard chair, feeling all crawly inside, and the worst part was, this time there wasn't going to be anybody to tell her she should be ashamed of herself. It came over Clem that this was twice as bad—to have to tell it to yourself.

IT MADE Clem feel pretty good to be given the full responsibility for everything after only one week at the library. The other shelves, Betty, had wanted Saturday off and Miss Steed had been a little doubtful when she asked Clem yesterday. "Do you think you could handle the shelving by yourself tomorrow?"

Clem had said, "Yes, ma'am," as quick and positive as if there weren't a bunch of things she still didn't understand, like the reference books and the 921s which all got put in a different place from the other 900s. All week she'd managed to see that they got left on the cart and Betty didn't seem to notice it. She just picked up whatever was there and put it away. Now as Clem looked at the books piled up waiting to be shelved, the hard kind that she didn't know about, a little scared lump came inside her. It was almost one o'clock and the truck was supposed to be empty. Quickly she stooped down and made a place behind some of the magazines. Down on her hands and knees she shoved the books out of sight. Some day, she thought, she'd come and get them when she knew where they went.

On Saturday, just before closing time, Miss Steed said, "Well, dear, I guess you'd like to get paid." When they were in the little office, the librarian got out her book of figures and started adding up. Clem could have told her how many hours. She had kept them written down on a piece of paper. Twenty-one and a half hours, times fifty-five cents. Clem wished she had listened to Mrs. Farrow explain about decimals and fractions. It kept coming out two dollars and fifteen cents, but she was sure it should have been a little more than that.

Miss Steed looked up. "Twenty-one and a half hours, right?" She reached into her drawer and got out a box, took out two five dollar bills and added a one, a quarter and a fifty-cent piece and some pennies. It took Clem a minute to understand that this was all hers. All that money!

Miss Steed was smiling. "You've been working hard, Clem. You've earned every bit of it."

"Thank you," whispered Clem, almost choking on her own voice.

IT WAS the first time in weeks she'd let herself think of Roamer. The trees and sidewalk disappeared, and she was

*Continued on page 107*

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Continued from page 105  
walking through a field out in the country. Down at the far end there was a beautiful palomino stallion. When he saw her coming, he shook his head and whinnied. All at once Clem wanted to see Roamer so badly that an ache came in her throat. And there was still time to get out to the stable this afternoon. She began to run.

As she burst in through the kitchen door, Cordelia looked up from what she was stirring. "My land, chile, it's too hot to be dashin' around like that. You' all lathered up! Wait a minute, honey, you got a letter."

Clem stopped short at the words. Slowly she picked up the envelope. It

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was addressed in her mother's little curly writing. She supposed she ought to be glad—she was glad her mother had written her. It was probably a nice letter. She'd be sorry by now, for being so mean before.

As she went on up to her room, somehow she didn't feel like running any more. She took the envelope out and tore it open all crooked, pulled out the sheet of paper.

Dear Clemmie:

I hope everything is going nicely. We got a letter from Arne saying everything is fine. I hope you are doing all he tells you. I think you should offer to help Cordelia around the house. Remember, we are being given a fine home. We must show that we appreciate it.

Berenice writes me that she has been made a group leader at camp. It makes me very proud to think how well she gets along with people. And she writes to me every week. Remember what I told you before I left, how I wanted you to write me every Friday. And I hope you are reading the books on your reading list. I'll expect you to tell me what you've read as soon as we come home. I would be very much ashamed if you make a poor showing in school next year, especially if Warren spends a lot of money to send you to a private school.

Warren sends his love, and we both hope you are being a good girl.

Love, Mother.

Clem laid the letter face down. She took the money out of her pocket and put it all out in a row on the dresser top. In about four weeks, she'd have enough for New York and they'd never find her there!

Gathering up all the money in both hands, she stuffed it into the back of the top drawer. Her look fell on her mother's letter. With a quick spiteful push, she shoved it to fall down behind the dresser.

Cordelia handed a crumpled piece of

paper to Arne. "I found this behind Clementine's bureau. It come two weeks ago. I remember, she come bustin' in like she's on fire about something. And this here was waitin' for her. She looked plumb flattened, the minute she seen it. And she ain't been the same since."

Arne was rereading the letter more slowly. At last he looked up at her. Slowly, he said, "Damn!"

"Yeah," Cordelia began to poke at the meat loaf she was making. "Ain't hardly no wonder Clem's so all of a knot. Ma's suspicionin' her all time. She ain't such a bad little girl, Arne."

He looked up from the letter. "She's not a little girl at all. She's verging on a rather terrifying adolescence." Arne shoved the letter in his pocket and went on out of the kitchen. Once upstairs, he headed for Clem's room, in former times the guest room, and let himself in with all the uneasiness of a miscreant.

In one corner was a packing box on which was written in black crayon: RECORDS—Property of Berenice Norman—KEEP OUT.

The only picture on the walls was a color photograph cut from a magazine—a picture of a tall, beautifully proportioned sorrel horse. As he turned away, something caught his eye, something on the floor by the window. Puzzled, he went over to look: four horseshoes, worn very thin.

A folder lying on the window ledge caught his attention. He picked it up with a sharp shock. A bus schedule: rates to Chicago, New York . . . and by now she must have some money saved. She certainly hadn't been spending any. Arne let the timetable flutter to the floor near the horseshoes.

A patter of drops sprayed across the windowpane, followed almost violently by hard rain. Out in front a car stopped and a small figure made a fleeting exit, dashed for the house head down. Instinctively Arne rallied his crutches for a retreat, then stopped. Moving deliberately, he went about lowering the window. When she reached the room, he was just turning around.

She stopped in the doorway, her eyes dark with question. "What are you doing in my room?"

"I just closed your window. The rain's coming from this side. I was hoping you hadn't got caught in it."

"Miss Steed gave me a ride." Clem came into the room far enough to leave the doorway clear.

Arne made a motion as if to go, halted again, leaning on the crutches. Hesitantly he asked, "Sometimes when I come upstairs too fast, I sort of . . . give out. Would you mind if I sit down a minute?"

She made the slightest movement, just an inadvertent twitch of the shoulders. "I don't mind."

He let himself down on the edge of the bed while Clem sidled over to the bureau; leaning back she faced him, still skeptical.

Arne looked around him. "This is kind of a nice room."

Again that small distrustful gesture with the shoulders. "It's all right." Then quickly she amended, "It's a very nice room. It's the best room I ever had. Of course, when Berenice comes back I'll have to move away from the window." Swearing at himself inwardly, Arne discarded that tack. He glanced up at the picture on the wall. "By George, that's a beautiful horse!"

"It's Man of War," she told him. "I always liked horses. I used to read books about them in school when I was supposed to be studying. I even rode a horse once," he went on a little desperately.

Continued on page 109

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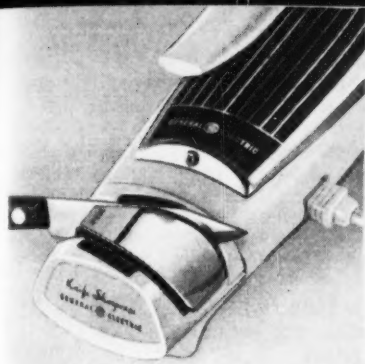


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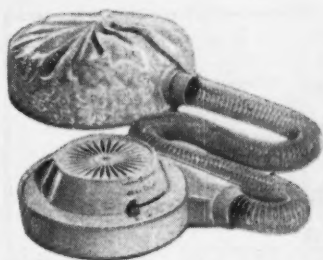




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Continued from page 107  
Finally, slowly, she said, "Why didn't you ever ride any more?"  
Arne started to evade that with some offhand excuse, and then it came over him what he could do, what would probably work. It meant opening the tightest of the closed rooms inside him. Shaking off his dread, he stiffened up to make the effort.

"The next day was the day I was in the automobile wreck."

Clem's look strayed to the crutches. "You mean that was how you...?"

"Yes. We were taking a vacation in the mountains. Dad had some business to attend to, so Mother and I decided we'd have a picnic. We were driving up a mountain pass and a truck came down on us. He just kept coming on to our side of the road. He side-swiped the car and we slammed into the rocks."

"How could he do that?" It burst out of Clem in a rush of genuine dismay.

"It turned out later he'd been taking pills to keep awake. He wasn't judging his distances well. Anyhow, I got fairly smashed up." He took a deep breath. "My mother was killed."

He saw the muscles knot at the back of her jaws. Then she swallowed hard. "How old were you?"

"Eight. I was just getting old enough to start thinking about my parents as people—you know what I mean? I think I'd have liked my mother a lot. I always felt cheated." It came out more bitter than he'd meant it to. Once these things get started, you can't turn them off, he thought angrily. For an instant he resented Clem for forcing this on him. And then she moved awkwardly over to sit beside him, and his antagonism drained away.

Quietly he went on: "Dad's a nice guy, though. All these years he's been lost, too, without Mother. That's why I was glad when he told me he was going to marry again. I think it was a good thing, his getting a whole family of girls. I've tried to take care of him and keep him from being lonely but girls are so much better at things like that."

The girl nodded, her eyes all unfocused by some distant thought.

AND SO AT LAST the barriers were all down. Arne didn't understand just why, though he had a grim suspicion that a certain amount of pity was mixed up in it. And yet Clem's candid questions were easier to take than some brands of compassion. It was as if she were identifying each of his roadblocks with her own, probing deeper and deeper into his boyhood as if some answer lay there waiting for her. In fact the reluctant recounting reached on into the dinner hour and accompanied them downstairs to the table with Clem still listening wide-eyed and coming closer every minute.

"What happened then?" she demanded between bites.

"Well, I had missed a year at school. I had to make it up, so Dad sent me to a private institution."

"And was it just awful?"

Arne glanced at Cordelia. The whole conversation all through dinner, the talk of the accident, his convalescence, had been distressing her almost in the same way it had him.

He took a deep drag of the cigarette. "The school was awful, all right."

"How did you ever get out?" Clem asked.

Arne looked straight across at her. "Cordelia saved me. She explained things to Dad."

And then the room really was aswim with unspoken memories. He could still see the square-set little black woman

facing up to Warren Hildebrand, giving one of the city's most promising young lawyers the benefit of her own particular eloquence. What's the matter with you, Mister? Don't you keef if he unhappy?

Under the barrage of words, the color had deepened in his father's face. Cordelia, you don't seem to understand. Arne can't go to public schools in a wheel chair.

And then, the subject of the discussion had entered it—and ended it. I'll be out of the wheel chair by fall, he'd said.

It had been the hardest six months of exercising he'd ever put in, but when school had opened, he'd been on

crutches and there was no more talk of private schools.

Arne became aware that Clem was staring at him intently. "I'm sorry. I was a million miles away. What did you say?"

"I just wondered, was that the school where you used to read the books about horses?"

"No, that came later, in Junior High." He leaned back thoughtfully. "Wonderful stories about men who faded off into the dusk and couldn't be followed." He glanced at Clem, who was listening with hungry attention. "I've still got some of them upstairs. Would you like to come up and glance through one or two? You might like them."

She was out of her chair in an instant. "Can we? Right now?"

ARNE GOT TO his feet. As they went upstairs together, he said a little defensively. "I never even ask my own father up to my room. He doesn't like it much. It's different from the rest of the house."

"Why is it different?"

"Because I furnished it myself. I don't like antiques."

"Neither do I." Clem lowered her voice with an air of conspiracy. "I hate 'em." Following Clem in, Arne watched her absorb it.

"It's so big," she murmured.

"Not really. You can make a room seem larger or smaller, by the amount you put in it. As far as I'm concerned, furniture is just to stumble over."

The bed was built into the corner between the bookcases. The record player was set into another corner near the chair and table, leaving the rest of the room open and spacious. As if drawn by a magnet, she gravitated to the mantel, where a simple piece of sculpture stood. It was a reproduction of an early Greek horse. Automatically she reached up and laid a hand on it. Then, gathering herself in a little shyly, she stepped back. "I just love horses." She glanced up, all soft for a minute. Then visibly, something hardened in her look. "It was cruel of my mother to take away my horseback-riding allowance."

"Cruel? How?"

"I told you, she made me pay for the window out of my allowance, so I couldn't ride for two months and that's the meanest thing she ever did to me!" Her voice was rising dangerously.

"Clem," he spoke sharply, "you're smarter than that. Anybody who's smart enough to bust a window is also smart enough to know he's got to pay for it. Here I've been admiring you. I always wanted to bust a window but I never wanted to pay for it! You made me feel like a piker, because I never got up the nerve to. Now don't disappoint me!"

Clem was stunned. Then, awkwardly, she began to laugh—chuckling, unused, painful laughter. After a minute, Arne had to smile, too, and finally laughed with her. And out of their sharing of the laughter came talk—not of windows but horses. It poured out in a stream. "... A buckskin is strong and can run all day, but a palomino is the very best horse—they're the most sensitive and intelligent. They're the best Gymkhana horses."

"You mentioned that word the other evening—some sort of horse show, you said?"

"Didn't you ever see a Gymkhana? It's like games, only you play them on horseback. There's musical chairs, where you have to get off your horse and jump on a barrel. And there's pole bending, that's making your horse

## THE SECOND DAY

*Elizabeth spent her second day  
In thankful sleep. Serene she lay,*

*Dreaming with an exhausted squeak,*

*A hand tucked underneath her cheek,*

*Fine dreams they must have been, to make*

*Her look so smooth and young.*

*Awake,*

*Her age would have caught up with her.*

*So, cleverly, she did not stir.*

*But slept and looked quite lovely, laced*

*In fuzzy fancy as she raced*

*To wonders planted far ahead*

*Of the strict limits of her bed.*

*She may have touched a star, or seen*

*A waterfall; a fairy queen;*

*A mouse, A robin might have sung*

*For just Elizabeth, or flung*

*Into her lap a strip of pearls,*

*(While twenty furious neighbor girls,*

*Magenta-faced and savage-eyed,*

*Knotted their ancient brows and cried*

*As fiercely as their lungs allowed*

*For . . . something: comfort from the cloud*

*Of sudden life, warmth from the cold*

*Of being born. They looked so old*

*And spent.) But not Elizabeth,*

*The pain of her initial breath,*

*Her first great cry (in public, too)*

*Apparently replaced by new*

*And more important things, for which*

*She needed rest. Into a rich*

*And fascinating day she crept*

*And, wisely and unwrinkled, slept.*

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gallop in and out between the poles, and it's so beautiful, everybody claps and the horses get so excited and . . ." All at once he saw her eyes glisten with tears.

Casually Arne remarked, "I'd like to see one. When's the next one?"

"July twenty-first."

"Will you be riding in it?" he asked gently. "I'd mostly like to see you ride."

She sat quiet a moment. "Why me?"

"Because I don't think I've ever seen anybody with as much natural grace as you have," Arne told her honestly. "I can just picture how you look on a horse. What color is yours?"

"He's a palomino, at least he's part palomino. He's got a light mane and tail. He's a good horse." She looked over her shoulder at him. "Did you really mean what you said—about me having grace?"

"I'll try not ever to say anything to you that I don't mean. You move so lightly it's a pleasure to watch you."

Clem searched his face with a mixture of emotions, part doubt, part wanting to believe. "Whenever I practice . . ." she swallowed and hesitated, " . . . they laugh."

"Maybe they're so lazy they never practice themselves and that makes them jealous. Does it matter?"

"Well, you don't like to be laughed at." She made a tight movement with her elbows. "You wonder if, maybe, you really do look funny."

"If you'd like I'd be pleased to go out and watch you next time you practice. I'd tell you how you look."

Clem stared at him starkly for a moment. "Why do you want to go, really?"

"Is there anything strange about my liking things that are fun?" he demanded. "Why shouldn't I want to go?"

The apprehension eased into a nervous smile. "I don't know, it's just that — grownups are always busy — they've got a lot of important things to do."

"I wish you wouldn't call horses not important," he said. "Listen, a grown-up once wrote, 'I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtledove, and am still on their trail.' He looked at her, "That's how I feel too, sometimes."

The girl's eyelids flickered, she seemed to try to answer. Finally she said, "You do?"

AS THEY WALKED toward the stable, Clem said grimly, "Let's go and find Harry, I bet he's going to be mean today."

Arne followed her along to a small office—unpainted boards, polyglot furniture, a lanky unshaven man with feet up on an ancient desk. He glanced over his shoulder at them, unsmiling.

"Hi, Harry," Clem spoke diffidently. "This is a friend of mine, Arne Hildebrand. We were hoping . . . I mean, is Roamer around?"

The man turned back to the pulp western he was reading. "You can't ride 'im today. I got a bit party comin' at three, I ain't gonna have my horses all sweated up with your crazy foolin' around."

Arne asked softly, "How much does it cost to rent a horse for an hour?"

Harry looked up again sharply, took a second inventory of Arne, his shrewd face narrowing.

"It costs a dollar," Clem said in a small worried voice. She was frowning at Arne meaningfully, as if to warn him off.

"You've got a dollar, Clem," he said. "Get it out."

Nervously she obeyed.

"Now, Mister," Arne spoke conver-

sationally, "you want to explain to me why that buck doesn't rent the young lady the horse of her choice?"

For another five seconds Harry assessed him. Sullenly he said, "Roamer's tied up with the others out back. But don't sweat him!" He took the dollar, and picked up his magazine.

Clem moved quietly at Arne's side. When they got into the sunlight again, she looked up at him admiringly.

"I never heard anybody talk to Harry like that and get away with it. He's always so mean, and if he gets the idea you like a horse, he doesn't ever want you to ride it. You wait here," she said, "I'll get Roamer."

Clem came back leading a horse, a huge dappled buckskin with a blaze face and a pale mane and tail. Arne marveled at the tremendous bulk towering over the slender figure of the girl. She brought the horse to a stop directly in front of him, waiting as anxiously as if his opinion was all that mattered in the world. He took his time looking the beast over. Finally he smiled at Clem. "This is a good horse, all right," he said. "I like this horse."

As if the relief were almost too much to bear, she whirled and clutched Roamer, burying her face in the long pale mane. "He's wonderful!" she cried in muffled tones.

"Let's see you ride him."

It made quite a sight; some twelve hundred pounds at full canter. But the captivating part of the picture was Clem. She sat lightly, elbows in close, the short dark hair bounding about her cheeks. An instant of glory made such a light across her face that it brought a strange constriction to Arne's throat. He was thinking, if she could just keep such a look in reserve somewhere so that in the years to come it would be available. Lord knows she was going to need it!

"Watch this." She headed the old horse for the centre of the ring where a row of posts were set. Hauling on first one rein, then the other, she guided him in and out between the poles.

"That wasn't very good," she panted as she pulled up. "He's out of practice."

"Try him again. Try changing directions when he's only halfway round the post. Maybe it takes him longer to react than it does you."

Clem absorbed this and nodded vigorously. "All right."

AS THEY WENT through the paces again, Arne watched with only partial attention. He felt uneasy, as if they were snatching these few moments of grace under the shadow of some impending doom. When the two men came walking down toward the ring, he felt as if he'd been waiting for them.

Members of the club, to judge by their clothes. The big one wore a white ten-gallon Stetson shoved back on his head boyishly, although to judge from the traces of dissipation in the fleshy face, he was well into his forties.

"Ya-ah," he was saying, "I'm going to have the filly shipped over here. I'm sure not going to rattle that little ginger pot into the trailer by himself."

"Can your son handle her?" asked the other, a bloodless, aquiline, younger man.

"Reno? You ought to see him put the filly through this trick stuff. You know they get in the ring . . ." He belled up against the bars of the corral some twenty feet away from Arne. "Like that kid out there." Then he grinned. "Look at that piece of crow-bait she's riding!"

"That's Clementine," snickered the other.

"The girl or the horse?"

"The girl. I guess you haven't seen her, she hasn't been out since you joined the club. Nuts about horses. Hates to be kidded." The pallid man called stridently, "Hey, Clementine, why don't you feed that old hayburner some Wheaties?"

The big man called loudly, "Hi-old Silver, a-wa-a-a-ay!"

Arne's hands were sweating where he gripped the crutches. Clem was riding back slowly, looking at him



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with such an intense expectation, such trust that he shrank under it. Clem, how can I? Harry is one thing—he's running a public stable. But these guys are free-wheeling. There's no law that says they can't tease a kid.

"Well, they're coming onto the track," the thin man mimicked a radio announcer. "Man of War in post position. Clementine up. The orchestra is playing My Darling Clementine."

She brought Roamer to a stop in front of Arne. Every nerve was tense, waiting for him to deliver her. The men glanced over now and seemed to notice Arne for the first time.

Arne spoke without raising his voice, yet conscious that it carried clearly in the sudden silence. "I understand now why you hate to come out here. Unfortunately, there isn't anything you can do about the sort of man who thinks it's amusing to make sport of a young lady." He was trying desperately to telegraph his helplessness to her.

The men had heard, of course. Their faces went cold, a little sullen.

"Who's he?" the redhead muttered.

Arne heard the other say sneeringly. "Never saw him before. But he talks pretty big for a lousy cripple."

**CLEM BLANCHED.** Her mouth came ajar. "You dirty louse!"

She flung herself off the horse in such headlong fury that Arne thought for a minute she had fallen. She hadn't, just gone down on her knees long enough to scoop up two handfuls of fresh manure. As she came out of the crouch like a catapult, she threw straight and it slammed the men squarely. They were still gasping, pawing at themselves, when a second barrage hit. Roaring a filthy word, the redheaded man legged it for the stable. The other was still trying to grub the muck from his eyes.

"You brat, I'll have you put in a reform school. I'll sue you and this crummy clubfoot."

Silently Clem clawed her way over the fence, and headed for the haystack nearby where a pitchfork was stuck. The man ran. She leaped to follow, the three-pronged weapon held overhead.

"Clem!"

She halted, mouth open, gasping with rage. As she turned to come back to him, Arne saw the tears course down her thin white cheeks. She started to run, stumbling, throwing herself into his arms. She held hard on to him, shaking with emotion.

"You aren't a cripple!" she cried into his shirt front. "How dare they call you that!"

And now he saw Harry coming from the barn, but curiously it didn't matter any more. Holding her tight, bracing himself against the high rail behind. Arne had never felt so solidly footed.

"What the devil . . ." Harry began ranting from thirty feet away. Arne let him come. "I'll have you know you can't come out here and attack my customers and disturb the peace."

"We're your customers," said Arne curtly. "Your foul-mouthed redheaded friend disturbed the peace."

"Bill Cashman is a big man . . ."

"Shut up," said Arne. "For your benefit, I'm going to tell you that Clem's father is Warren Hildebrand of the law firm of Stoddard, Steppe and Starr. I presume you'll understand by this that he will not only take a dim view of having his daughter insulted at your stable, but he's in a position to do something about it. The only reason we're out here right now is that Clem happens to like this horse. If she decides she wants it, her father will buy it. I think you'd better state right now whether you want our business or not."

Harry had turned a dirty liver color. "I didn't know the kid had a father," he muttered.

"As of last month, she has. So the cheap-snob members of your riding club are getting in deeper than they think by rawhiding a little girl. As far as these men are concerned I'm ready to swear out a complaint against them tomorrow morning, on grounds of molesting a minor."

Harry turned away grumbling. "Don't get excited, I don't want no trouble. I'll tell 'em to keep away from her."

As the stableman headed on back the way he'd come, Arne felt a dizzy elation. When Clem stirred and looked up at him, he was smiling.

"Gee," she said adoringly. "I never heard anybody talk like that, I wish I . . ."

"I wish I could have chased them with a pitchfork." He let her go then, although the wiry, hot little body welded against his had been what held him up and he hated to relinquish it. "Nobody ever stood up for me like that before."

"I didn't think—I didn't have time to." She took a deep breath, and looked at him bravely. "Of course you were just kidding—about Warren buying me a horse."

"Not at all!" Arne improvised hastily. "Dad left me instructions to find out what you really wanted and buy it for you as a sort of wedding present from him and your mother. If you decide you can afford to support Roamer, then he's yours."

**THE WORDS CAME** crashing over the loudspeaker. "Miss Clementine Norman on Flying Cloud!"

The gate was open. Clem whacked Roamer with her heels and he leaped straight into a gallop. They were in the ring, a part of the Gymkhana, the mass of faces around the edges seemed to be rushing past, topsy-turvy, the noise of the band came and went away behind her as she and Roamer hurtled out of the gates again.

Slowly Clem rode back, wondering why she had ever been afraid that people were going to laugh.

Of course, they did laugh. On the obstacle race, when some of the horses got scared of the barrel and ran off while their rider was crawling through it, the crowd howled with laughter, but that was different.

On the races, Roamer never came close to winning, but he tried awfully hard, and on the musical chairs, he was wonderful! Clem stayed in until there were only four barrels and five people left. And then the music stopped again and everybody fought to get a barrel. Somebody knocked her aside and beat her to it—a good-looking redheaded boy who sat there grinning at her. As the music started again, he got up and gave her a hand up. So Clem didn't really mind getting beat, because she had come close.

Finally they put up the brass rings in the leather holders on the poles around the edge of the fence. This was a hard event but Clem had practiced the most because it was a contest you could win, even with a slower type of horse.

"Take it easy," she whispered to Roamer. And they went into the ring at the slowest canter. Clem came home to the scorer with four rings on her stick. And then one of the last men had to go and spear five.

But it meant a red ribbon anyhow, and the announcer smiled as he leaned down to give her the big red rosette. Clem could hardly take her eyes off it as she turned to ride out, and then, as if she'd heard somebody call, she



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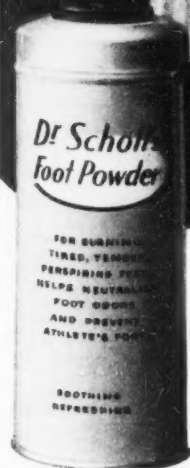
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looked up and across the ring at Arne. He looked kind of hot, like he'd been hollering, too, but mostly he looked proud.

Clem climbed off Roamer and kissed the top of his big noble white nose. She was trying to figure a way to attach the ribbon to his bridle when the redheaded boy came walking around the corner, leading his mare, which was all lathery and jumpy.

"Hi," he said. "Aren't you entered in the pole bending? That's about to start."

Clem shook her head. "I decided not to try it until we practice a little more."

"I should have practiced, too. This crazy mare, she's all heated up. How did you train your horse to be so steady?"

Clem shrugged. "He's got good instincts. But then, you do have to be nice to them."

The boy looked embarrassed and made a big show of stroking the mare's neck. Clem saw now that he wasn't as old as she'd thought. His eyes were very nice, blue. It made her feel a little strange, the way he was looking at her.

"We just moved to Oakwood," he remarked. "My name's Reno Cashman."

Clem swallowed and stared. But he didn't look like Mr. Cashman at all!

Carefully she said, "My name is Clementine." But it didn't seem to mean anything special to him.

"Do you live around here?" he asked.

She nodded. "Then maybe we'll be in school together next fall. Junior High is pretty much fun. Or don't you think so?"

"I don't know. I was supposed to start next fall," Clem told him, almost easily. "I wasn't going to at first. I was going to New York and get a job instead." She could see that impressed him. "But I changed my mind."

"That's good," Reno just looked at her while the far-off sounds of the Gymkhana came to them from the distance. "I guess I'd better get back." He got a funny disgusted look. "If I don't win something today, my old man will skin me alive." He climbed onto the mare, which started to dance around again. "I wish I had a plain horse I could ride. Like yours."

"You mean you didn't get to pick your own horse out?"

Reno shook his head. "My father's got to pick out everything in our family." He wheeled the mare. "I'll be seeing you."

After he was gone, Clem stared at the place where the mare had cut up the earth with her feet. She was thinking, this is a laugh. Here she was wishing that parents were more interested in you and he was wishing that his parents would leave him alone. She looked down at the red ribbon in her hand. And all at once, she didn't mind at all thinking about Warren and Mother coming home.

CLEM SAT over in the darkest corner of the couch, plucking nervously at the top buttonhole of the new pyjamas. They were fireman-red and sporty as all get out, Arne thought, with private satisfaction. When he'd come home that afternoon, she had been waiting to ask his opinion, and was openly relieved when he told her, truthfully, that he thought they were knockouts. It hadn't occurred to him why it should matter so much until a few minutes ago, when she had come downstairs with them on.

"I just thought since it'll be so late when they get here," she wriggled uneasily. "I thought I'd get ready for bed."

The hair was different, too, brushed carefully slantwise across her forehead and tucked back with a bobby pin. He wondered if she realized how it gave serenity to her look and took away some of the wildness. Scrubbed and sensitive. Wishful and warm. How could anybody resist her? he wondered in a surge of emotion. His father's words came back to him—she's got a way of looking at you. Damn right, and a good thing. There's listening and questioning and considering behind that look. Is that why it makes him uncomfortable?

"Anybody home?" Hildebrand's voice came on ahead of him. They were tanned and tired, a little wrinkled. His father's hair was almost pure white from the sun. Dora smiled at Arne, then—he was sure she didn't realize it—the smile faded as she looked at her daughter.

Clem was standing now, too. Arne could see that she was consciously avoiding her mother's look. Stiffly she walked forward and held out her hand to Hildebrand.

"Thank you. I want to thank you for my horse." A small proper smile started and then abruptly broadened into a natural one. Hildebrand couldn't seem to tear his eyes from the girl's face, and his own smile was as genuine as hers.

"He's a very good horse!" Clem went on in an unrehearsed burst of confidence. "We won a ribbon at the Gymkhana yesterday." She brought her other hand from behind her with the red award gripped in it.

Hildebrand took the ribbon awkwardly. "You won this?"

"Roamer and I did. He was wonderful!"

"Clem was wonderful, too," added Arne, and he was speaking to Dora, who was watching the scene with a puzzled frown.

"Clem has been very good to me," he went on, trying not to sound too insistent. "I don't know what I'd have done without her."

"Well, that's great!" Impulsively Hildebrand clamped an arm around Clem's shoulders. "That's just great!" He beamed with the full shock of gratitude showing plainly in his face.

From within the protection of his embrace, Clem dared look at her mother. Dora reddened. "I'm glad you have been behaving yourself, dear." Then anxiously she said, "Where did you get those pyjamas?"

"I bought them." Clem's chin came

up. "With my own money I earned."

"Oh, goodness!" Dora turned to Arne unhappily. "I do hope you didn't pay her for helping around the house!"

"Clem's had a job all summer," Arne said. "She's been working at the library."

That stunned Dora to silence again. Hildebrand was surprised, too, but recovered more quickly. Giving Clem another squeeze, he repeated, "Well, that's fine!" He surveyed the pyjamas. "Seems to me that Clem's a good picker. Red's my favorite color."

"But they're much too old for . . ." This time Dora's protest broke off short under a quick admonitory glance from her husband.

Arne breathed again.

As soon as Clem had said her good nights and gone upstairs, they both turned to him for answers but Arne shook his head. "You got my letter about the horse? That's all there is to explain."

"You shouldn't have done that, Arne." Dora's voice rose anxiously. "It's much too expensive a gift."

"How often can you buy somebody the one thing in the world they want most for seventy-five dollars?"

Hildebrand agreed quickly. "It's small enough price to pay for the change in her. Of course, there's more here than a horse, Arne. You don't fool me for a minute. What did you do to her? She's like a different person."

Arne shook his head. "Clem did it herself. She got the job herself. All these weeks she's taken care of herself and me, too. Dora, I admire your daughter. She's a credit to you."

The woman brushed a hand across her forehead. "This is . . . I don't know . . . too much. I guess I'm tired."

"Sure she is. My little girl has had a long day." Hildebrand put an arm around her with almost the same gesture in which he had embraced Clem. "We'll talk tomorrow."

AFTER THEY had gone upstairs, Arne headed for the solitude of the kitchen, got a bottle of beer from the refrigerator and sat down with it wearily. After a while, Cordelia looked out of her room, glancing around as though she expected to find someone else there.

"They go to bed?"

"Yes. Get yourself a beer and sit down a while."

"Beer!" She snorted. "I got no busi-

## You were asking CHATELAINE

### QUESTION

Can you tell me why the wax washes off every time I damp-mop my freshly waxed tile floor? I understand that one should be able to damp-mop a waxed floor several times before rewaxing. By the way, I have tried all kinds of wax, but the results are the same.

### ANSWER

Since the wax isn't adhering to your floor tiles, look into these causes of poor staying power and eliminate the troublemaking ones from your routine. A film of soap, detergent or cleanser left on the floor by washing will keep any wax from coating the surface. After washing, rinse thoroughly with clear water and a suds-free mop. All moisture must vanish before wax is applied — so let the floor dry completely. Wax applied in too-heavy layers adheres poorly, so apply liquid or paste polishing-type waxes in thin coats, let dry and polish after each. Self-polishing waxes should also be applied sparingly for best results, and allowed to dry before the room is opened to traffic.



ness drinkin' beer here in your pa's kitchen." But she sat down opposite him at the table. "How it go?"

Arne made a small helpless gesture. "All right, I guess. Dora still doesn't understand. But Dad does, so I suppose he'll be able to bring her around."

"What she got in for that little girl, Arne?"

"I doubt if she's got it 'in' for Clem. My guess would be that somewhere things just got off on the wrong foot. Maybe she just panicked the first time some little thing went wrong. Just keep your fingers crossed that she doesn't force Clem back into a shell again."

"Yeah, that tippy-toe stuff."

He nodded. "I've been trying to figure what to do to help keep it from happening. I've been thinking, if you give somebody a castle, even a small one, maybe they won't need to build a shell."

"What you mean?"

Arne held up his hand. They heard a soft creaking of the stairs. Then the swinging door moved a crack to let a slender solemn face look in upon them.

"Come on, Clem, join the party." Arne held out a hand to her and she came to him like a young bird scuttling to shelter.

"I didn't go to sleep yet," Clem said miserably.

"Me either. Too much excitement."

"She didn't like the pyjamas. I knew she wouldn't."

"Of course not," he said easily. "Women don't know how to dress other women. You bought them for Dad to like, didn't you? I mean, that's the only sensible way to buy clothes."

Clem gave him a watery smile. "I bought them for you."

Arne looked at his drink. "Cordelia, will you please get Clem a beer?" And when the girl stared at him in scandalized delight, he added, "I've got some news for both of you."

She brought the drink over to Clem, who took a tentative swallow and registered a faint disillusionment.

"What news?" Cordelia asked quietly.

Arne reached in his pocket and got out an envelope. Laying it on the table, he said, "That's a one-way ticket to New York. I'm leaving next Saturday."

Clem choked and set her glass down on the table hard. Her face threatened to come apart as she stared at him accusingly.

"You mean you're going to leave me here alone!"

"You won't be alone. You've got Cordelia." He looked at the colored woman.

She didn't seem surprised, but for a long minute she studied him. Then she said, "You the one gonna be alone." A silent understanding passed between them and she nodded. "I reckon it'll be all right."

"But what am I going to do?" wailed Clem.

With some inexplicable need, Arne reached out; just for a minute he cradled the curve of her neck in the palm of his hand. "Just figure whatever it is, it'll probably be at least fifty percent fun. And for the times when it isn't, I've got a going-away present for you. I'd like to give it to you now, if you'll come upstairs with me."

Clem followed without a word, but the slant of her shoulders reminded him of those first days. It won't come back, he insisted to himself feverishly. It won't be like that again!

WHEN THEY REACHED his room, he closed the door and leaned back against it. Digging in his pocket, he got out a key and handed it to her.

"This is it," he said. "It's all I have to give you—the key to this room." And as she still seemed not to comprehend, he went on, "I'm turning it over to you. All these things in it are mine, so it's just a gift between you and me. I want you to discover it all by yourself as I did. The records are an odd lot, but you'll like some of them now and some others later. The books, the same way, just use them as you feel like it. But mainly, I'm giving you the key. It locks the door. If you get feeling very fed-up, come here and

don't let anybody else in. That's what I do."

She looked at him tremulously, then swiftly her arms were around his neck and she was holding him hard. For an instant his arms tightened around her needfully.

As he let her go, he said, "There's only one favor I'd like to ask—I'd like to write to you. Private letters that you won't show to anybody else, so I can say things I really think."

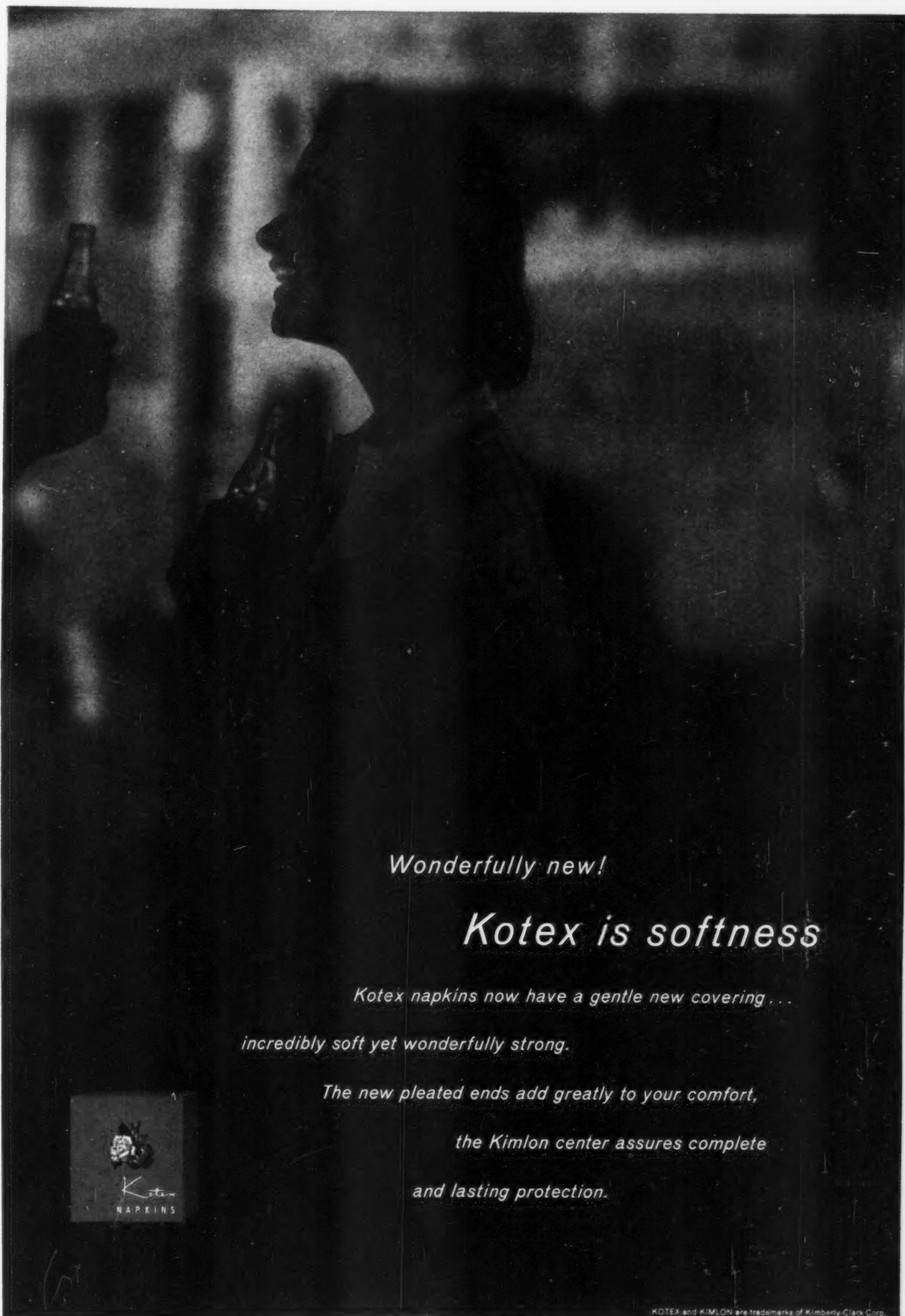
Clem nodded eagerly. "And when I've read them, I'll burn them in my

fireplace!" She moved over to put both hands possessively on the mantel, looking up at the Greek horse. Softly she asked, "This too?"

"Absolutely."

And Arne was thinking that if New York were as lonely as he thought it was going to be, it was a good thing to have this to carry with him, this picture of Clem, looking like, not the princess in disguise any more, but rediscovered, heading for the coronation.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE



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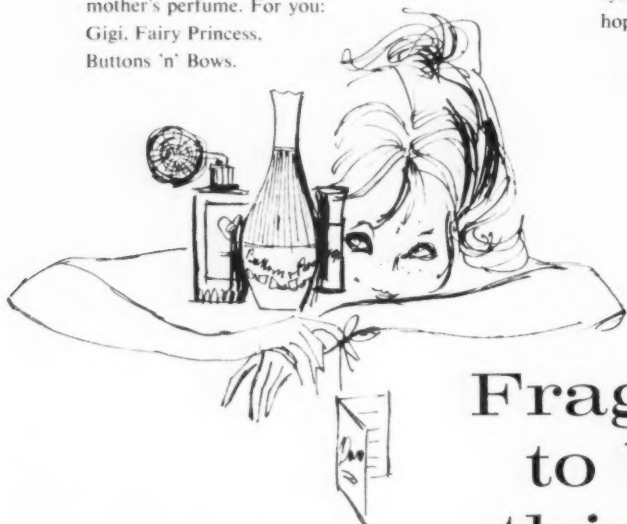
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**Miss Teen Tempo.** You are a girl who's a *voyageur* in a fascinating new realm. We're positive, though, any perfume you claim must be a solid hit, and it all began when you discovered your mother's perfume. For you: Gigi, Fairy Princess, Buttons 'n' Bows.



**June Bride.** Something old, something new, borrowed and blue. These are traditional symbols of love and hope. Today you'll wear a fragrance that is close to your heart, long on sentiment. Consider Apple Blossom, My Love, L'Heure Attendue.



## Fragrant ways to be happy this summer

☞ Spray the inside of your shady hat or head scarf with cologne or toilet water.

☞ Try dampening a cotton pad with cologne and wiping your telephone mouthpiece with it. This cleanses it thoroughly and the lingering fragrance will inspire your voice to a lovely lilt.

☞ To defy the heat wave, keep your toilet water and cologne in the refrigerator and only spray them on.

☞ Lightly spray the inside of your gloves — half an hour before you don them, to let the moisture vanish, the scent diffuse.

☞ Scent a filmy lacy handkerchief for your evening bag — or tuck a perfumed fluff of cotton into your bodice.

☞ With cotton wrapped on an orange stick, touch perfume to the underside of your fingernails and toenails.

☞ If you spend your pastime pleasantly writing letters to friends, a drop or two of cologne on note paper will bring your presence closer to someone you love.



**Mrs. Green Thumb.** You delight in spending the summer days in your garden pampering your favorite flowers. You like the serene atmosphere and the quiet relaxation you find there. You'll like the decisively feminine scents that are as lovely as the masses of pretty blooms you cultivate. Try Morning Glory, Seven Winds, Fleurs de Rocaille, White Lilac, Woodysy.



**Lovely Lady.** Even if you've already found your fragrance type listed above, we have a special bouquet for you. If you want to take flight from your perennial choice you might try a quiet, but not fainthearted perfume. Look to Great Lady, Madame Rochas, and one with a family tree, Fille d'Eve, Early American Old Spice and No. 4711.



**Miss Junior Executive.** You spend your days in an air-conditioned office.

You are well organized, sophisticated, fashionable — you coolly assure your wilting friends that ninety degrees in the shade is a state of mind. The fragrances that thread through your life are as varied as your activities. We say: Bond Street, Arpège, Chanel No. 5.



**Starry-eyed Romantic.**

You can't imagine not dancing a whole summer evening through. You thrill at the sight of a jazz band and a stag line. You'll want to wear a perfume that is gay and lighthearted — Evening in Paris, Mémoire, Chérie, Midnight. END

By **EVELEEN DOLLERY**  
Chatelaine Beauty Editor



EXCITING NEWS  
IN LIPSTICK  
HUES

# MEXICAN HOLIDAY COLOURS



So bright and so right with all your Spring fashions! These four fabulous new lipstick shades capture the sparkle and luminous warmth of sunrise over Mexico! Neither too pale nor too strong, they have the airy, gay touch of the land that made "fiesta" famous! Be sure to see all four Pond's Mexican Holiday Colours . . . discover the beguiling harmony they make with your new Spring wardrobe shades.

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## FIRST LOVE

Continued from page 39

tall in her early teens for boys to feel comfortable as escorts and now that they had caught up to her in height, she was too shy to be popular. Being a Martin hadn't helped either, of course. It had made a long list of liberties allowed to other teen-agers in the Bright Hills district taboo for her. A Master Farm Family of Alberta was supposed to set an "example" in the community and her mother's interpretation of this was a scrupulous standard of behavior for her family in everything from business transactions to bingo games.

"I've told you, Mother. He's perfectly respectable! His name is Stephen Halstead and he's supervising the exploration crew for that oil company that's doing all the exploring between here and Edmonton."

"Nevertheless, I think he should be invited here to your home before you go anywhere else with him. I don't like the way you've acted, Sally."

"Oh, Mother, this isn't the dark ages!" she protested feverishly. "I'm nearly eighteen years old. I can look after myself. What are you afraid of anyway?"

Nan Martin turned from the mound of potato salad she was preparing for Saturday-night supper. Her eyes rested on her daughter's petal-sweet face, unetched yet by the decisive pen of experience, its frame of chestnut hair conforming slavishly to the latest teen vogue. "What does any mother fear for her daughter?" she said slowly, searching for the focal point of her anxiety, for the dividing line between the constructive acquiring of experience and the destructive beginnings of tragedy. "The mistake that spells tragedy, the moment of folly that must be endlessly paid for. Oh, so many things, really. I can assure you, my dear, that you'll thank me some day for trying to shield you from the few I can."

"Will I?" she said in swift, unfamiliar rebellion. "Oh, Mother, you were married when you were my age!"

"That's why I know what I'm talking about," Nan replied with quiet emphasis. "My own youth was over at seventeen, Sally. I'm not saying it was a mistake. I have seven wonderful children and I'm still young enough to enjoy them. But don't you see? I want it to be *easier* for you."

Closing her ears to the appeal in

her mother's voice, Sally sat on the high stool beside the sink, slicing tomatoes with taut, stumbling fingers. Soon her father and brothers would be in for supper, her sisters would be arriving from Edmonton for the weekend and the whole family would get in on the act, right down to Milly, the hired girl. Being the youngest of the Martins was like being cradled in the arms of an octopus, she thought resentfully. Everyone had taken a hand at rearing her, at meddling in her affairs.

"You let Cia and Janet go to the dances," she pleaded. "You've let the boys go. Why can't I?"

"The boys are different, and if Cia and Janet went more than once or twice, it was without my knowledge. But Sally, they were more independent than you are. You're sweet and vulnerable and — well, young for your age — like Peg used to be. And you know what Peg . . ."

Sighing, Nan Martin sat down at the table as though the accumulative weight of her family's problems were suddenly unbearably heavy. "As it happened, Herb was a nice, responsible boy but they were precipitated into marriage before they were ready for it. And this man . . . Sally, I just don't want you to go."

Hot color had flooded her face as she stared at her mother. "Mother, he's n-not like that! And anyway what you're actually saying is that you can't trust me out of your sight for one evening! That's pretty ridiculous." Halting, she gripped the edge of the counter, struggling to control her stutter. "You know perfectly well that if I'm not independent, it's because I've never had the chance to be. I couldn't

even go skiing at Banff last winter when the rest of the gang went because some busybody started the rumor that the boys were buying liquor. Oh, Mother, I'm sick of being left out of things! I'm going to the dance tonight!"

She stopped short again overwhelmed by the knowledge that for the first time in her life she was seriously opposing her mother. Being the youngest had also meant that she had had more of her mother's undivided attention than her older brothers and sisters and, as a result, had been exceptionally close to her. Ironically, she had been the one who had passionately defended her when the others had rebelled against the firm authority that had hedged them in throughout their childhood. Now she knew why they had rebelled.

Her mother was looking at her in silence, an agony of indecision marring her habitual composure. "I wonder if you know how helpless that makes me feel, Sally," she said finally. "You're long past the age when I can turn you over my knee or send you to your room when you defy me. I can only appeal to your common sense. It isn't you I distrust, darling. It's your age. You're at the age of recklessness and infatuation. I can't stop you from going. But just remember this. There's something radically wrong with an older man who picks up high-school girls in lunch counters!"

She lowered her eyes, repudiating the charge. It wasn't true, she thought, remembering the charming, boyish smile. To begin with, on that first memorable day, he hadn't even known she was a high-school girl. He had

picked up the check for her hamburger and milk shake and said easily. "If you don't mind riding in a Jeep, I can give you a lift to wherever you're going."

LATER, OUTSIDE, when she had said she was only going up to the school, he had asked if she taught there and she had been so tempted to lie that it had been agony to tell the truth. But meeting his eyes bravely, those heavenly blue eyes that held her mesmerized when she looked into them, she had said, "No, I'm taking my grade twelve. I'm . . . I'm only eighteen — nearly eighteen, that is."

"Eighteen!" His sun-bleached eyebrows had shot up as he whistled softly. "And a very lovely eighteen it is. Back in that beanery, I thought your hair was just plain brown. But it's full of gold in the sunlight, and say, your eyes match it. Chestnut eyes yet! Look, why don't we have lunch tomorrow at the hotel restaurant where we can have a little privacy?"

Her heart raced, as it always did, at the memory. It was magic enough that he should have singled her out of the whole high-school crowd in the coffee shop that day, but to remember the eight lunch hours they had managed together since then was undiluted ecstasy. She still hugged them separately to her in the night, reliving each word, each glance in delicious disbelief. Until now, she had not even shared the secret of their meetings with anyone else for fear the magic would be destroyed by outsiders.

"I don't suppose I c-could have the car to get to town?" she asked without much hope.

When her mother spoke after a long pause, it was with visible reluctance. "All right, Sally, you can ask your father about it if you like. I think Harv planned to use it, but if you're determined to do this, maybe Cia will lend him hers when she gets home."

"Oh, Mom, thanks! Oh, I knew you wouldn't let me down!"

Now that victory had been unexpectedly won, her knees went weak with relief. Dropping the paring knife, she threw her arms around her mother, waiting for the familiar reassurance, for the certainty that the shelter was there, as it had always been, if she needed to come back to it. But there was a rigidity in her mother's body, a withdrawal that filled her with a stinging, childish hurt.

"You're still acting against my wishes, Sally," Nan said, her voice expressionless. "You can't expect me to

*Continued on page 118*

## You were asking CHATELAINE

### QUESTION

I have been invited to spend a weekend at the home of people I don't know very well. They are friends of a friend — who is also going. I have never been a house guest before. Do I take a gift with me? Do I send it after I return home? Or do I just write a thank-you note?

### ANSWER

It is not necessary to take a gift with you, although this is often done. Since you don't know your hostess well we suggest you send her a gift after the weekend when you will be more familiar with her tastes.

Although the gift is optional, a note of thanks (bread-and-butter letter) is obligatory.





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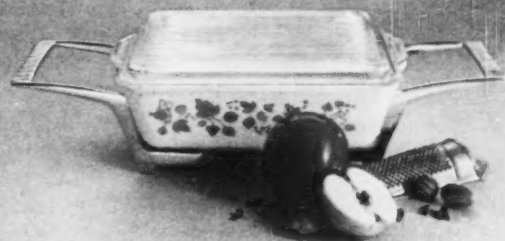
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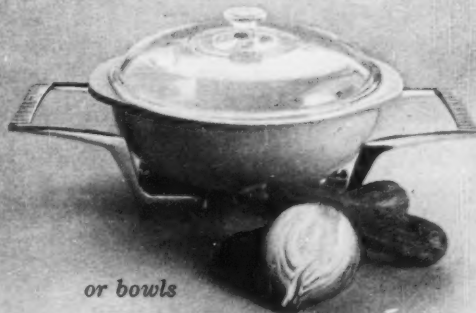
*or small...*



*round, oval...*



*rectangular casseroles*



*or bowls*

Continued from page 116

feel very happy about it under the circumstances."

Dropping her arms, she struggled to keep the tears back. "Oh, why did you have to spoil it?" she cried desolately. "You know I can't enjoy myself now."

"I'm sorry," her mother said a little wearily. "But obviously you've come to the place where you must assume responsibility for your own actions and I'm not satisfied you're ready for it. Young people forget that independence means responsibility."

"You always have to preach," she accused, trying to hide her small-girl forlornness. "There's always a convenient sermon to back up what you want us to do. I can't see why you have to make such a big production out of this anyway. It's only a date. And m-maybe I'll have some fun for a change!"

THE WORDS had sounded petulant and defiant, and later as she drove the five miles to the village of Bright Hills and parked the family car in front of its one shabby hotel, she was trying to forget the pained look in her mother's face. Parents were so utterly unreasonable, she thought drearily. If they didn't have something concrete to get steamed up about, they manufactured something remote and absurd. Why couldn't her mother see how utterly frustrating it was to be treated like a child when you were a full-grown adult?

A low wolf whistle interrupted her thoughts. Startled, she turned her head to find Stephen Halstead standing, tall and smiling, beside the car, his eyes admiring its massive, expensive lines. In slacks and a sports jacket, instead of leather Windbreaker and work pants, he was even more handsome than he had been before.

"Say, you really travel in style," he said. "You must've thought I had my nerve expecting you to ride in a Jeep all this time."

"Oh, no, it was fun!" she said breathlessly. "I've loved it. Really I have."

He walked around the car and opened the opposite door, sliding lithely in beside her. "Ah, this is for me. Big car, full moon, lovely girl. Where shall we go tonight? Acapulco?"

"Well, if you'd like to go for a drive, I guess we could go to Edmonton," she said doubtfully.

"Hey, wait a minute! I was just teasing," he said hastily, and as his even teeth flashed again she found herself smiling gaily back at him, gather-

ing confidence from the heady knowledge that he had been ready ahead of time, waiting impatiently for her. For her, Sally Martin, the dateless wonder of Bright Hills High School!

"You did come anyway," he said as though he had read her thoughts. "When your family's so big around here, I thought they might not approve of . . . well, you know —"

"They didn't, really," she blurted when he paused, shrugging. "But I came anyway."

"Good for you." Moving closer, he raised his arm to the back of the seat and glanced indifferently at the hall next door to the hotel. "Well, since there's nothing much doing in there

slid his arm around her shoulders and kissed her lingeringly. "You're so sweet," he whispered. "I'm going to want to see a lot more of you after this, Sally. From the moment we looked at each other, it was that way with us, wasn't it?"

She nodded mutely, marveling again that he had felt it too, the wonderful kismet quality of their meeting. But as she raised her eyes to meet his in the moonlight, she saw them grow clouded and unhappy.

"Sally, there's something I have to tell you before you hear it from someone else," he said reluctantly. "I want you to hear it — the way it really is — from me. I'm . . . well, I'm married. But please don't send me packing until you hear it all."

"Oh . . ." she said, recoiling in spite of herself, and he released her to sit, sombre and Byronic, staring at the lake.

"It's just one of those things. You know how it is. You get married when you're young and crazy and in a couple of months the honeymoon's over. We were still in university and we tried to make the best of it but now we . . ." He shrugged and turned appealingly. "Well, she goes her way and I go mine. But oh, Lord, it's lonely, Sally. It's so beastly lonely. Does it have to make any difference to us?"

She was gazing numbly at the steering wheel, unable to think through the dull, sickening ache of her disappointment, and he moved close again, reaching for her hands. "Sally, you'll never know how much I need you. Before I saw you that first day, I was so down in the dumps I didn't care whether I lived or died. And then you came, and all at once life was worth living. Sally, look at me and tell me what you're thinking."

"I don't know what to think," she said in a tight, dry voice. But when he cupped her face in his hands and kissed her gently again, she knew that she didn't want to think at all. She wanted to black out reason with its whispered warnings and glory more than ever in her new distinction. At last, she had vacated the humdrum role of Sally Martin and become part of a vital, real-life drama, and there was something so much more concrete between them now than the froth of magic and stardust. For hadn't he said he needed her? Hadn't she alone had the power to lift him from the depths of loneliness and unhappiness, to give his life meaning?

"I can't get over the way you've taken this," he said as they drove back

to the dance. "You're more sophisticated than most women twice your age, Sally." Lifting her hand from the wheel, he folded a grateful kiss into the palm. "Honestly, all I ask is just to be able to see you like this. I haven't the right to ask for anything more than that."

His humility was so moving that she longed to stop the car again and shower him with all the pent-up tenderness, all the nascent womanhood that had been gathering urgency within her during the long years of adolescence, waiting for just such an outlet. But she contented herself with walking proudly and protectively beside him as they entered the dance hall hand in hand.

SURPRISINGLY, the frenetic rhythm of the local orchestra had slowed to a waltz tempo, and with a glance full of intimate meaning he drew her close. Raised eyebrows followed their progress around the floor, but ignoring them, she closed her eyes dreamily, openly flaunting her new role for all of Bright Hills to see and marvel over.

It wasn't until the number had drawn to a close with a lingering wail from the saxophone that she awakened with a jolt to the realization that she wasn't the only Martin at the dance. Her brother Harv and her sister Cia were following closely on their heels as they moved to the side lines.

"Dance, beautiful?" Harv invited, his lean dark face convulsed in a diabolical, brother-type grin.

"Well, well!" Cia murmured, her eyes innocent under delicately arched eyebrows. "If it isn't our baby sister! Think of seeing you here, dear. Does Mother know?"

Oh, the fiends! Her face flushed hotly as she turned on them. "What are you two doing here?" she asked furiously.

"What does it look as though we're doing? We're cavorting with the Bright Hills elite, of course," Cia said sweetly. "Where are your manners, sweetie? Introductions are in order."

Reduced to helpless indignation, she performed the introductions and then found herself watching jealously over her brother's shoulder as her sister moved gracefully across the floor with Stephen Halstead. Cia not only possessed the poise of an established career woman but with her raven hair and violet eyes, she was the acknowledged beauty of the family. More than one beau over the years had come to pay earnest court to one or the

Continued on page 120

## QUICK TRICK

If you place a lace tablecloth in a pillow case it can be safely laundered in your washing machine without danger of tearing or ripping.

Mrs. N. L. Craig, Ottawa

yet, maybe we should take a little drive after all. Does this burg have a lovers' lane?"

"Not really," she said weakly. "There's a lake east of town though. It's about the only place near here to drive to. We used to swim there years ago but it's full of weeds now."

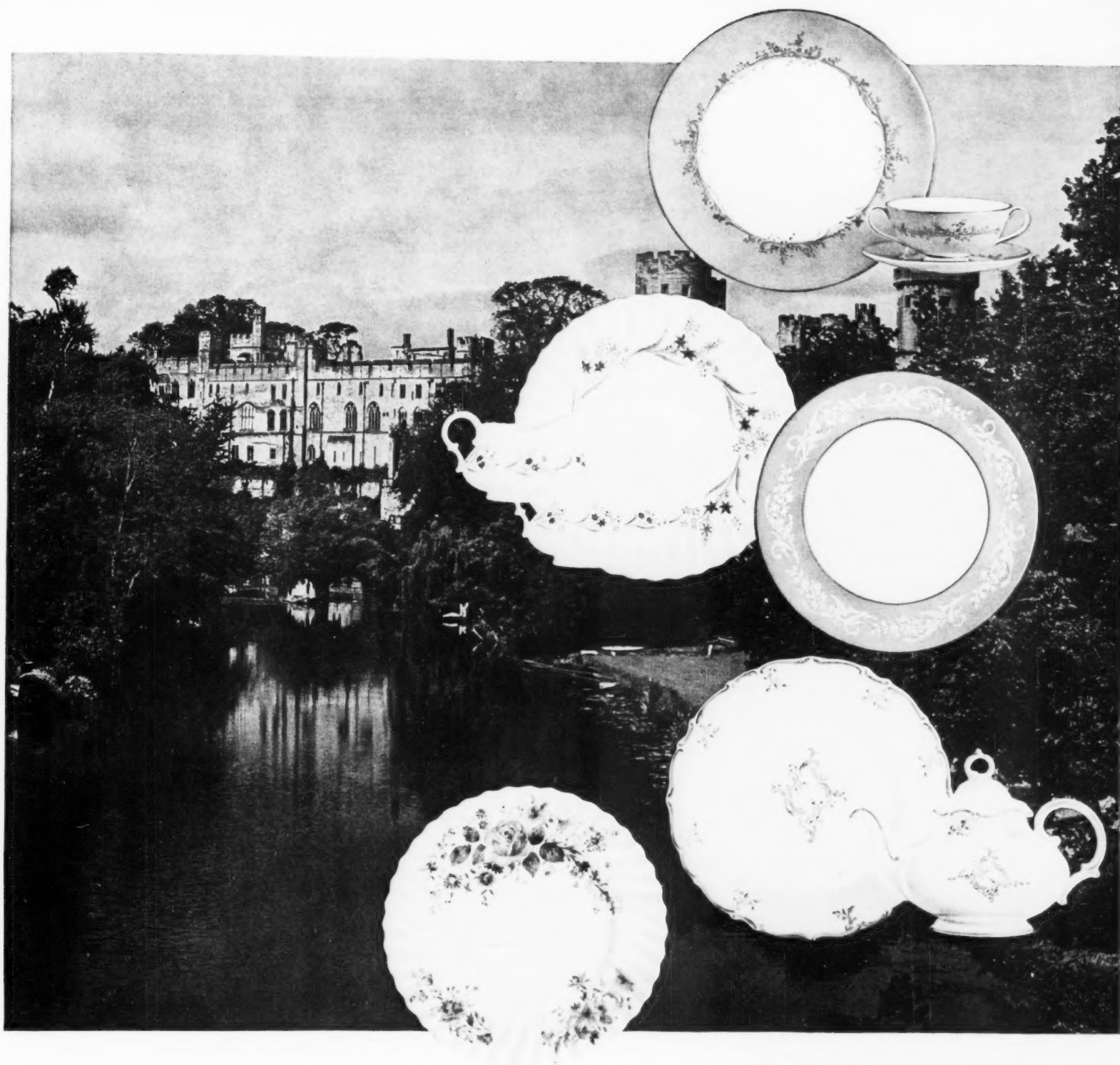
"Who cares about the weeds?" he said, teasing again. "It wasn't exactly swimming I had in mind."

"Oh . . ." she said faintly, her cheeks warming as she started the car.

In spite of her effort to make bright, brittle conversation, there was panic running like small mice over her nerves as the miles sped past all too quickly. It was this about which her mother had been trying to warn her, she thought apprehensively. Her own lack of sophistication, her vulnerability to those who won her love. But when she had parked the car overlooking the lake and he made no immediate move to touch her, her unruly fears grew quiet again. How silly and jittery could she get, she wondered with relief at he talked at length about himself, as he had each time before, apparently satisfied to have her continuing in the role of an admiring audience.

It wasn't until she had started the car to drive back to the dance that he





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Continued from page 118  
other of the older Martin sisters and had remained to worship Cia.

"Mother sent you, didn't she?" she said bitterly. "Cia's supposed to act as decoy, I suppose!"

"Oh, come off it, shrimp. You're no slouch yourself since you got the braces off your teeth. But you've got Mom all wrong this time. Her idea was to make this look like a respectable family party." Manoeuvring her between two couples who were weaving unsteadily in the middle of the floor, Harv looked down at her, his brown eyes intent and serious. "Look, Sal, there's something you don't know about this Halstead fellow. I know some of the men on the exploration crew. They —"

"If you're going to tell me he's married, you can save your breath," she broke in, lifting her head proudly. "He's already told me. And it doesn't make any difference."

He looked at her in pained disbelief. "Mom was right," he said grimly. "You've really got it bad. Sal, for heaven's sake, get wise! This guy's married."

"Yes, and you couldn't wait to tattle to Mom about it, could you?"

"You're darned right I couldn't! What kind of a brother would I be if I sat around doing nothing while some two-timing heel makes a sucker out of my kid sister?"

She stood away from him then, her resentment turning into something cold and adamant. "Now you listen to me, Harv," she said with icy calm. "In the first place, he is *not* a heel. In the second place, I'm sick to death of having the whole family running my life. I'm not a child and I'm not helpless. And if you and Cia don't leave here right now, Stephen and I will go to Edmonton to dance. You can run home and tell that to Mother!"

Victory was hers before she had stopped speaking. With his lips compressed, Harv shrugged and turned on his heel. A little later, she saw them leaving, both turning for a last baffled glance at her.

Minor as the incident was, it seemed immensely significant. She had stood alone in defense of her love, and the girl who drove home in the small hours of the morning was no longer the rebellious, uncertain child who had left in the evening. She was a woman in her own right, carrying with her the assurance that comes with homage in a man's eyes and the memory of his kisses on her lips. It had been such sweet agony to leave Ste-

phen Halstead that all that made it bearable was his promise that he would be waiting at the coffee shop for her after school on Monday.

AS SHE HAD expected, the light was still on in the living room and the cold, unfamiliar hardness that had taken possession of her at the dance returned as she faced her mother.

There were no preliminaries, no fencing. Nan rose, taut and unsmiling, from her chair by the fireplace. "Sally,

# TEST PILOT'S MOTHER WAITING

*Just certain things I keep . . .  
first baseball glove,*

*Page from a notebook penciled  
"Goldan Rool,"*

*This dried bouquet still fresh  
with morning love;*

*Unticking watch that timed his  
start to school.*

*Just certain things: small khaki  
pilot suit;*

*This plane with its broken wing  
he made himself;*

*A spaceman's plastic helmet . . .  
What piper's flute*

*Lured him through stars and sky  
lanes? His toy shelf*

*Keeps only this wrinkle of red  
pin-pricked balloon*

*Needed no more by one who  
rockets free*

*Through black midnight, per-  
haps to touch the moon,*

*Leaving this windy earth, this  
storm-wracked tree.*

*Yet certain things I keep, not  
knowing why,*

*As I listen for his jet thunder  
through the sky.*

BY MAUDE RUBIN

do you know what time it is?" she asked quietly.

"Of course I do, Mother. I learned to tell time ages ago."

"Flippancy is in very bad taste, young lady. A teen-aged girl running around with a married man until all hours of the night is not a matter for levity. The least you could have done was have some regard for appearances."

"By appearances, I suppose you mean sending Harv and Cia to stand guard over me as if I were the family idiot?" she said, surprised at the armor she had developed against her mother's disapproval.

Nan was staring in bewilderment at the changeling who had taken the place of her youngest daughter. "By appearances, I mean a decent regard for your reputation. I mean the possession of enough self-respect not to make yourself the butt of community gossip. Sally, have you known all along that this man was married?"

"No, Mother, I haven't! But he told me himself before we went to the dance tonight. But, for heaven's sake, why should that make him a pariah? He's a human being! He's lonely and unhappy and —" She broke off, lowering her eyes. "Well, you might as well know, I suppose. I'm seeing him again on Monday."

Her mother sat down abruptly, the bewilderment in her face turning to frank appeal. "Sally, what's happened to you? You've always been so sweet and tractable. And now this, of all things. Darling, I don't want to quarrel with you. I just want to understand . . ."

The new hardness in her could withstand opposition, but it crumbled before the pleading in her mother's voice. That was the devastating thing about her mother. It wasn't so much the power of her will that bound her children to her as the fact that she loved them with the whole force of her strong, passionate nature.

Her own eyes became pleading as she raised her head. "Stephen isn't what you think he is, Mother. His marriage is desperately unhappy and until he met me, he had no one to turn to. All he asks is just to see me once in a while. I can't see any harm in that."

"And all this because his wife doesn't understand him, I suppose," Nan said dryly. "Oh, Sally, this is such an old story. You've known this man superficially for three weeks and already you think you love him." Dropping her head against the back of the chair, she closed her eyes for a moment, searching desperately for the right words. "How can I make you see how impossible that is? This isn't love, darling. It's infatuation — a malady of the young and immature. Fortunately, it doesn't last long. But while it does — especially in a situation like this — it can be terribly dangerous."

"Amen," Sally said hopelessly. "Or isn't the sermon over?"

"No, it isn't." Her mother rose, and even in her new immunity, Sally knew that if she had been one of the others, she would have been facing her mother's awesome anger. But Nan was

speaking to her youngest and even though her words were harsh, her tone was one of gentle reason. "From what Harv tells me, I gather that this man is well over thirty. Any married man of that age who makes a play for a girl in her teens, no matter how he excuses himself, is either an outright rotter or an irresponsible fool. You can take your choice. But I don't want a repetition of tonight, Sally. I don't want a daughter of mine cheapening herself with a married man in front of the whole community!"

"I thought you said you wanted to understand," Sally said, her voice breaking. "Well, can't you understand that I'm not a child any more? Can't you understand that Stephen needs me and I just can't let him down?"

They looked at each other, their faces pale, and in Nan Martin's was the shocked awareness that her youngest daughter had withdrawn beyond her reach. "I can't believe that you, of all my children, would place me in such an intolerable position," she said, her voice low. "Your father and I aren't the kind of parents who can order their children out of the house when they behave in a way that affronts our principles. But, Sally, is this all we mean to you? Does all that we've tried to teach you of right and wrong mean nothing to you now?"

"Oh, Mother, don't keep on at me about it! It's my problem. I have the right to work it out in my own way."

"All right, my dear," Nan said wearily, glancing at the clock on the mantel. "We'd better get some rest. You're obviously in no shape to see reason tonight. I can only hope that you'll come to your senses in the morning."

But nothing was changed in the morning. After finishing out the night in sleepless misery, Sally rose, still hopelessly, compulsively in love. Fortunately it was one of the Martins' family Sundays when the whole clan assembled for dinner. After a strained breakfast, she was able to avoid her mother for the rest of the morning, and with her sisters milling around in the kitchen after dinner, she was apparently not missed when she slipped away to be alone with her thoughts of Stephen Halstead.

ON MONDAY, her excitement at the prospect of seeing him was undiminished. It began with her first waking thought and rose to an unbearable pitch as her classes dragged by like films run in slow motion. When she

Continued on page 122



# How many of these Westinghouse features are you missing in your refrigerator?

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# Westinghouse



Continued from page 120  
finally managed to break away from Greta and Nita who were catching the school bus at four o'clock, she hurried downtown with no thought of how she would get home. Would he be there, waiting, she wondered. Or would she have to wait for him, each minute an hour?

But he was there! Her heart somersaulted as she caught sight of him through the window and in her headlong eagerness she was beside him before she saw that he wasn't alone.

"Oh, Steve!" she said breathlessly. "I came as soon as I could. Have you been waiting long?"

"Oh — er — hello, Sally," he mumbled, his eyes trying, too late, to warn her. "You in here again?"

The girl on the stool beside him had swiveled sharply and Sally was dimly aware of dark waving hair and a white face. The face told her nothing but some electrifying instinct told her that this was his wife. This was the incarnation of the nebulous phantom that had come like a cloud to darken her love. At the same time, she was miserably aware that her own inexperienced face was nakedly betraying her.

She stood, rooted by a paralyzing ineptitude, before she was able to stammer something silly and vague about having to catch the school bus. But as she turned to make her escape, she heard the low accusation and the self-righteous denial that followed it with the ease of long practice.

"So that's why you didn't come home for the weekend! I thought so."

"Oh, knock it off, Mary! What would I see in a half-baked kid?"

The exchange echoed incessantly in her mind as she hurried blindly back to the school, as she sat in the lurching, swaying bus, as she lay face down on the bed in her room.

Strangely, it was the loss of love itself rather than the loss of its object that was so unbearable to contemplate. Having bathed in incandescence, how did you live without light? Add to this the disillusionment, the shattering humiliation, and how could you bear to go on living? He didn't mean it, she assured herself, finding that her only ease lay in excusing him. He was trying to protect me. He'll explain when I see him again . . .

Perhaps if she could find an excuse to take the car to town after supper, she thought desperately, she could call the hotel cautiously, disguising her voice, and find out if his wife had gone. With a wild resurgence of hope, she jumped up to stand at the window,

unable to curb her impatience. She was still feverishly planning their reconciliation when she saw the strange car entering the driveway, but in her preoccupation it held no significance for her until, with a nightmarish disbelief, she recognized the girl from the coffee shop walking up their front steps.

*What was she doing here?* Had she come to accuse, to threaten, she wondered, swept by the same unreasoning fear that had gone hand in hand with guilt in her childhood, when the knowledge of wrongdoing had been accompanied by the dread of some frightening, unknown retribution. And in a few demoralizing seconds, the girl who had been so confidently a woman a

please! Can't you . . . get rid of her?"

"Get rid of her?" She had never heard a more ominous note in her mother's voice. "You were very concerned about her husband's status as a human being, young lady. Now I think it's high time you recognized the fact that she's one!"

"But what can I say to her? Oh, Mom, please, you talk to her!"

"This is your problem. Remember?" Nan spoke sternly but as her daughter lifted her eyes at the door for a last mute exchange of glances, her composure broke, leaving the aching mother love exposed. "Oh, Sally, you're my baby. I'd do this for you if I could! You know that. But you can make this a win, not a defeat. I

magnitude in Mary Halstead's face that her own pain became ephemeral in comparison.

"I'm Sally Martin," she said simply.

"I know. I made him tell me who you were and where you lived." Mary Halstead sat tensely on the edge of the chesterfield. "I hope you don't think I'm mad — barging in like this. Now that I'm here, I — I don't quite know how to begin."

As the pale face of her guest struggled against embarrassment, Sally found herself longing with instinctive compassion to help her. "It's funny, but I'm glad you came. I was upstairs feeling sorry for myself," she said impulsively. And with honesty came strength. "Steve didn't tell me he was married until the night before last, but it didn't seem to matter at first. He said that you . . . well, that — You see, I didn't think you'd care."

"You can spare yourself the details," Mary Halstead said ruefully. "I know the routine."

"I thought he was in love with me," she continued, the desolation returning in spite of her. "But I heard what he said in the coffee shop. So I guess I just believed what I wanted to."

"I'm sorry you heard that, Sally." It was the older girl's eyes now that held compassion. "But if it's any comfort to you, he really is mad about you. He tries to fool me but I knew when he didn't come home for the weekend that he had someone new. The trouble is that in a few weeks, a few months, it will be someone else. That's why I had to come — to warn you, although I must admit that my motives are selfish. It's the only way I can protect myself and the children."

"Children?" Her eyes lifted, horrified, from her hands. "He didn't tell me you had children!"

"We have three. And actually, Steve's very fond of them. As long as they don't make too many demands on him, he's a passably good father. It's just that emotionally he's still an adolescent and life isn't worth living unless he's infatuated with someone."

"Oh . . ." she said, recognizing the description.

"The important thing is that he isn't worth your suffering. Or anyone else's, for that matter, except mine. I'm the one he happened to marry, the one who bore his children . . ." Mary Halstead moistened her lips and looked with shadowed eyes into the fireplace. "I suppose I'm lucky that he's managed so far to avoid a serious entanglement. But I always know that

*Continued on page 124*

## You were asking CHATELAINE

### QUESTION

What kind of vacuum cleaner should I buy — the canister, cylinder or upright style?

### ANSWER

Your choice of vacuum cleaner depends on two factors:

1. How often you plan to vacuum.
2. The depth and closeness of the pile in carpet or broadloom.

The canister and cylinder-type vacuum cleaners should be used every day, or every other day, depending on traffic, since they have a suction method of removing dirt. They are good on open-pile carpeting.

The upright vacuum cleaner can usually be used less often, once or twice a week depending on traffic, because it uses vibration as well as suction to remove dirt. The vibration is good for close, deep-pile carpeting.

few hours before had retrogressed to a shivering, apprehensive teen-ager.

She turned on leaden feet when her mother opened the door of her room. "Sally, there's someone downstairs to see you," Nan said, her eyebrows questioning. "She says she's Mrs. Halstead."

"What d-does she want?" she stammered.

"I thought perhaps you could tell me that," Nan hesitated, her eyes searching her daughter's face. "I do know this. You've been tampering with human lives, and there are bound to be consequences. You don't seem to realize it but you've been infringing on this girl's rights. I think the least you can do is see her."

"Do I have to?" she pleaded through lips that felt as though they were deadened with anesthetic. "Mom,

know you, darling. Your youth betrayed you for a little while but you would never willfully hurt this girl. If I'm any judge of faces, she's here because she's desperately afraid of you and it was agony for her to come. Go down there now and be your own sweet, honest self. Show me that I haven't failed miserably as your mother!"

IT WAS another startling new role for Sally Martin. Her eyes flooded with tears as she hovered reluctantly on the threshold of a lonely new plateau of adulthood. But it wasn't until she stood in the living-room doorway and lifted her head to look at Stephen Halstead's wife that the full meaning of her mother's words sank home. All the disillusionment, the desolation, the humiliation that she had thought she was suffering were present in such





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May 14

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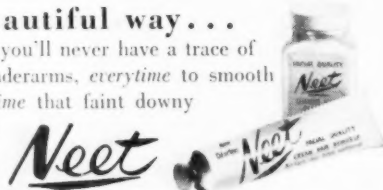
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Now this new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

Continued from page 122

some day something tragic and sordid will happen. And out of the sheer need for self-preservation, I'm driven to do things like this."

Appalled, Sally stared at the wife of the man she had loved so madly a few hours ago. "Oh, how can you bear it?" she whispered.

"Well, he loves me in his own way, you know. Or perhaps I should say he clings to me. He has to have someone to come back to when the bubbles burst." Mary Halstead shrugged slim, weary shoulders. "But it's the children who really matter. Some day you'll know that a woman will do almost anything to maintain a semblance of security for her children. Which reminds me. It's forty miles back to Edmonton and I have to be home to put them to bed."

They rose, looking at each other wordlessly until the older girl held out her hand. "Thank you, Sally. You've made it easy for me. I was afraid when you were so young that you might not understand such a situation. But you're

incredibly mature for one your age."

"Oh, no, I'm not really!" she protested. "But, thanks to you, I think I've done a little growing up in the last half hour."

"Then perhaps I've done the right thing. I just hope it hasn't hurt too much."

"I would have thought it had," she said honestly, "if you hadn't come."

They shook hands again at the door and after watching Stephen Halstead's wife walk down the steps and out of her life, she turned to her mother who had emerged from the kitchen to join her. "You were right," she said humbly. "Compared to her, I feel like a silly adolescent."

"Well, never mind." Slipping her arm around her daughter's waist, Nan Martin smiled wryly. "I couldn't help eavesdropping, and it's my somewhat prejudiced opinion that you redeemed yourself like a thoroughbred. In fact, if anyone were to ask me, I'd say without hesitation that you're ready now for the kind of independence you've been craving!"

END

### WHAT IF YOUR CHILD FAILS?

Continued from page 20

punishment warns Dr. William Blatz of the Institute of Child Study in Toronto. To promise a child a bicycle if he passes his grade is to distort the true purpose of passing. Dr. Blatz feels. The real value in passing is getting into the next grade, and to put other goals in the way suggests that doing well in school is not sufficient reward in itself.

**DON'T** express bitterness about the school and the teachers. It doesn't help the child to learn to blame others for what are probably his own inadequacies. And for the sake of his own future education the child needs confidence in his school and his teachers.

**DON'T** work out a rigid regime of home study. Often under the stimulus of a report card with several "Cs" and "Ds" on it, parents will say, "Now you're just going to stay in, and spend four hours a night on your books." This extra pressure may only serve to make the child more tense about himself, both at home and at school. Moreover, parents are unlikely to know the techniques used

in school and may end up by confusing the disappointed child even more.

**DON'T** laugh at or scorn failure in other people. The child who grows up in a home where success is stressed, and failure mocked, will be devastated when he himself fails to achieve something important that he goes after.

**DO**, after emotions have simmered down, have a quiet conference with the child. In this talk stress his capacities as well as difficulties. Point out that all people have some things that they do well, and some things that they can't do well. The thing you want to find out is where his weak spots are, what is causing the difficulty and what you can do to help.

**DO** seek professional help if you feel it is needed. The teachers and the principal at your child's school—and the guidance counselor if there is one—are happy to see interested parents, and a talk with them may help you to discover where your child is having trouble. In some cases failure can be prevented. If early in the child's life parents are realistic about his abilities, pressure will not be put upon a child who can never achieve beyond his level.

With this firm foundation, failure can be looked upon as a stage in learning, as an inevitable part of growing up.

END



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By WANDA NELLES  
Chatelaine Crafts Editor

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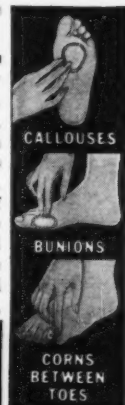
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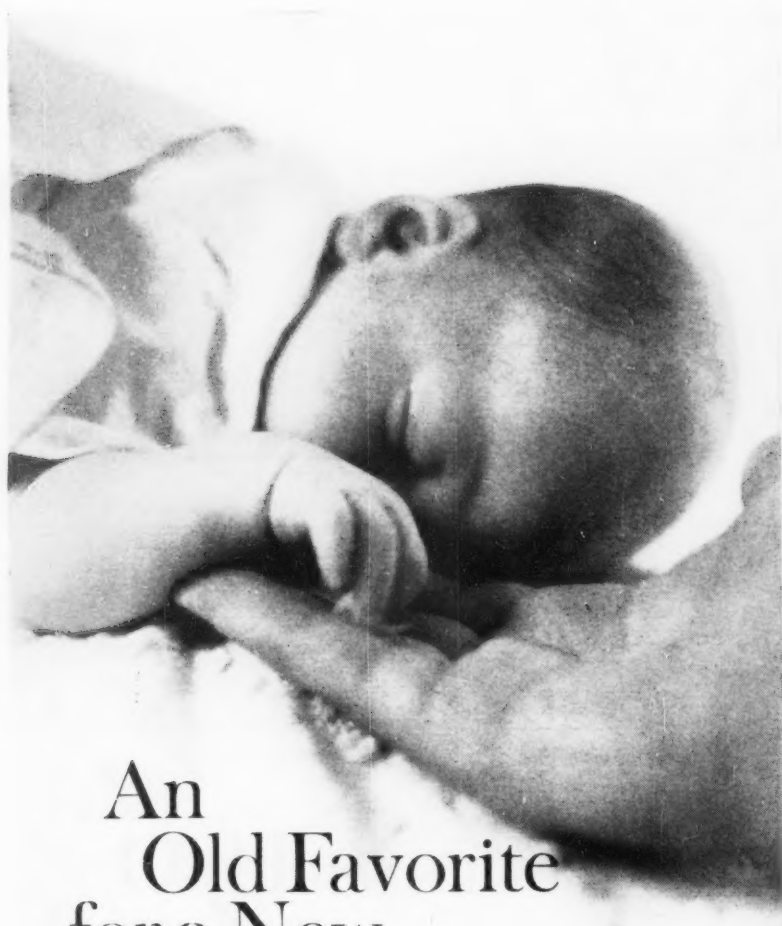


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## YOUR CHILD HEALTH



### Skin problems that pester children

● Persistent skin troubles are among the plagues of childhood. In April I wrote about a number of the milder skin troubles that often affect infants. This column includes some that may continue, or begin beyond babyhood.

**Eczema** is one of the less common but more serious of the skin troubles. A large percentage of eczematous babies have parents or brothers and sisters who suffer from some allergic trouble such as hay fever, asthma, eczema or hives. However, the fact that you, or your husband, or even both of you have hay fever or one of these other diseases, doesn't mean that your baby will get eczema. Eczema usually starts as reddish rough patches on the cheeks or forehead. These are itchy and baby is apt to rub or scratch them. If you notice such a rash, I'd urge you to take your baby round to see your doctor right away. Any ointment you may try on it yourself may very well make it worse. Sometimes a new food causes the eczema; sometimes it is due to other causes. Your doctor will try, with your help, to track down the cause.

Eczema often lasts for one to two years with alternating periods of improvement and then worsening, usually for no discernible reason. Eventually, it tends to clear up completely, leaving no scars behind. Once in a

while it persists as dry, scaly patches behind the knees, in the bends of the elbows and elsewhere. Babies who have had eczema are rather apt to develop hay fever or asthma later on. Doctors can treat eczema more effectively now than they could thirty years ago, but they wish they could shorten its course.

**Hives or urticaria** are not common in babies. Children and adults are more likely victims. Typically, hives are flat, white or pinkish raised spots of various sizes and shapes with an area of redness around them. The small spots look rather like fresh mosquito bites, although there is no tiny depression or puncture. An individual hive lasts a few minutes, hours or a day or so and leaves no trace behind. They may come out in successive crops. They are commonly caused by one or more foods to which the individual is sensitive or allergic. Berries, nuts and shellfish are particularly likely to cause

By **ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD**  
Canadian specialist in child-health research





them. Dabbing the hives with calamine lotion or baking soda in water often makes them itch less. If the offending food can be identified, giving up eating it prevents further attacks. The sensitivity that causes hives may vanish after some years, or, occasionally, in a shorter time.

**Cold sores or fever blisters** erupt on some people every time they catch a cold or have a fever. A few even get them after too much exposure to the sun or to a cold wind. Others never have them. Why do people differ?

Several Australian virologists working together have neatly solved this puzzle. They found that cold sores are caused by a virus that apparently lives permanently inside some of the cells in the deeper layers of the skin, usually near the lips. If the resistance of these cells is reduced by a fever, a cold or occasionally in other ways, the virus multiplies rapidly, breaks down some of the cells and causes the cold-sore blisters, which contain the virus, to appear.

Children who have not been infected by this virus between the ages of one and five, rarely catch it later on.

If you or anybody else in your household has a cold sore, do try to prevent your toddlers from being infected with it. Plenty of hand-washing, care in the use and disposal of tissue or cloth handkerchiefs, and avoiding contact between the cold-sore sufferer and the toddler as much as possible, will all help. Dabbing spirits of camphor on the cold sore three times a day probably helps.

### What to do

**Impetigo** starts off as a small collection of closely packed blisters, but as these break very soon, you may not notice this stage. The spot then becomes covered with a firm, brown or yellowish crust. Occasionally, the crust does not form; instead there is an oozing, more-or-less circular, reddish, depressed spot. Impetigo is an infection of the upper layers of the skin. Usually it is caused by streptococcus germs, although sometimes the staphylococci are to blame. It appears most often on the face.

If you suspect your youngster has impetigo (and it is quite common) you would be wise to take him to your doctor at once, because he can prescribe an ointment that will clear it up promptly. He will probably suggest that you soak off the crust with washcloths dipped in warm water and soap and then apply the ointment several

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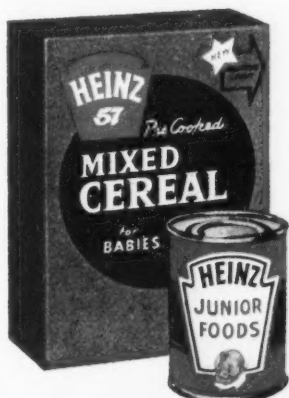


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times each day. Boil up the washcloths after you have used them. Unless the original impetigo spot is treated, the child is likely to spread the germs with his fingers, and other spots will appear. As it is infectious to others, the youngster should be kept out of school until it has healed, but unless it is scratched it won't leave a scar.

If you are careful to apply the ointment as directed, to boil the patient's washcloths after each use and his towel every day and if you make sure that no one else uses his toilet articles, others will probably not catch it.

### Warts are catching

Warts are caused by a virus, and one child can pass them on to another, although they are only slightly infectious. They sometimes disappear spontaneously, which explains why some peculiar remedies have been credited with cures in the past. The commonest type of wart has a rough irregular surface and is most often seen on the hands. You should ask your doctor for treatment as more may appear.

There are light-brown, smooth-topped warts and some slender threadlike ones and these are more likely to appear on the face. Here again, better ask your doctor what should be done.

Warts on the soles of the feet or plantar warts are painful. As they are covered with a horny plate, the wart itself is not visible. They increase in size if untreated, and may be difficult to clear up, so it is best to start medical treatment early.

There is a fifth type of wart, that appears as smooth, white or pinkish lumps, varying in size from a pinhead to a small pea. The centre of the top of each is depressed and when they are pressed a small amount of white cheesy material comes out of the central depression. This type of wart will increase in number and should be reported to your doctor promptly.

Scabies or itch is caused by a tiny mite, a near relative of spiders. It is most likely to invade thin tender skin, such as between the fingers or on the wrists. As this condition is distressing, and is easily passed between children, prompt medical treatment is needed.

Pediculi or head lice migrate from one child to another, particularly when children exchange caps. The pearly white eggs attached to a child's hair are easier to see than are the tiny insects themselves. Your doctor can tell you how to clear pediculosis up promptly.

END

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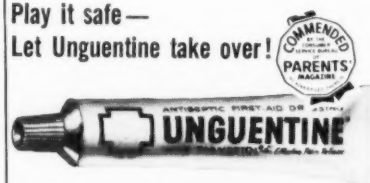
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## THEY FOUGHT OVER THE CHILDREN

Continued from page 52

gained some insight into their immaturity and the gulf between their attitudes toward the children narrowed remarkably.

Pam Batten made the first appointment, explaining over the telephone that quarrels with her husband were becoming more frequent and she felt desperately in need of help. She came into the office shyly, a grave pretty brown-haired girl of twenty-five. While she talked she kept her eyes on her nervously twisting hands, taking a quick, embarrassed peek at the counselor from time to time to gauge her reaction.

She explained first that she had been married for six years, and was expecting her fourth child. Both she and her husband were pleased about the new baby, she said hurriedly, though she was often so tired she wondered how she would be able to manage.

"Does your husband give you much help with the three children?" asked the counselor.

Pam's face tightened. "Not much," she answered tersely.

This, it appeared, was one of the things the Battens argued about. Others were her mother's regular visits, Andrew Batten's untidiness with his projects around the house, Pam's apathy about sexual relations. Most of all, they disagreed about the children.

How often do you fight?

"He won't let them even watch while he's doing something about the house," Pam complained. "He says they're a nuisance, and sends them away. And if they cry, he tells me to put them in their room and shut the door. It all seems so harsh and cruel, but when I say anything about it Andy gets furious. He tells me I'm ruining them, that they'll be babies all their lives."

The counselor tactfully avoided taking sides. "How often do you have a serious argument?" she asked pleasantly.

Pam grew agitated. "Two, three, sometimes four times a month. I hate arguments, I never even raise my voice. But I have so many things that bother and hurt me that finally I can't stand it any longer. I say

something mean to Andy and the fight starts." She began to cry. "The worst of it is, afterward we both are hurt and scarcely speak to one another. It takes days before it all blows over."

When Pam Batten calmed a little, the counselor pieced together a story

of the marriage. Andrew and Pam had been part of the same crowd of young people in the west end of Toronto. They knew one another nearly two years and their wedding was attended by more than a hundred guests. Pam kept a picture of herself, flushed and beautiful in white satin,

on the mantel of their bungalow.

Pam had some commercial training and was working in an office at the time of their marriage. She intended to keep working, to build up their savings so that Andrew could go to university and become an engineer.

Continued on page 139

# THE BIRTHRIGHT OF NATURAL SKIN PROTECTION:



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Continued from page 129

He was working in the accounting department of an engineering company. His job bored him and he dreamed of wearing the iron ring of a graduate engineer. The birth of their first baby, a few days before their first wedding anniversary, made it unlikely, economically, that he would ever go to college. "But he still talks about it, even with our fourth on the way," Pam snapped, with her first display of harshness. "It's so silly of him. He also tells people he's going to be a writer."

### Too tired for love

To meet the extra costs of his growing family, Andrew Batten some years before had taken a job teaching drafting in a night school. This occupied three evenings a week. Pam explained. The counselor suspected that Pam also resented her husband's absences. "He insists that the night-school money will help him go to university," remarked Pam. "Actually, though, he spends it on hi-fi equipment, woodworking tools, things like that."

The most urgent problem facing Pam Batten, the counselor decided, was a crushing weight of fatigue. The young mother was deeply alarmed at her lack of energy, her exhaustion even in the early morning, and a household schedule of caring for babies, cooking and cleaning that left her no time for friends, reading or quietness.

"It's natural to feel very tired right now," said the counselor, soothingly. "You tell your doctor about it, but I think you'll find part of your weariness is due to the load of emotional strain you're carrying. There isn't much in the world more fatiguing than to be upset and worried."

"Andy doesn't believe I'm really as tired as I say," Pam confessed, embarrassedly. "He thinks I'm faking to get out of, well, sex." She sighed. "I wish I knew why we aren't getting along. It's so terrible to fight like we do."

A few days later, Andrew Batten told the counselor almost the same thing. "We didn't used to scrap very much, now we can't avoid it for more than a week or so. It's driving me crazy."

Andrew was twenty-eight, a tall, dark-skinned, charming man given to verbose and smug explanations of almost any of mankind's developments since the wheel. The counselor listen-

ed companionably while he described his plans to go to university "in a year or two," his talent for writing, still unplumbed, his revulsion at the dull job he had to endure. While his voice was full of bombast, the counselor noted that he fidgeted a good deal and his fingernails had been bitten to the quick.

"The worst thing about Pam is the way she is raising the kids," he said eventually. "She pampers them until they're spoiled rotten. She even bribes them with cookies to get them to stop crying. What they really need is a good whack. When I spank them, Pam doesn't say anything at the time — she just freezes and then about four days later she tells me I'm a brute and a bully. When we have an argument I discover she's been saving about ten grievances, and she hits me with all of them at once."

"She is, of course, very tired," observed the counselor. "You're away

## QUICK TRICK

To melt butter, shortening or chocolate, try using a soup ladle, set into a small pan of boiling water to act as a double boiler.

*Mrs. C. Russell Isnor, Halifax*

three evenings a week, so I suppose she might also feel neglected."

Andrew Batten looked startled. "Did she tell you that?"

"No," replied the counselor. "It just seemed likely. What do you think?"

He nodded thoughtfully. "She does make cracks about me being out so much, but then she's always complaining. Her mother comes over every weekend and tells her how run-down she looks, advises her to have a nap. She's always bringing the kids something, usually junky plastic toys."

"Do you think you're maybe resenting her mother taking over your role in the house?" asked the counselor, quietly.

It had a bombshell effect. Andrew Batten stared in surprise, which gave way to admiration. "You're right!" he declared. "That's it exactly! Last week I was furious when she put together a doll's crib for little Carolyn, but the parts had been lying around the house for days. I should have done it myself."

During the next few visits of the

*Chatelaine • May 1961*

Battens, the counselor discovered that Pam's parents had quarreled viciously when she was a child, leaving her with a shrinking horror of loud arguments. She had practiced a calm pleasant exterior to such an extent that she had convinced herself it was her real nature. Her outrage at her husband's treatment of the children, therefore, seemed to her evil and foreign to her personality. The counselor worked gently to convince Pam that her normal fatigue was accentuating ordinary irritations common to everyone.

It wasn't until the third visit that Pam confessed in shame that she hated her fourth pregnancy bitterly. "It's awful of me to say it, I know," she whispered. "I don't hate the baby, of course, but I see myself aging so quickly. I don't think I'll ever get my figure back this time. It's vain of me, but I'm so upset because I won't be pretty any more."

"Tell your husband about it," advised the counselor.

"He'll think I'm a fool."

"Maybe not. This is too important to keep to yourself. Try him."

That evening Pam arranged for a sitter and accompanied Andrew to the night class he taught. She waited until he finished and then the two had coffee and sandwiches in a restaurant. She managed to tell him, haltingly, and was rewarded by his compassion.

"I'll bet that's what's been bothering you about a lot of things," he suggested shrewdly. "My being away so much, how long it takes me to do chores around the house. Honey, you're beautiful, you really are."

### Frustration and jealousy

During his talks with the counselor, Andrew Batten was revealing that his mother had been an austere perfectionist, who kept her home immaculate and ruled her family sternly. Pam disturbed him because she was such a contrast, lacking interest in housework and incapable of disciplining the children. An important force at work within him was his frustration over the loss of a university degree and his jealousy of Pam's tenderness with the children. His attention, however, began to focus on a zealous campaign to defeat his mother-in-law, by being a better husband and father.

He began by being solicitous of Pam's health, offering to put the children to bed every night, and



keeping his word most of the time. The fact that Pam didn't like her pregnancy, always before concealed from him, somehow bolstered his confidence and he was able to think of his children as charming, rather than winning rivals. Imperceptibly, he became less likely to strike them when they misbehaved, more apt to issue a warning. Pam unconsciously adjusted to the changing balance; with less need to compensate for their father's roughness, she began to be more reasonable in her control of the children.

But the next few months were the most difficult of the Battens' marriage. Pam was becoming more outspoken about her genuine grievances, rather than hiding them under a series of nagging complaints, and Andrew's dignity was affronted. He was most hurt by her open sneering at his airy visions of going to university or writing a novel. "You're a fool!" she once told him.

He was describing the scene to the counselor a few days later. "I don't understand why she acts like that," he said.

"She hasn't much confidence in herself," commented the counselor. "Maybe she feels threatened by these ambitions of yours, since she seems to be in the way of them."

"I see, I see," murmured Andrew.

Pam Batten was full of remorse at her outburst. Andrew had retaliated by describing, venomously, what a disorganized housewife she was. She asked the counselor to help her with a schedule — and reported a few weeks later that the new routine not only resulted in a tidier house, but enabled her to have an hour and a half every afternoon to rest and read. A side benefit, she explained shyly, was a re-establishing of regular sex relations.

"Does your mother still bother your husband as much as she used to?" asked the counselor. "Mostly,"

replied Pam, "she bothers me. I wish I had the nerve to tell her off. Maybe some day I will."

In clarifying her understanding of the family it seemed to the counselor that Pam's dependency on her husband was such that his ambitions and frequent absences frightened her, and she was turning to her children to reassure herself. Andrew Batten, on the other hand, was alarmed at his wife's closeness with the children and the ease with which her mother was able to intrude. His dependency required that she be more rejecting of them and adoring of him. Innocently, the children had become the battleground of the conflicting needs.

### The crisis was past

Just before the fourth baby's birth, the Battens notified the counselor that they felt secure enough to stop the visits. The change in them had been gradual, but the crisis seemed past. Both were more aware and sympathetic to the other's uncertainty. Pam had even come to the enlightened conclusion that Andrew needed to warm himself with brave dreams. She persuaded him to drop the teaching and attend night classes as student, to pick up the academic subjects he needed for university enrollment. His enthusiasm for this was tinged with apprehension, but he was appreciative of his wife's support.

"How are the arguments about the children?" asked the counselor.

"Pam's still far too easy with them," Andrew Batten answered, "but they aren't spoiled, really. They're wonderful little kids. I hardly ever have to spank them, any more." Apparently, he had forgotten completely that it had ever been an issue.

END

*Editor's note: Names and places in this story have been altered to protect the identity of the family.*

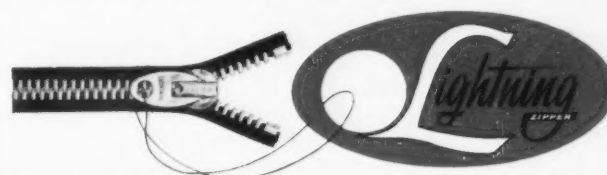
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Pages 48 and 49: power mower from T. Eaton Co. Ltd.; sailboat from "Sailfish" Sportcraft Ltd.; bicycle and golf cart from Simpson's Ltd.

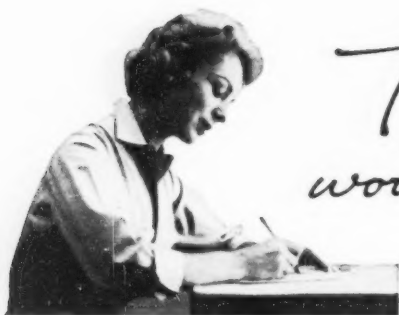


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The last  
word is  
yours —

March came in like a lion, judging from our mailbag, with roars of fury—and approval—over the articles by returned-native Mordecai Richler and housework-hating Anna Davies . . . Meanwhile, Charles Lynch's "outrageous" attack on women's clubs won only your cheers

## Maybe Mordecai met the wrong people

I have one comment on Mordecai Richler's article, *Why I Left Canada* [March]. Why did he come back, and when may we have the pleasure of his leaving again?

Miss K. M. Graws, Sydney, N.S.

For a man who writes, as though with authority, he seems to have seen a very small part of Canada. Perhaps, to date, he has met and mingled with the wrong people.

Mrs. K. A. Godenir, Ponteix, Sask.



If someone does not asphyxiate Mordecai Richler soon, I shall probably be forced to it myself . . .

When I consider how five generations of my family worked and suffered to make Canada a great country, I know just how the Congolese feel. The least you can do is protect your country from the insults of others.

Mrs. A. Hanley, White Rock, B.C.

Who is he anyway?

Donna E. Gerlach, Regina.

Bravo! Many, many thanks for that genuine article. It was the most daring lecture and how very, very real.

Mrs. J. Wiszniowski,  
St. Catharines, Ont.

I heartily congratulate you on a most amusingly written and very, very true insight into the Canadian way of life. I, a backward European (English), have lived here five years, and if I had the gift of expressing my thoughts as you have, I would have written exactly the same.

Mrs. R. E. Clubbe, Ottawa.

I have traveled and lived in cities from Vancouver Island to New Brunswick, including Montreal and have never had: a personal cheque refused, been purposely hit by a shopping cart, been asked by an adult how much money I make (children *anywhere* will ask personal questions), or taken a holiday because it was "good for me."

Mrs. John de Git, Calgary.

### Lucia's shabby Canadian deal

Congratulations on Frank Drea's article [Lucia's Trying Love Affair with Canada, April] about our shabby treatment of New Canadian workers. He — and you — deserve a medal for this exposé.

Barbara Smith, Toronto.

Drea got his award this year: the Heywood Broun Award for Crusading Journalism, of the American Newspaper Guild. It was granted for a series of newspaper articles exposing working conditions of immigrant labor in the Toronto area. Drea, twenty-eight, has been a labor reporter with a Toronto newspaper since 1956.

—The editors.

### Should a girl keep her baby?

I just finished reading *I'm Glad I Kept My Illegitimate Child* by Sara LeGrand [March]. Anytime you decide to print trash like that again just forget to send me my copy.

Mrs. I. French, Sundre, Alta.

Thank you for Sara LeGrand's convincing story. It is a truth I have found from bitter experience. Adoption may be a solution for irresponsible girls, but as a sensitive, responsible individual, I have found it all wrong for me.

S. N. M., Ontario.

Ronnie's mother must be a wonderful woman. I'm sure she has done the right thing.

Donna MacPherson,  
Fredericton Junction, N.B.

### Anna's precooked dream world



I consider Mrs. Anna Davies' article ["I hate housekeeping," March] a disgrace to womanhood. It is with abhorrence I imagine the author's dream world—plasticized, prepackaged, precooked, and Cellophane-wrapped.

Mrs. L. Peischer, Montreal.

Anna Davies is misjudging her fellow "educated housewives." I suspect that many of us stay home not because of social sanctions, guilt feelings, or lack of community child-care schemes, but out of preference. We want to raise our children ourselves, and housekeeping is simply part of the job.

I question the author's assumption that we leave the affairs of the world to our husbands. Only after I left my job to raise a family did I find the opportunity or even an active desire to be better informed.

Mrs. E. George MacMinn, Victoria.

I must say it is pretty sad when a woman feels it's a "job" to fold clothes and put them away. Especially when they have been washed and dried *automatically*. Maybe my throat is unusually small, but I find this article a little hard to swallow.

Mrs. Bernice McLay, Belleville, Ont.

I would like to join Mrs. Davies' Rebellion to Abolish Housekeeping! *En avant!*

Mrs. K. C. MacMillan, Toronto.

Amen to Anna Davies. I am a New Canadian, a young mother of two, and a part-time university student. I feel women in Canada are definitely second-class and they themselves are partly to blame. It is a pity how many highly intelligent women literally shrink in horror from such laborsaving

devices as canned goods, ready mixes, and no-iron fabrics, thereby wasting their potential to engage in constructive pursuits and careers which the extra time would make possible.

Mrs. Jean Cottam, Montreal.

### How much do boys cost?

Have just read with interest *How Much Does It Cost to Raise a Child?* [By Kathleen Shevkenek, February.]

I, too, kept a record of our two boys from birth to nineteen years during the same period. If a boy is interested in only a high-school education and works after school and weekends, he can be raised very easily on less than four thousand dollars.

Frances Southin, Brockville, Ont.

"We're  
wild  
about  
Charlie"



Your March issue arrived one hour ago. So you see, I am wasting no time to tell you that I think Charles Lynch's article ["Women's Clubs Should Be Abolished!"] is neither "outrageous, inflammatory, unthinkable, nor un-Canadian." God bless him for recognizing us in this outspoken piece of writing.

Mrs. Diana H. Engel, Greenwood, B.C.

Three cheers for Charles Lynch. He is a man of great honesty and astonishing courage. He is also *right*. On your feet girls — out of the clubs, off the committees, away from the rummage sales, into the fields of politics, industry, business, the arts — get your feet wet, the water's fine, and do it now.

Mrs. Louanne Davidson,  
Etobicoke, Ont.

Charles Lynch's article delighted me.

Are there no other "angry middle-aged women" who want to set in motion a vast reform of mediocrity?

Mrs. David Hope-Simpson, Halifax.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

## NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

Can VOICE OF WOMEN change the world?

An Indian journalist asks

"WHY ARE CANADIAN WOMEN SO BACKWARD?"

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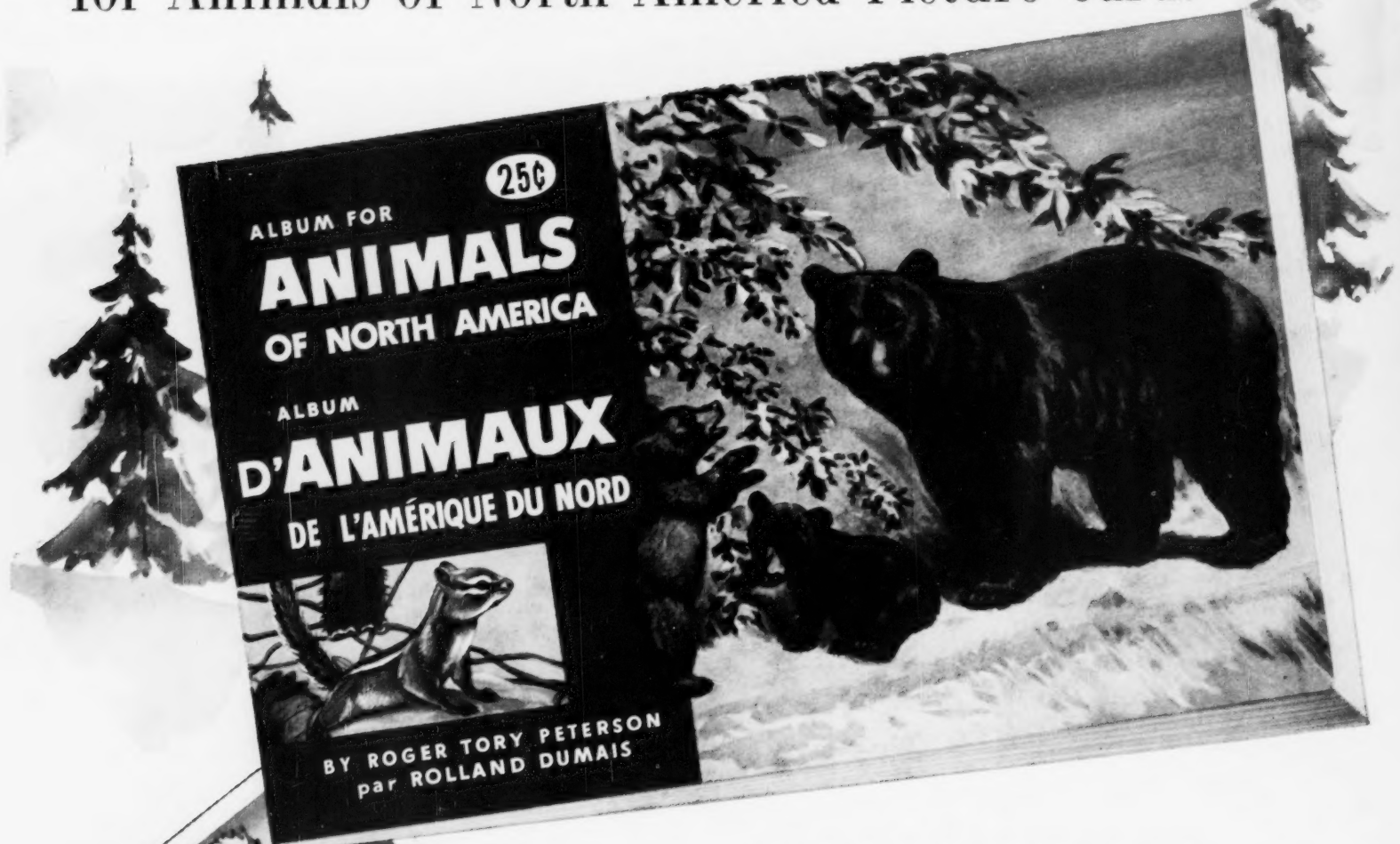
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